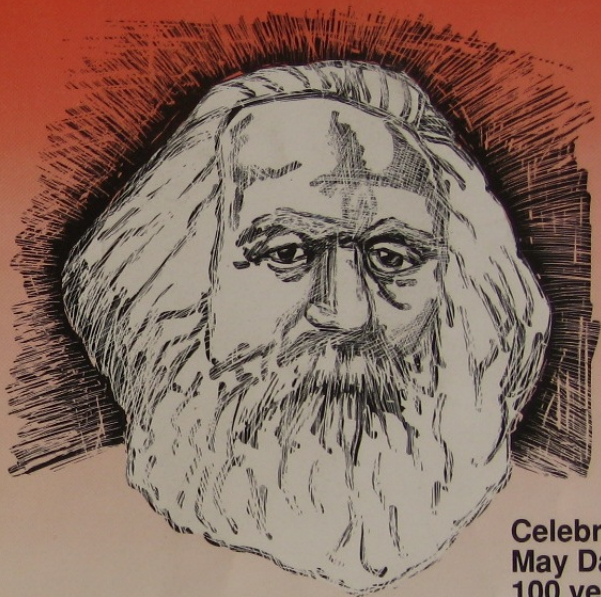


# may day song book



Celebrating  
May Day for  
100 years



Produced by the Melbourne May Day Committee

## **may day centennial**

### **1890 - 1990**

May 1st, 1990 celebrates the historic occasion of the hundredth May Day meeting in Australia. It marks one hundred years of struggle for improved living standards, shorter working hours, socialism, opposition to imperialist wars, fascism and military dictatorships.

May Day provides the Australian working class with the opportunity to reassert support for international workers' solidarity and promotes socialism as the only answer to exploitation, poverty, inequality and oppression.

This song book is produced to mark the 1990 Centennial May Day.

The songs included in this book evolved from particular historic incidents or periods of working class struggle and have been sung by workers in Australia and throughout the world. Some of the songs are as old as May Day itself but their message is as relevant as ever.

Music and songs are a powerful medium to convey ideas, and like all other art forms serve a particular class in society. Historically workers have understood this and recognized the need to develop their own artists, musicians, and songs to truly reflect their aspirations and struggles for a better way of life.

Today the capitalist class are using all their forces to destroy the working class movement. Part of this process is to destroy the culture and artistic expressions of people, but they will not succeed.

Songs of the working class, like their demands, are international and convey political messages that the capitalist class wish we would forget. The purpose of this song book, and the ones we hope will follow, are to make sure this does not happen.

These songs are part of your working class heritage, may you enjoy them.

Melbourne May Day Committee

May, 1990..



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Special thanks to the Vehicle Builders Union (Victorian Branch) for their assistance in the production of this song book.

# may day

Throughout the 1800s a strong international drive developed amongst working people to attain and enforce an eight-hour working day. In contrast to the existing ten, twelve, and fourteen hour working days, this eight-hour day represented a giant step forward.

On 18th August 1855, a meeting of the Stonemasons' Society in Sydney unanimously decided: "That in the opinion of this Society, eight-hours should be the maximum day's work."

Employers were advised that, from that day, six months later, masons would work only an eight-hour day. However, masons on two church sites struck and won an eight-hour day, which they celebrated with a dinner on 1st October 1855.

During 1855, a campaign was spearheaded by the Stonemasons in Melbourne to gain an eight-hour day throughout the building industry. At a meeting in the Queen's Theatre on 26th March 1856, Secretary Galloway of the Stonemasons' Society moved: "That the principle (eight-hour day) take effect from April the 21st." On the "glorious 21st", Melbourne building workers established a world first — an industry wide eight-hour day.

In Melbourne, a celebration march took place on 10th May 1856. Labour Day marches took place in March every year until 1951, when reformists succeeded in having them disbanded. Labour Day holidays are celebrated annually in all states. The Eight-Hour Monument opposite the Melbourne Trades Hall commemorates the outstanding achievement of Melbourne building workers.

On May 1st 1886, the eight-hour movement in the United States culminated in widespread strikes and demonstrations, especially in Chicago. Strikers were subjected to violent police repression. On 4th May, in the Haymarket Square, Chicago, a bloodbath occurred when police attacked workers demonstrating against police brutality. Violent repression in many parts of the country was answered by increased labour organisation. Finally, a nationwide strike was called for 1st May, 1890, to pursue the eight-hour day campaign.

The hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille prison during the french revolution was observed on 14th July 1889. On that day there, assembled in Paris, a Congress of leaders of Socialist movements from many lands. Congress called for international demonstrations on an appointed day, for achievement of the eight-hour working day. Since 1st May 1890 had already been set in the United States, Congress appointed that day for international demonstrations.

Writing on 1st May 1890, Engels drew attention to the significance of the first international May Day:

"As I write these lines, the proletariat of Europe and America is holding a review of its forces; it is mobilised for the first time as One army under One

flag, and fighting One immediate aim: an eight-hour working day, established by legal enactment... The spectacle we are now witnessing will make the capitalists and landowners of all lands realise that today the proletarians of all lands are, in very truth, united."

From 1891 onwards, Congress extended the call for May Day to cover demands for improved working and living conditions, peace between nations and the deepening of class struggle.

In Australia, the labour movement, in support of the international campaign, held a public meeting at the Melbourne Trades' Hall on the 1st of May 1890. This meeting called for an eight-hour day for all Victorian workers. Melbourne building workers had already won an eight-hour day in 1856.

It is said that Australia's first May Day march took place in Barcardine, Queensland, during the shearers strike of 1891, with 1500 marchers taking part.

Melbourne's first May Day march was held on 30th April 1893. The march concluded at the Yarra Bank, where the following resolution was carried:

"That this meeting send fraternal greetings to workers of all lands, and rejoices that the celebration of Labour Day by the workers of the world has become a bond of international brotherhood and a sign of impending emancipation."

Over the last hundred years, the message of that first Melbourne meeting has found its echo with May Day raising the demand for peace, higher living standards, democratic rights and national liberation. May Day has raised the call for the advance to Socialism.

On this Century of May Day, the world's proletariat has accumulated many experiences. We have seen the victory of the proletarian revolution in a number of countries. We have seen the counter-attack by agents of capitalism but we are confident that the proletariat will defeat these attempts to undo the many achievements of half a century.

In Australia the Labor Party was established in the wake of the great struggles of the 1890s, in the hope that it would lead the working class to victory.

Experience has shown that efforts to reform capitalism have met with sharp resistance and have not abolished exploitation. The Australian working class have recognised that the abolition of exploitation of man by man can only lie in the direction of scientific socialism.

Yet we must remember what all revolutionary leaders have emphasised. All setbacks are temporary. We must earnestly learn from our experience. We must not be despondent. The crisis of capitalism can only be solved by doing away with capitalism.

The future is with socialism. We must have a clear vision and seek to point the path forward.



# the internationale

When Prussia invaded France in 1870, the Second Empire collapsed like a pack of cards. After the capture of Napoleon III, a Paris revolution led to the re-establishment of the Republic. The Paris deputies to the former legislative body constituted themselves into a 'Government of National Defence'.

Despite the rapid capitulation of the 'Government of National Defence', the Paris National Guard and the Workers' Militia had waged such a fierce struggle that the Prussians remained outside the city, afraid to enter.

Realising that the supremacy of the propertied classes - large landowners and capitalists - was in constant danger so long as the workers of Paris had arms in their hands, the government sent troops to rob them of their arms.

This was the spark that fit the fire of Proletarian Revolution.

Marx wrote:

One the dawn of the 18th March (1871), Paris arose to the thunderburst of 'Vive La commune! What is the commune, that sphinx so tantalising to the bourgeois mind?

'The proletarians of Paris,' said the Central Committee in its manifesto of the 18th March, 'amidst the failures and treasons of the ruling classes, have understood that the hour has struck for them to save the situation by taking into their own hands the direction of public affairs...'

## 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 your superstitions,

Servile masses arise! arise!

We'll change henceforth the old conditions,

And scorn the dust to win the prize.

But the working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made State machinery, and wield it for its own purposes...

On March 26th, the Paris Commune was elected and, on March 28th, it was proclaimed. There followed a brief period of Dictatorship of the proletariat, when we saw, for the first time in history, the glorious spectacle of the working people themselves taking over State power and wielding it in the interests of the Proletariat.

Very quickly, the Prussians released the captured French army to the bourgeois government, and that alliance suppressed the Commune.

Marx wrote on 30th May 1871:

Working men's Paris, with its commune, will be for ever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society. Its martyrs are enshrined in the great heart of the working class. Its exterminators history has already nailed to that eternal pillory from which all the prayers of their priests will not avail to redeem them.

Following the ruthless suppression of the Paris Commune in 1871, Eugene Pottier, a woodworker from Lisle, wrote the Internationale. The words were set to music by Pierre Degeyter in 1888. The Internationale has become the anthem of the International struggle for Socialism.

## CHORUS

Then comrades, come rally!

And the last fight let us face.

The Internationale

Unites the human race.

(repeat)

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 spirit craven,

The dawn brings in a brighter day.

## CHORUS

No saviour from on high deliver,

No trust have we in prince or peer,

Our own right hands the chains must sever;

Chains of hatred, greed and fear.

Ne'er the thieves will e'er forgo their booty,

And to each give a happier lot,

Each at his forge must do his duty

And strike while the iron is hot.

## CHORUS



# the red flag

The Red Flag was inspired by the 1889 London Dock Strike. It was originally sung to an old Jacobite tune, The White Cockade. It was some years later that the words were put to the German Christmas song, Tannenbaum.

Written by an Irishman, Jim Connell, it was first published in the Christmas 1889 edition of Justice, the paper of the Social Democratic Federation.

## THE RED FLAG

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 dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high!  
Within its shade we'll live or die!  
Though cowards flinch or 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.

## CHORUS

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.

When the London dockers struck for higher wages (which were fivepence an hour, according to a poem of the time) Australian Unions sent 30,000 pounds to help the fight. The dock workers won, largely due to this help from Australia. One London paper carried a report that chanting dockers marched up the green path to the Reformer's tree, with the white and violet Union Jack of Australia (the Eureka flag), flanked by bouquets and flowers on poles, in the van.

## CHORUS

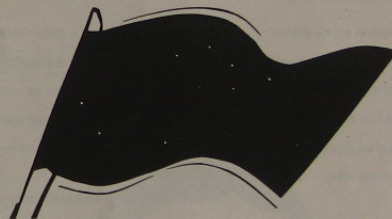
It suits today the weak and base  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe before the rich man's frown  
And haul the sacred emblem down.

## CHORUS

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

## CHORUS

Musical score for 'The Red Flag' in 3/4 time, featuring four staves of music with chord markings (F, C<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>m</sup>) above the notes.





# el pueblo unido

A song of struggle from Chile. It was a rallying song against the rising tide of fascism which, in 1973 engulfed Chile and led to the death of countless

revolutionaries and Trade Union and left wing activists. This song is now a rallying call for the overthrow of oppression through out Latin America.

**\*EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!**

**THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!**

Stand up and sing, for victory will come,  
The banners of unions assemble in the sun,  
And you'll be there, beside me on the march,  
Then you'll see the banners and the singing  
Bursting forth the dawn, whose coming we proclaim,  
Red as blood, its rays set us aflame.

Stand up and fight, our hearts are all aflame,  
A new life is coming to put the past to shame,  
Your happiness is part of this, our fight,  
A thousand cries will rise into a clamour  
That will proudly sing, and we cannot be wrong.  
Freedom is the content of our song.

It's time for the people  
To rise up in struggle  
Against their oppressors  
And shout all together:

**EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!**  
**THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!**

Our country is rising, its unity is strong;  
From north and south they come to join the throng -  
From nitrate fields the men are streaming in,  
Steaming from the forests in the south.  
They are together now, their struggle has begun,  
Their union shows the shape of things to come.

Stand up and sing in a million blending parts,  
The people will win for the truth is in their hearts,  
Of steel our will, battalions we must build;  
Justice and reason will be our battle cry,  
Now look, our women too, their hearts so bold and brave,  
Unite to form the workers' mighty wave.

*\*El Poo-e-blo Oo-ne-do Ha-mas Se-ra Ven-see-do*

Musical score for 'El Pueblo Unido' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The second system has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The third system has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The fourth system has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The fifth system has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The score includes various chords such as Em, D7, G, Cmaj7, F#m, B7, Em, E7, Am7, D7, G, Cmaj7, F#m, B7, Em, B7, F#m, B7, Em, B7, Em, Am, Am, F#7, F#7, Em, D, C, B7, Em, D, C, B7, Em, D, C, B7, Em.









# hans beimler

Hans Beimler was the political commissar of the Thaelmann Column. He had been a member of the Bavarian State Parliament and was among the first to be sent to concentration camp when the Nazis came

## HANS BEIMLER

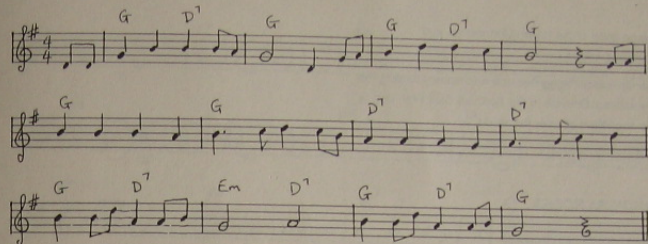
In Madrid outlying trenches,  
In the hour of danger grim,  
With the International shock brigades,  
His heart with hatred all ablaze,  
Stood Hans, the Commissar  
Stand Hans, the Commissar.

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

to power. He was one of the very few to escape from Dachau. He arrived in Spain in time to take part in the defence of Madrid, where he gave his life.

A bullet came a-flying  
From his fascist "Fatherland".  
The shot stuck 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 will never be forgotten,  
Nor the enemy forgiven,  
Hans Beimler, our Commissar,  
Hans Beimler, our Commissar.





# bandiera rossa (red flag)

Theme song of the Italian Communist and Socialist Parties.

This anti-fascist song became well-known among the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, and is now cherished all over the world.

## BANDIERA ROSSA

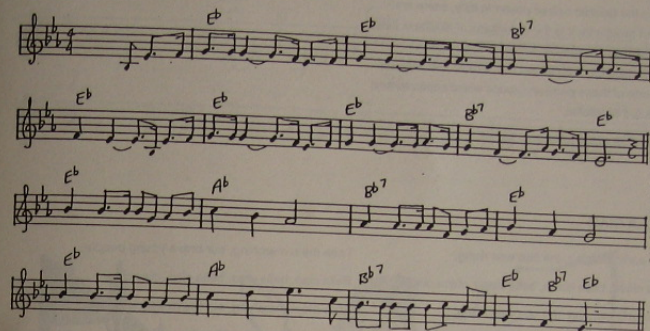
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,  
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa  
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,  
Bandiera rossa,  
Trionfera!

Bandiera rossa la trionfera!  
Bandiera rossa la trionfera!  
Bandiera rossa la trionfera!  
Eviva socialisme e liberta!

The people on the march  
The roads are treading  
That lead to freedom

That lead to freedom  
The hour of struggle here  
Our courage needing  
Our banners leading  
To victory.

Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly  
Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly  
Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly  
We fight for socialism and our liberty.





# bella ciao (farewell my love)

When the fascists seized power in Italy, some anti-fascist groups took to the mountains of Northern Italy. The partisans waged effective struggle against the fascists and German forces that moved into Italy. It was one of these partisan groups which captured and executed Mussolini.

This is one of the partisans' songs.

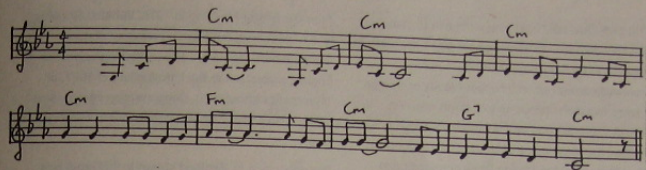
## BELLA CIAO

That early morning, the sun was rising,  
Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao ciao.  
That early morning, the sun was rising,  
The invaders barred the way.

Oh, bear me with you, partisan comrade,  
Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao ciao.  
Oh, bear me with you, partisan comrade,  
For I fear to die alone.

I see them marching, our brave young people,  
Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao ciao.  
I see them marching, our brave young people,  
And of my grave they'll make a shrine.

They'll raise it high now, partisan banner,  
Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao ciao.  
They'll raise it high now, partisan banner,  
For world peace and liberty.





# the men behind the wire

'The Irish Question' has been a thorn in England's side for centuries. In Shakespeare plays, we learn of English kings going to quell revolts in Ireland. Cromwell carried out an infamous bloody campaign to suppress Irish opposition to English rule. An Ireland, impoverished by the rapacity of England's plunder, has seen many of its sons and daughters either transported to foreign lands or migrating to seek a decent life. It should be remembered that there were a number of Irish among the first convicts transported to Australia.

After the Easter Uprising in 1916, the Irish Republic was established, but England retained control of the north eastern counties. The continuing opposition to English control led to the introduction, in 1917, of internment without trial. Concentration camps were set up where Irish freedom fighters were subjected to torture.

The opposition in England shown in this song has continued to this day, making English control very tenuous indeed.

## THE MEN BEHIND THE WIRE

### CHORUS

Armoured cars and tanks and guns  
Came to take away our sons,  
And ev'ry one must stand behind  
The Men Behind the Wire.

Through the little streets of Belfast  
In the dark of early morn,  
British soldiers came a-running,  
Wrecking little homes with soom;  
Heedless of the crying children,  
Dragging fathers from their bed;  
Beating sons while helpless mothers  
Watched the blood pour from their heads.

### CHORUS

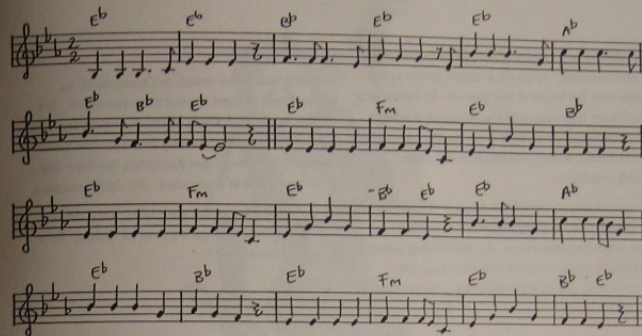
Not for them the judge and jury,  
Not indeed a crime at all;  
Being Irish means their guilty.

So - we're guilty one and all;  
Round the world the truth will echo,  
Cromwell's men are here again,  
England's name again is sullied  
In the eyes of honest men.

### CHORUS

Proudly march behind our banner,  
Firmly stand behind our men;  
We will have them free to help us  
Build a nation once again;  
All the people step together  
Proudly firm upon our way;  
Never fear and never falter  
Till the boys come home to stay.

### CHORUS





# ballad of 1891

The 1890s saw burgeoning Australian capitalism in yet another crisis. As usual, it sought to offload the burden onto the backs of the workers. Its control of a violent state apparatus and the existence of a large pool of unemployed workers were the weapons to be used to smash worker organisation and dilute working conditions.

The country was wracked with struggle in industry after industry as the fledgling labour movement began organised resistance. As the shearing season approached, shearers were offered a miserable pittance for the privilege of producing great wealth for

the pastoral interests.

This song tells of the events in Queensland, as shearers took a stand against the pastoralists. The 1854 battle of Eureka was still fresh in memory. The ranks of the shearers probably included veterans of Eureka. It is believed that Australia's first May Day march took place in Barcaldine, with 1500 marchers.

The concluding line of the song is as true today as it was then: "Where they gaol a man for striking it's a rich man's country yet."

## THE BALLAD OF 1891

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 Shearer's Union, and show we're masters still

They'll take the terms we given them or we'll find the men who will.'

From Claremont 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 shed'll be shore Union or they won't be shore at all.'

Oh, Billy Lane was with them - his words were like a flame;

The flag of blue above them, they spoke Eureka's

name.

'Tomorrow,' said the squatters, 'You'll find it does not pay-

We're bringing up free labourers to get the clip away.'

'Tomorrow,' said the shearers, 'they may not be so keen;

We can mount three thousand horsemen, to show them what we mean.'

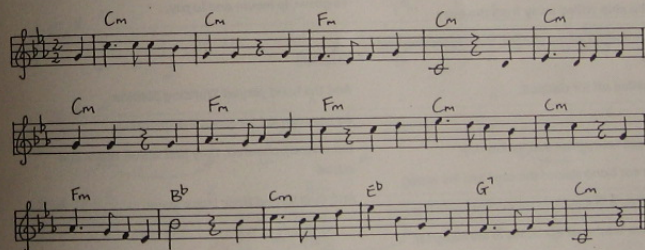
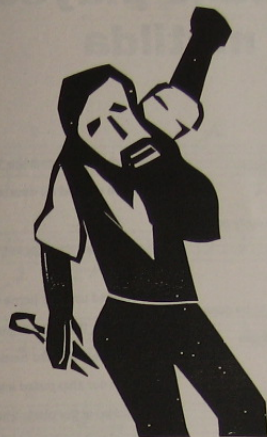
'Then we'll pack the west with troopers, from Bourke to Charters Towers;

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 that's sentenced, a thousand won't forget.

Where they gaol a man for striking - it's a rich man's country yet.



# and the band played waltzing matilda

When I was a young man, I carried a pack  
And I lived the free life of a rover;  
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback  
I waltzed my matilda all over.  
Then in 1915, my country said, 'son,  
There's no time for rovin', there's work to be done.'  
They gave me a tin hat, and gave me a gun  
And they sent me away to the war.

## CHORUS

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As the ship pulled away from the quay.  
And amongst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears  
We sailed off for Gallipoli.

How well I remember that terrible day  
When our blood stained the sand and the water,  
And how, in that hell that they called Suvla Bay,  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.  
Johnny Turk, he was waiting, he'd primed himself well,  
He showered us with bullets, and rained us with shell,  
And in ten minutes flat, he'd blown us to hell;  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

## CHORUS

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury the slain;

We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs,  
Then we started all over again.

They collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed

And shipped us back home to Australia

The armless, the legless, the blind and insane.

All the brave, wounded heroes of Suvla,

And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay,

And I looked at the place where my legs used to be,

I thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,

To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

## CHORUS

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As they carried us down the gangway,  
But nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared  
And then turned their faces away.

So now every April, I sit on my porch.

And I watch the parade pass before me;

And see all my old comrades how proudly they march,

Reliving old dreams and past glories,

But the old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore

Tired old men from a tired old war,

And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"

And I ask myself the same question.

Musical score for 'Waltzing Matilda' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, D, A, F#m, A, E7. The second staff continues the melody with chords A, A, D, A, F#m. The third staff has chords A, E7, A, E7, E7. The fourth staff has chords D, A, E7, E7, D, E7. The fifth staff has chords A, D, A, F#m, A, E7. The sixth staff has chords A, A, D, A. The seventh staff has chords A, A, Bm, E7, A, D. The eighth staff has chords A, F#m, A, E7, A. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## CHORUS

But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men, they answer the call;  
Year after year, the old men disappear  
Soon no-one will march there at all.

Words and music by Eric Bogle



# solidarity forever

The International Workers of the World (IWW), also known as the Wobblies, grew out of the campaign for One Big Union. In Australia, they were prominent in the Union movement. They played a strong role in the anti-conscription campaign during the first world war, which led to violent police reaction against them. Monty Miller, a veteran of Eureka, was one of their activists.

In the United States, the IWW was prominent in the workers' struggle – in the factories and on the road

amongst farm and itinerant workers. They used songs to great effect in organising campaigns. They were notable for using the tunes of popular songs and hymns of the day in their songs.

Solidarity for Ever was written to the tune of John Brown's Body by Ralph Chaplin, an American IWW fighter. Chaplin wanted 'the song to be full of revolutionary fervour and to have a chorus that was singing and defiant.'

## SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

When the Union's inspiration through 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.

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 to do but organise and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS

All the world that's owned by greedy drones is ours and ours alone,

We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone;

It is ours, and not to slave in, but to master and to own,

While the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade,

Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railways laid.

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

But the Union makes us strong.

### 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.

### CHORUS

Musical score for 'Solidarity for Ever' in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The second staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The third staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The fourth staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. Chords are indicated above the notes: Bb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Bb, D7, Gm, Cm, Bb, F, Bb, Bb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Bb, D7, Gm, Cm, Bb, F, Bb.





# joe hill

A widely known and loved leader of the IWW in the United States, Joe Hill, a Swedish immigrant, has left us many songs of struggle. He was framed on a murder charge and executed in the state of Utah on 19th November 1915. On the eve of his death he

wrote to his comrades. 'Don't waste time mourning. Organise!'

This song was written on the 10th anniversary of his death.

## JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you and me,

Says I 'But Joe, you're ten years dead.'

'I never died,' says he.

'I never died,' says he.

'In Salt Lake City, Joe,' says I,

Him standing by my bed,

'They framed you on a murder charge.'

Says Joe, 'But I ain't dead.'

Says Joe, 'But I ain't dead.'

'The cartel bosses killed you Joe.

They shot you, Joe,' says I.

'Takes more than guns to kill a man,'

Says Joe, 'I didn't die,'

Says Joe, 'I didn't die,'

And standing there as big as life,

And smiling with his eyes,

Joe says, 'What they can never kill

Went on to organise.'

Went 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.'

Joe Hill is at their side.'

'From San Diego up to Maine,

In every mine and mill

Where workers strike and organise,'

Says he, 'You'll find Joe Hill.'

Says he, 'You'll find Joe Hill.'

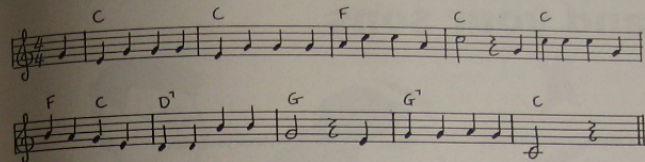
I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you and me,

Says I 'But Joe, you're ten years dead.'

'I never died,' says he.

'I never died,' says he.





# your daughters and your sons

They wouldn't hear your music,  
And they pulled your paintings down;  
They wouldn't read your writings,  
And they banned you from the town.  
But they couldn't stop you thinking,  
And the victory you won,  
For you sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons.

## CHORUS

In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons.

Your weary smile, it proudly hides  
The chain marks on your hands,  
When you bravely strive to realise  
The rights of ev'ry man,  
And though your body's bent and broke,  
A victory you've won,  
You sowed the seeds of justice  
In your daughters and your sons.

## CHORUS

In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of justice  
In your daughters and your sons.

Well, I don't know your religion,  
But I hear the words you prayed  
For a world where everyone can work,  
And children they can play,  
Though you've never had your share  
Of the fruits that you have won,  
You sowed the seeds of equality  
In your daughters and your sons.

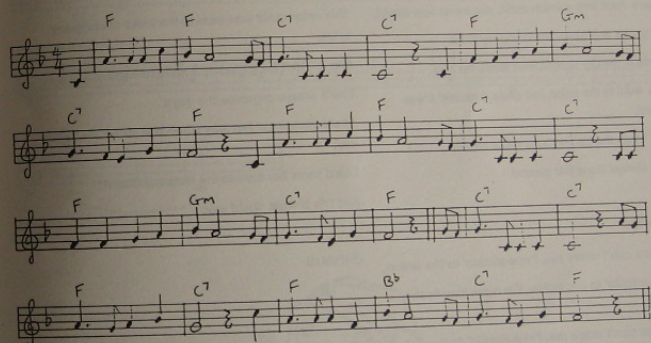
## CHORUS

In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of equality  
In your daughters and your sons.

They taunted you in Belfast  
And they tortured you in Spain,  
And in that Warsaw ghetto  
Where they tied you up in chains,  
In Vietnam and Chile,  
When they came with tanks and guns,  
There you sowed the seeds of courage  
In your daughters and your sons.

## CHORUS

In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of courage  
In your daughters and your sons.



Now your music's playing  
And the writing's on the wall;  
All the dreams that you have painted  
Can be seen by one and all.  
Now you've got them thinking  
And the future's just begun,  
For you've sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons.

## CHORUS

In your daughters and your sons,  
In your daughters and your sons,  
You sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons.

*Words and music by Tom Sanz*



# the union maid

This song is a legacy from Joe Hill and has been sung for many years with verses added to suit struggles of the time, because it is such an excellent mass song. We have included here the basic song, and encourage you to add your own verses from time to time to suit your struggle.

## THE UNION MAID

(TUNE REDWING)

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 the union hall when a meetin' it was called,  
And when the Legion boys came round,  
She always stood her ground.

### CHORUS

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

Women constitute a good half of our working class and have had to fight many campaigns in their own right as well as part of the whole Trade Union Movement. Yet we have few memorable songs eulogising their struggles.

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;

### CHORUS

Musical score for 'The Union Maid' in 2/4 time, featuring a melody line with various chords (C, F, G7, D7, D) and a final line with a fermata.





# put it on the ground

This is another excellent mass song, which readily lends itself to the addition of new verses.

## PUT IT ON THE GROUND

If you want a rise in pay,  
All you've got to do  
Is go and ask the courts for it.  
And they will give it to you  
And they will give it to you, my boys,  
Yes they will give it to you  
A rise in pay without delay,  
Yes they will give it to you.

## CHORUS

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

Wages are too high you know,  
The boss he says to me  
Workers greed has given us,  
A ruined economy  
A ruined economy, my boys.  
A ruined economy,  
Not transnationals, but workers greed has  
ruined the economy.

## CHORUS

The AMA's your family friend,  
They worry for your health  
That's why they never overcharge.

Or think of making wealth.  
Or think of making wealth, my boys,  
Or think of making wealth.  
They slave away from night to day,  
Just worrying for you health.

## CHORUS

Now Hawke he says our wage must drop,  
It's for the nation's good.  
Our public assets we must sell,  
That's clearly understood.  
That's clearly understood, my boys.  
That's clearly understood.  
Not nationalise, but privatise  
It's for the nations good.

## CHORUS

Oh Kelly, Crean and Keating now,  
Are the worker's friend.  
Australia they will reconstruct,  
Along with modern trends  
Along with modern trends, my boys,  
Along with modern trends.  
Deregulate, incorporate,  
In line with modern trends.

## CHORUS

Now socialism will not work,

Musical score for the song 'put it on the ground'. The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Above the notes are the chords: F, F, Gm, Gm, C1. The second staff continues with notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Above the notes are the chords: C1, F, F, F, F. The third staff continues with notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Above the notes are the chords: Gm, Gm, C1, C1, C1, C1. The fourth staff continues with notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Above the notes are the chords: F, C1, F, F, Gm.

My boss he says to me.  
Your freedom and your jobs my boys,  
They all depend on me.  
They all depend on me, my boys,  
They all depend on me.

Without your boss, you'd all be lost  
You all depend on me.

## CHORUS



## bir mayıs (may day)

Words and music by Timur Selcuk. Composed in the late 1970's.

"Bir Mayıs" commemorates the May Day workers' anti-government demonstrations in Turkey.

During the 1970s workers started to celebrate May Day with thousands of people gathering in city squares all over Turkey. In 1977 May Day was celebrated in Istanbul by 500,000 people. This peaceful demonstration was turned into a bloodbath when the Government's secret police commenced shooting into the huge crowd. As a result of the shooting 35 people were killed and over 100

wounded.

On September 12th, 1980, a military coup took place with fascist generals seizing power in order to stop the rising mass struggle. All mass organisations were banned. Wages were frozen and thousands of men and women were detained in prison.

Today Turkish workers and labourers are fighting to regain the right to free speech, to assemble, to withhold their labour, and to have a proper standard of living and working conditions.

In 1989, despite continuing fascist oppression, mass rallies and workers demonstration recommenced.

### Bir Mayıs

GÜNLERİN BU GÜN GETİRDİĞİ  
BASKI ZULUM VE KANDIR.  
ANCAK BU BÖYLE GİTMEZ,  
SÖMÜRÜ DEVAM ETMEZ.  
YEPYENİ BİR GÜNEŞ DOĞAR  
BİZDE VE ÜLKELERDE.

BİR MAYIS BİR MAYIS  
İŞÇİNİN EMEKÇİNİN BAYRAMI  
DEVİRİMİN ŞANLI YOLUNDA  
İLERLEYEN HALKIN BAYRAMI

VERMEYİZ İNSANA İZİN  
KANMASI VE SUSMASI İÇİN.  
HAKKINI ALMASI İÇİN  
KİTLEYİ BİLİNÇLENDİRİN.  
YURDUMUN MUTLU GÜNLERİ  
MUTLAK GELEN GÜNEDİR.

BİR MAYIS BİR MAYIS  
İŞÇİNİN EMEKÇİNİN BAYRAMI  
DEVİRİMİN ŞANLI YOLUNDA  
İLERLEYEN HALKIN BAYRAMI

GÜN GELİR GÜN GELİR  
ZORBALAR KALMAZ GİDER.  
DEVİRİMİN ŞANLI YOLUNDA  
BİR KAÇIT GİBİ ERİR GİDER.

