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2
HOW TO JOIN THE I. W. W.

Any wage worker wishing to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, may proceed in the following manner:—

1. If you live in a locality where there is a union of your industry or a mixed (recruiting) union already in existence, apply to the secretary of that local union. He will furnish you with an application blank containing the Preamble to the I. W. W. Constitution and the two questions which each candidate must answer in the affirmative. The questions are as follows:—

“Do you agree to abide by the constitution and regulations of this organisation?”

“Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?”

The initiation fee is fixed by the Local Union, but cannot be more than 5/- in any instance, and is usually 2/- or less. The monthly dues cannot exceed 2/-, and are in most locals from 1/- to 2/-.

2. If there is no Local Union of the I. W. W. in your vicinity, you may become a Member-at-Large by making application to the General Secretary, whose address is given below. You will be required to answer affirmatively the above two questions, and pay an initiation fee of 2/-. The monthly dues are 1/- for Members at Large.

3. Better still, write to the General Secretary for a Charter Application Flank. Get no less than ten signatures thereon, of bona fide wage workers in any one industry (for a Local Industrial Union) or in several industries (for a Local Recruiting or mixed Union) and send the charter application with the names to the General Secretary, with the £1 charter fee. Supplies, constitutions and instructions will then be sent you, and you can proceed to organize the local. Join the I. W. W. Do it now.

The address of the General Secretary of the I. W. W. is
T. P. OS. RILEY, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

3
CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB.

(By J. Hill.)

The Workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Chorus:

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 this strike?”

But Casey said: “Let me alone you'd better take a hike.”
Then some one 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 was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven 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 went 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.
The Angels' Union No. 23 they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

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

THE RED FLAG.

(By James Connell.)

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

Chorus.

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

Look 'round the Frenchman loves its blaze,
 The sturdy German chants its praise;
 In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung,
 Chicago swells its surging song.

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

It suits to-day, the meek and base
 Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;
 To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
 And haul that sacred emblem down.

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

Every worker should have an ambition to live to be a healthy old man or woman and hear the whistle blow for the bosses to go to work.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

* * *

DON'T FORGET that our fight is your fight. So let's fight together.

Secure a bundle order of "Direct Action" occasionally for distribution, 9d. per doz. posted.

THE INTERNATIONALE.

(By Eugene Pottier.)

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
 Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
 For justice thunders condemnation,
 A better world's in birth.
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
 Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!
 The earth shall rise on new foundations,
 We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain:

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

We want no condescending saviours,
 To rule us from a judgment hall;
 We workers ask not for their favours;
 Let us consult for all.
 To make the thief disgorge his booty
 To free the spirit from its cell,
 We must ourselves decide our duty,
 We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
 Wage systems drain our blood;
 The rich are free from obligations,
 The laws the poor delude.
 Too long we've languished in subjection,
 Equality has other laws;
 "No rights," says she, "without their duties,
 No claims on equals without cause.

Behold them seated in their glory,
 The kings of mine and rail and soil!
 What have you read in all their story,
 But how they plundered toil?
 Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
 In the strong coffers of a few;

In working for their restitution
 The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
 The union we of all who work;
 The earth belongs to us, the workers,
 No room here for the shirk.
 How many on our flesh have fattened!
 But if the noisome birds of prey
 Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
 The blessed sunlight still will stay.

WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS.

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows.")

Fellow workers pay attention to what I'm going to mention,
 For it is the fixed intention of the Workers of the World.
 And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and
 steady,
 To gather 'round our standard when the Red Flag is un-
 furled.

Chorus:

Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,
 They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union
 grows.
 And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and
 better pay, boys;
 And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river
 Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,
 And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.
 So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
 And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser River
 flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's
 fetching,
 And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.
 But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil
 spared them,
 Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

THE TRAMP.

(By J. Hill.)

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

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

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-marching,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will hear 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 off 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 street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try."
And 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,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

11

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."

THE CHILD SLAVES.

(Tune: "Annie Laurie.")

(By Richard Brazier.)

The masters' children are bouny, in the sunshine long they play.
The workers' children are hungry for the light of day.
No time for them to play, in the sunshine warm and gay;
For the sake of Capitalist dollars, they must wear their lives away.

Their little forms are stunted, their faces white and wan,
From working in the sweatshops, the slaves of cruel man.
Unkempt, unfed and forlorn, crippled, maimed and torn,
For the sake of greedy Mammon, are these little children born.

They never hear the birds sing, or stroll through meadows green.
The flowers that bloom in springtime, are by them never seen.
In the dark depths of the earth, amid the roar of countless mills,
These little slaves are working at a dreadful pace that kills.

But the day is surely coming, when the workers will awake
And free the little children, and the yoke of slavery break.
In One Big Union grand, organized the wide world o'er,
We will do away with slave and master, for ever evermore.

* * *

"The poor—is any country his? What are to me your glories and your industries—they are not mine."

Don't forget to read DIRECT ACTION—the workers' paper.

"MIGHT IS RICHT."

(By Covington Hall.)

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

Might was Right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was Right when Gracchus bled,
Upon the stones of Rome;
And Might was Right when Danton fell,
When Emmet passed away—
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might was Right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
In the self-same crimson flood;
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might was Right when Parsons died,
When Ferrer followed him,
When Shinn's young life was beaten out
In Spokane's dungeon grim;
And Might was Right when Pettibone
Went stagg'ring down death's way—
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might is Right when Morgan builds
A hell 'round every hearth;
Might is Right when Kirby starves
His peons off the earth;
And Might was Right when Deitz became
Wolfe Weyerhauser's prey—
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might is Right when children die
By thousands in the mills,

When jewelled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;
And Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,
The One and Only Right;
And so, O hosts of Toil, awaken!
O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,
'Tis Freedom's only way—
'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

WORKINGMEN, COME ORGANIZE.

(Tune: "Rings On Her Fingers.")

Workingmen, come organize; unite to gain your rights;
Will you always be a fool and let the shirkers rule?
The rich man he just sits around and does not do a thing.
While you work and work he just shirks and shirks,
And lets you slave and slave from morn till night.

Chorus:

He's got rings on his fingers, good clothes to wear,
Automobiles to ride in; he has no woes or cares;
You have not a thing to lose but your chains, your chains.
So, workingmen, get wise and organize; unite.

The Industrial Workers are calling to help them win this
fight;
So come now and join them; come get right, get right.
Workers of the world, unite; you've got a world to gain.
Will you still be a fool and always be a fool,
When all that you must do is organize?

Chorus:

Then you'll have rings on your fingers, good clothes to wear;
Palaces to live in; you'll have no woes or care;
You hav not a thing to lose but your chains, your chains.
So, workingmen, get wise and organize; unite.

WALKING ON THE GRASS.

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

In this blessed land of freedom where King Mammon wears
the crown,

There are many ways illegal now to hold the people down.
When the dudes of state militia are slow to come to time
The law upholding Pinkertons are gathered from the slime.
There are wisely framed injunctions that you must not leave
your job,

And a peaceable assemblage is declared to be a mob,
And Congress passed a measure framed by some consummate
ass,

So they are clubbing men and women just for walking on
the grass.

In this year of slow starvation, when a fellow looks for work,
The chances are a cop will grab his collar with a jerk;
He will run him in for vagrancy, he is branded as a tramp,
And all the well-to-do will shout: "It serves him right, the
scamp."

So we let the ruling class maintain the dignity of law,
When the court decides against us we are filled with whole-
some awe,

But we cannot stand the outrage without a little sauce
When they're clubbing men and women just for walking
on the grass.

The papers said the union men were all but anarchist,
So the job trust promised work for all who wouldn't enlist;
But the next day when the hungry horde surrounded city
hall,

He hedged and said he didn't promise anything at all.
So the powers that be are acting very queer to say the least—
They should go and read their Bible and all about Bel-
shazzar's feast,

And when mene telkel shall come to pass,
They'll stop clubbing men and women just for walking on
the grass.

* * *

READ "DIRECT ACTION" and learn how to put the boss
to work.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE.

(Tune: "Love Me and the World is Mine.")

(By Walquist.)

I wander up and down the street,
Til I have blisters on my feet,
My belly's empty, I've no bed,
No place to rest my weary head,
There's millions like me wandering,
Who are deeply pondering,
Oh, what must we do to live?
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,
In a land so rich and fair?

Chorus:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!
Take back your freedom and your right.
You have nothing to lose now,
Workers of the World, unite.

Oh! workingmen, come organize,
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?
Are you still going to be a fool,
And let the rich man o'er you rule?
It is time that you were waking,
See the dawn is breaking,
Come now, wake up from your dream.
All this wealth belongs to toilers,
And not to the spoilers,
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

Chorus:

Unite, my Fellow man, unite!
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.
The earth belongs to Labor,
Workers of the World, unite.

* * *

DON'T FORGET that a short work day, and big pay,
always go together.

IT IS THE UNION.

(Tune: "We Have a Navy.")

(Written by Richard Brazier.)

Sing a song in praise of toiling masses,
 Sing a song about our sons of toil;
 Sing of wrongs done to the working classes,
 Wrongs that make our hearts boil.
 We have always borne the blows and lashes—
 No more we'll patient stand,
 But on every hand, throughout this splendid land,
 We sons of toil will make our stand.
 Then in our glory will we tower,
 What will be the secret of our power?

Chorus:

It is the Union, the Industrial Union—
 Our banner is unfurled.
 We will unite in all our splendid might
 In the Industrial Workers of the World.
 We have a union, a fighting union,
 And our masters know that, too.
 It will keep them in their place
 When they know they have to face
 Our union of workmen that's true.

For countless years and ages we've been enslaved
 Beneath the capitalistic rule;
 We, the strong, cringing to those men depraved,
 In whose hands we have ever been a tool.
 But the day of liberty is dawning—
 Freedom now draws nigh.
 We must unite to win the fight—
 Wage slavery then will die.
 Then in our glory will we tower;
 Great will be the workers' power.
 "Why should one man's belly be empty when ten men can
 produce enough to feed a hundred?"

WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION.

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer sun,
 We have seen his children needy when the harvesting was done,
 We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,
 While their flag went marching on.

Chorus:

Wage workers come join the union!
 Wage workers come join the union!
 Wage workers come join the union!
 Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city street—
 We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths and
 Vandals meet;
 We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their feet,
 But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is sold,
 Where the dealer's fatal hammer wakes the clink of leaping
 gold,
 But the slavers of the present more relentless powers hold,
 Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing
 wheel,
 We still free the weary women from their bondage under
 steel;
 In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man shall
 feel
 That his cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear,
 Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the river's
 voice is near;
 Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland will
 be here
 As we go marching on.

HEY! POLLY.

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle.")

The politician prowls around,
For worker's votes entreating;
He claims to know the slickest way
To give the boss a beating.

Chorus:

Polly, we can't use you, dear,
To lead us into clover;
This fight is ours and as for you,
Clean out or get run over.

He claims to be the bosses foe,
On worker's friendship doting.
He says, "Don't fight while on the job,
But do it all by voting.

Elect ME to the office, boys,
Let all your rage pass o'er you;
Don't bother with your countless wrongs—
I'LL do your fighting for you."

He says that sabotage won't do,
(It isn't to his liking)
And that without HIS mighty aid
There is no use in striking.

He says that he can lead us all
To some fair El Dorado,
But he's of such a yellow hue
He'd cast a golden shadow!

He begs and coaxes, threatens, yells,
For shallow glory thirsting.
In fact he's just a bag of wind
That's swollen up to bursting.

The smiling bosses think he'd like
To huddle from their manger;
And as he never mentions STRIKE,
They know there is no danger.

And all the while he spouts and spiels,
He's musing undetected,
On what a lovely snap he'll have
When once he is elected.

OUT IN THE BREAD-LINE.

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave,
Out in the bread-line the sucker and slave,
Coffee and doughnuts now takes all our cash,
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus:

Out in the bread-line, in rain or sunshine,
We're up against it to-day,
Out in the bread-line, watching the job-sign,
We're on the bum, boys, to-day.

The employment office now ships east and west,
Jobs are quite scarce—they are none of the best;
Grub it is rocky—a discount we pay,
We are dead broke, and we'll have to eat hay.

Chorus:

We are the big bums, the hoboes, and "vags,"
O, we look hungry, our clothes are all rags,
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake,
Laughs at our trouble and gives us the shake.

Chorus:

O, yes, we're the suckers, there's no doubt of that,
We live like dogs, and the boss he gets fat,
God help his picture, when once we get wise,
He'll be the bum and we'll be the swell guys.

* * *

Every sub. taken for "Direct Action" is a slap in the face
of the ruling class and brings nearer the day when the work-
ing class shall come into its own.

ONE BIG UNION of the working class will bid "good
night" to the pampered, plutocratic parasites.

THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.")

(By E. Nesbit.)

If you dam up the river of progress—
 At pour peril and cost let it be;
 That river must seawards despite you—
 'Twill break down your dams and be free;
 And we heed not the pitiful barriers
 That you in its way have downcast;
 For your efforts but add to the torrent,
 Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

Chorus:

For our banner is rais'd and unfurled;
 At your head our defiance is hurled;
 Our cry is the cry of the ages—
 Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces
 That strengthen the flood they oppose;
 For the harder oppression the fiercer
 The current will be when it flows.
 We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions
 Will be scattered like chaff in the fight.
 From which the true Soldiers of Freedom
 Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,
 In bitterest stress of the strife;
 Or patiently bearing the burden
 Of changelessly commonplace life,
 One hope we have ever before us,
 Our aim to attain and fulfil,
 One watchword we cherish to mark us,
 One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure
 Crowd closely upon us and press?
 When a hundred have bravely been beaten
 The hundred and first wins success.
 Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers
 Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,
 Our cry is the cry of the ages,
 Our hope is the hope of the world.

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

(Tune: "Red Wing.")

(Composed by E. S. Nelson.)

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

* * *

There is but one bargain that the I. W. W. will make with
 the employing class—COMPLETE SURRENDER OF A
 CONTROL OF INDUSTRY TO THE ORGANIZED
 WORKERS.

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE.

Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye.")

(By J. Hill.)

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

Chorus:

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

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

Holy Rollers and jumpers came out,
And they holler, they jump, and they shout.
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,
"He will cure all diseases to-day."

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

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

Chorus:

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

THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS.

(Tune: "San Antonio.")

(Written by Richard Braizer.)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;
They're known throughout the land.
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,
From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.
Their organisation is known to the nation
As the Industrial Workers of the World.
Then hail to this fighting band!
Good luck to their union grand!

Chorus:

They're all fighting from the word go,
And to the master
They'll bring disaster.
And if you'll join them
They'll let you know
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkerton and Gatling guns
In defence of their natural rights;
They proved themselves to be labor sons
In all of the workers' fights;
They have been hounded by power unbounded
Of capitalists throughout the land,
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,
For we still remain a union grand.
Then hail to this fighting band!

Chorus:

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;
The Boss lives in the palace you make.
You face starvation, hunger, privation,
But the Boss is always well fed.
Though of low station you've built this nation—
Built it upon your dead.
Then when will you ever get wise;
When will you open your eyes?

EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT.

(Words by J. Hill.)

(Air: 'Everybody's Doin' It.')

Fellow workers, can't you hear,
 There is something in the air,
 Everywhere you walk everybody talks
 'Bout the L. W. W.
 They have got a way to strike
 That the master doesn't like—
 Everybody stick, that's the only trick,
 All are joining it now.

Chorus:

Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
 Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
 One Big Union; that's the workers' choice,
 One Big Union; that's the only noise,
 One Big Union; shout with all your voice;
 Make a noise, make a noise, make a noise, boys,
 Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
 Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
 Joining in this union grand,
 Boys and girls in every land;
 All the workers hand in hand—
 Everybody's joining it now.

Th' Boss is feeling mighty blue,
 He don't know just what to do.
 We have got his goat, got him by the throat,
 Soon he'll work or go starving.
 Join I. W. W.,
 Don't let bosses trouble you,
 Come and join with us—everybody does—
 You've got nothing to lose.

Will the One Big Union grow?
 Mister Bonthead wants to know.
 Well! What do you think of that funny gink
 Asking such foolish questions?

Will it grow? Well! Look a here,
 Brand new locals everywhere,
 Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,
 Fight for Freedom and Right.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

(By J. Hill.)

(Air: "Meet Me To-night in Dreamland.")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
 Worked every day in a laundry;
 All that she made for food she paid,
 So she slept on a park bench so soundly;
 An old procuress spied her there,
 She came and whispered in her ear:

Chorus:

Come with me now, my girly,
 Don't sleep out in the cold;
 Your face and tresses curly
 Will bring you fame and gold,
 Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,
 You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,
 You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,
 Walks all alone 'long th river,
 Five years have flown, her health is gone,
 She would look at the water and shiver,
 Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,
 She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Chorus:

Girls in this way, fall every day,
 And have been falling for ages,
 Who is to blame? You know his name,
 It's the boss that pays starvation wages.
 A homeless girl can always hear
 Temptations calling everywhere.

Chorus:

MY WANDERING BOY:

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back
Or else he's bumming a ride.

Chorus:

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
He is on the head-end of an overland train
That's where your boy is to-night.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see.
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.
"Thirty days," says the judge you see.

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

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

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
To strike many blows for his country he goes,
That's where your boy is to-night.

Don't search for your boy to-night,
Let him play the old game if he will.
A worker, a bum, he'll never go right,
As long as he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
His money is out of sight.
Wherever he blows, up against it he goes,
"23" for your boy to-night.

THE ROLL CALL.

Up and down the streets we walk around until our feet are
sore,
For a job, a job, a job most anywhere.
The employment shark will gather easy suckers by the score.
When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

Chorus:

When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der,
When you buy a job out yon-der in despair.

Shall we labor for the grafters, from the dawn till setting
sun?
Shall we all his graft and hard work meekly bear,
When we've worked a week we owe the boss for all the work
we've done,
When the driver yells, "Roll out, boys," are you there?

Second Chorus:

When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the dri-ver yells, roll out boys,
When the driver yells, roll out boys, are you there?

You've been robbed by the employment sharks, they've kept
you on the bum,
If you get the job you bought, the case is rare.
Be a man and join the union, then the boss to us must come
When the grafters have to travel, we'll be there.

Third Chorus:

When the graf-ters have to travel,
When the graf-ters have to travel,
When the graf-ters have to travel,
When the graf-ters have to travel, we'll be there.

Education is ammunition. Organization the weapon.

DON'T FORGET that a short work day, and big pay,
always go together.

A PARODY ON J.D.

(Tune: "God Save the King.")
(Anonymous.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
My private property,
Of thee I sing,
Land where the millions toil
In serfdom on thy soil,
That out of "Standard Oil"
I wealth may wring.

My native villainy
Is what enables me
To make my pile.
I have the rocks and rills,
Of oil my barrels fills,
With gold and bonds and bills—
That's why I smile.

Then there's his son, John D.,
A pious youth is he—
Takes after "Ma,"
And through the needle's eye
With outstretched wings he'll fly
Up to a home on high
Bought by "Papa."

SONG OF THE "SCISSORBILL."

(Air: "God Save the King.")

Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tanna Siam
Ova tannas
Sucha tammas Siam
Inocan giffa tam
Osuchan as Siam
Osucha nas.

The iron jaws of capitalism will never relax until they are broken! The I. W. W. is the sledge hammer that will do the job.

HALLELUJAH ON THE BUM.

(Tune: "Revive Us Again.")
O, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

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

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn.
Chorus:

O, I like my boss—
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving
Out in the bread-line.
Chorus:

I can't buy a job,
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car,
For I'm a hobo.
Chorus:

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

When in doubt, subscribe for "Direct Action."

DON'T FORGET there is only one working class. There can only be one union.

A DREAM.

Tune: "The Holy City."
(Written by Richard Brazier.)

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:
I saw an army streaming singing of liberty;
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry,
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

Chorus:

One union, industrial union;
Workers of the world unite,
To make us free from slavery
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed upon
this throng,
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the song;
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the song;

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule this land,
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn your
bread.
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the
workers' song:
Then into the ranks came the masters and joined the
workers' song.

"THE BLANKET STIFF."

He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

DON'T FORGET that there is only one working class.

STAND UP! YE WORKERS.

(By Ethel Comer.)
(Air: "Stand Up For Jesus.")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in all your might,
Unite beneath our banner,
For Liberty and Right,
From victory unto victory
This army sure will go,
To win the world for labor
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in every land,
Unite, and fight for freedom,
In ONE BIG UNION grand,
Put on the workers' armour,
Which is the card of Red,
Then all the greedy tyrants
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,
The strife will not be long,
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song
All ye that slave for wages,
Stand up and break your chain;
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—
You've got a world to gain.

WE'RE READY.

Air: "Soldier's Song.")
Courage and honor to him who's jailed;
Our hearts shall cheer him and cry "All Hail!"
Our hands shall help to win the fight—
We're ready to fight, we're ready to die
For Liberty.

UNION SCABS.

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang
you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold
is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here
is my card.

LIBERTY FOREVER.

(Air: "Anvil Chorus.")

We broke the yoke of a pitiless class,
And we burst all asunder our bonds and chains;
Our organisation will win when it strikes,
And no more shall a king or a crown remain—

United fast are we with bonds that naught can sever;
Long, loud and clear and far our battle cry rings ever—
Liberty for aye and aye!
Liberty for ever!
Liberty for ever!
Shall be our battle cry!

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