

I.W.W. Songs
To Fan the Flames of Discontent

Nineteenth Edition, 1923



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Joe Hill

THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world, as everyone knows,
Some are living in beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothes
There are blue blooded queens and princesses
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;
But the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

CHORUS

To the working class she's a precious pearl.
She brings courage, pride and joy
To the fighting Rebel Boy.
We've had girls before, but we need some more
In the Industrial Workers of the World.
For it's great to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,
And her dress may not be very fine;
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are trembling
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
For the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl

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Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W.
Publishing Bureau.
Price 25 cents.

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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.

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rafl 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.

WE WILL SING ONE SONG

Chorus
Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
in the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of the toiler and slave,
It's coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains, demand your rights.
All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?

Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Fight for your own emancipation;
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.
In One Union grand.
Our little ones for bread are crying,
And millions are from hunger dying;
The end the means is justifying,
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean
They can tie with mighty chains
Every wheel in the creation,
Every mine and every mill,
Fleets and armies of the nation,
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,
Men and women, side by side;
We will crush the greedy shirkers
Like a sweeping, surging tide;
For united we are standing,
But divided we will fall;
Let this be our understanding-
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth that you are making,
It belongs to you by right.
No one will for bread be crying,
We'll have freedom, love and health.
When the grand red flag is flying
on the Workers' Commonwealth.

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

* * * * *

ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the throng;
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,
To One Big Industrial Union.

CHORUS

Hooray! hooray The truth will make you free.
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,
With One Big Industrial Union.

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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 life-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.

10

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 color now.

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

_____*

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

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Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;
Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,
Over their acres all,
Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,
Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoiler's trade;
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

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When all the workers stand
United hand in hand,
The world with all its wealth
Will be at their command.

* * * * *
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By Joe Hill
(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

CHORUS

And scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think
And Scissor Bill, he says, "This country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchman and the gol durn Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.
Scissor Bill, the "foreigner" is cussin;
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill is down on everybody
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnuts and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

* * * * *

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get

* * * * *

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

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")

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

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

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

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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.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;
Beat them to sword--the foe appears--
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight --the Final Battle.
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.
These are the times all freemen dreamed of--
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy, -
Greater the task when triumph nears.
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,-
Long have ye learned-a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.
Out of the gloom the light appears.
See! at your feet the world is waiting,-
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

THE TRAMP

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

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy";
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

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.

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(Air: "America")

My Job now is no more The boss has slam'd the door;
What shall I do? Seem's like my end is near,
My guts feel awful queer-
Where do we go from here?
-This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,
Masters have laid me prone;
What Shall I Do?
Why can't we hand in hand,
Reclaim our right to stand,
Unhorse the sleek brigand?
This is up to you.

_____*

_____*

By Ralph H. Chaplin
(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

CHORUS
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
But the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade.

* * * * *

_____*

Poem-By an Unknown Proletarian.

Music-By Rudolph von Liebig, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the worker's dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest
And you lie on crimson wool.
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth
Good God! We have paid it in.

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")
By T-B-S..

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.

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

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

And with hope for future years
They are calling to their fellows:
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,
Break your bonds, exert your might-
You can make this hell a heaven,
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,
Vanguard of the coming day,
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe
And shall dash their chains away.
How the masters dread you, hate you,
Their uncompromising foe;
For they see in you a menace,
Threatening soon their overthrow.

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"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s" must be holy frights."

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THE WORKERS' MARSELLLAISE

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, insatiate despots dare,
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 dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

_____*

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

CHORUS

We're here from mine and mill and rail
We're here from off the sea,
From coast to coast we make the boast
Of Solidarity.

We make a pledge-no tyrant might
Can make us bend the knee,
Come on, you worker, organize,
And fight for Liberty..

_____*

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INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnston

(Air: "Stung Right")

"You men who toil upon the ships-
The ships of every sea-
Come bear to me your grievances,
Your tales of misery;
For I am strong and good and great,
The trusts must bow to me;
For I shall take all workers in
And bring them victory."

CHORUS

Seamen! Come all-join the O. B. U!
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,
Labor will be master, over the sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,
O, Toilers of the Sea;
You've fallen in the fire-holes
In the days that used to be.
But now the times must change about,
A New Day must appear
When all you Toilers of the Sea,
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O Workingmen,
O, Toilers of the Sea;
Come organize one union great -
The shipping industry.
When you are thusly organized,
With others like your own,
The One Big Union of the World
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see,
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty
But I can't see why they always pick on me,
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me
And he held his gun where everyone could see,
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card-
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me
And I plainly saw we never would agree,
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me
And he locked me up and threw away the key-
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to hell,"
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart--
Will the roses grow wild over me?

WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

MY WANDERING BOY

III

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

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
To strike many blows for the country he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

IV
Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will-
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?
His money is out of sight."
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes,
Here's luck!-to your boy tonight.

* * * * *

THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")
By William Whalen

in the prison cell we sit
Are we broken hearted-nit.
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,
For we know that every Wob
Will be busy on the job,
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

CHORUS
Are you busy, Fellow Workers,
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause
And some day you'll make the laws,
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"
It's as good as we expected when we came.
It's the way they treat the slave
In this free land of the brave,
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black
To the Lumberyards go back
May they travel empty handed as they came.
May they turn in their report

That the Wobs still hold the fort,
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent
That they call the "working gent"
Organizes in a Union of its class,
We will then get what we're worth
That will be the blooming earth.
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*

I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Air: "Sunny Tennessee")

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining
On my cot, as I lay pining,
Thinking of the day-long passed away;
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me
And Joe Hill stood there before me-
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery; From mock Democracy; from inequality;
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful shore;
That all the world may do away with war-
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I will find
Men of a kindred mind-who love their fellow kind.
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,
I want to see the whole world free from the chains of slavery.

II

Let us then be up and doing-
Greater Times and things are brewing
Oh, Organize !-The One Big Union Way:
"Workers of the world, awaken."
"All the wealth you make is taken."
"Break your chains." 1 hear the spirit say:

III

Tighter are the class lines drawing-
Hunger at our vitals gnawing-
My reason sways and I long to pray?
Rises then again before us
Spectres of a Martyred chorus
I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial Freedom.

._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*

MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.
Winter so drear must disappear,
Fair days are coming for you and for me.
We, of the old world, building the New,
Ours is the will and the power to do;
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,
Hated and feared by the powers that be!
In every land firmly we stand;
Men of all nations who labor are we.
Under one banner, standing as one,
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be! Join in the throng, fearless and strong-One mighty Union of
world industry.
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place, Ours is the hope of the whole human race.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._*._

THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,
When the bells of earth shall chime
To proclaim a world of workers really free.
I can see that joyous day
Not so very far away
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.
I can see the wage slave free,
With his children by his knee,
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;
And the childish faces smile,
Nothing can their joy defile,
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing And the toilers all are singing,
For the miseries of the past have flown away.
And a worker's world I see, Where no misery can be;
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.
We must capture industry,
All the ships upon the sea-
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.
When the boss gets overalls,
Then the cause of mis'ry falls
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

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COUNT YOUR WORKERS COUNT THEM!

(Air: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark one day I went to see,
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;
Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,
But the job is steady-and the fare is free."

CHORUS

Count your pennies- count them one by one,
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a "Jap's" and get a coffee and-

II

I shipped out-and worked-and slept in lousy bunks,
And the grub !-It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!
Road and School and Poll tax-and Hospital fee,
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense .
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street,
And he said, it is the workers' own mistake-
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,
Who will be the first-to join our "fighting" band?
Write me out a card, says I, right here, by gee!
The Industrial Workers is the "dope" for me!

CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one
Stand! we'll show the bosses how it's really done
Stand together, Workers -- Hand in Hand!
Then-you'll never have to live on coffee and-

*

FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will again.

CHORUS

"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say-
They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some increase in pay.
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out as one;
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."
If they did, they'd hike-but now they're fifty thousand strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is pricked.
Say-but why not be a man, and own when you are licked?
They've joined the One Big Union-Gee! For goodness sake, "Get wise!"
The more you try to buck them now the more they organize.

Take a tip and start right in-plan some cozy rooms,
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and brooms;
Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.
Tap the bell for eight hours' work; treat the boys like men,
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for a' that."
Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old Fat.
Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

*

TIE 'EM UP!

Words and Music by G. G. Allen

I

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.
But we ask you to use your reason with the facts we have to tell.
Your craft is but protection for a form of property, The skill that you are losing, don't you see. Improvements
on machinery take your tool and skill away,
And you'll be among the common slaves upon some fateful day.
Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty sure about-
So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

CHORUS

II
Why do you make agreements that divide you when you fight,
And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred right,"
Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with the foe,
You must stick together don't you know.

_____*

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss and moan-
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."
My body? Ah, if I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flower' grow.
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will.
Good luck to all of you,

_____*

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[illegible]

FAREWELL, FRANK!

By Gerald J. Lively

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(Air: "Nellie Grey")

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CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free.
When the earth is owned by Labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

II

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

III

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

IV

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present fades away.
We shall live with Love and Laughter,
We, who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

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A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: "Tuck Me to Sleep")

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me-when I was young,
Then Ohio hired me-I sure got stung,
Night and day I've labored since-
Shucking corn and filling bins
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave-
I ain't had a bit of rest-masters thought it wasn't best;
-Thought that I could rest the best-afer I "go west."
'Tuck me to bed in my old 'tucky home,
Let me lay their -- stay there, cover me up with loam.

Old Kentucky cradled me-'tis even true-
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,
Every state in all this land
Used me for a hired hand,
But why i'm broke-I fail to understand.

Migratory working man, I'm on my way-
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;
I have worked from sun to sun,
Nothing have I ever won
And now, thank God, my harvesting is done.

ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")
By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workmen
And fight for Freedom's cause,
For you are bound, both hand and foot,
By capitalistic laws;
Your voices you can raise no more,
Your lips you now must seal,
For if you rise to speak a word
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,
 And fight the common foe;
 The rustling card with all its faults
 This time must surely go.
 The "seven days" and "safety first,"
 Alas, they are no more,
 So now's your time to fall in line
 At Freedom's onward roll.

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

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

CHORUS

1

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

HARVEST LAND

By T-D and H.

CHORUS

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