

SONGS OF FREEDOM



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This songster is published in conjunction with the 75th anniversary of The Workmen's Circle and that of the International Ladies Garment Workers of America. It contains the text of songs which the workers of the American labor movement sang in their years of struggle for union recognition and improved working conditions, as well as for a just society.

Many W. C. members will recall these songs with nostalgia, as they look back on their early years of activity in The Workmen's Circle and in the labor movement. Others will remember their parents singing them, at home, at meetings and at social gatherings. For those who never heard them they will provide an insight into the hopes and spirit of those who sang them in the old days in the never-ending struggle for a better life.

We hope that Workmen's Circle branches and other groups will sing these songs at their meetings and special occasions. Community singing is always enjoyable and can be part of any occasion. These songs are especially appropriate for organizational anniversaries and programs dealing with our recent past.

Joseph Mlotek,
Education Director

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1. SOLIDARITY FOREVER

Words by RALPH CHAPLIN

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 For the union makes us strong.

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

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

2. WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

The Workers are behind us, we shall not be moved,
The workers are behind us, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree, planted by the water,
We shall not be moved!

Chorus: We, shall not, we shall not be moved,
 We, shall not, we shall not be moved,
 Just like a tree planted by the water,
 We shall not be moved.

The Workmen's Circle's behind us, we shall not be moved,
The Workmen's Circle's behind us, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree planted by the water,
We, shall not be moved.

(Chorus)

Build the Workmen's Circle, and we shall not be moved.
Build the Workmen's Circle, and we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree planted by the water,
We, shall not be moved.

(Chorus)

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved.
The union is behind us, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

(Chorus)

We're fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved
We're fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

(Chorus)

We're fighting for our children, we shall not be moved...

(Chorus)

We'll build a mighty union, we shall not be moved...

(Chorus)

..... is our leader, we shall not be moved...

(Chorus)

- - - - -

3. ON THE LINE

(Tune: Polly-wolly-doodle)

To win our strikes and all of our demands,
Come and picket on the picket line;
In one strong union we'll join our hands,
Come and picket on the picket line.

Chorus: On the line, on the line,
 Come and picket on the picket line,
 We will shout and yell and fight like hell,
 Come and picket on the picket line.

If you've never spent a night in jail,
Come and picket on the picket line,
You will be invited without fail,
Come and picket on the picket line.

Chorus: On the line, on the line,
 Come and picket on the picket line,
 And the energetic scab we will use him like a rag,
 Come and picket on the picket line.

- - - - -

4. SOUP

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

I'm spending my nights at the flophouse
I'm spending my days on the street;
I'm looking for work and I find none,
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus: Soo-up, Soo-up,
They give me a bowl of soo-oo-up,
Soo-up, Soo-up,
They give me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the Fact-'ry,
I did everything I was told,
They said I was loyal and faithful
Now even before I get old: (Chorus)

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and a yacht,
I went down to draw out my fortune
And this is the answer I got: (Chorus)

I fought in the war for my country,
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply:(Chorus).

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5. THE SCARLET BANNER

Arise, O comrades, and take your station
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner,
Together win our emancipation
In every nation triumphantly.

Chorus: Up, scarlet banner, and front the foe;
Up, scarlet banner, and forward go
Up, scarlet banner, that the world may see
Socialism triumphing and liberty.

From field and workshop and mine appearing
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner;
On land and water, our call they're hearing,
The hour is nearing triumphantly.

- - - - -

6. HOLD THE FORT

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

Chorus: Hold the fort for we are coming---
Union men, be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear,
Help will come whene'er it's needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

Not alone the union battles,
For the workers' right;
Socialist comrades in the vanguard
Carry on the fight.

Forward, then, to build the future,
Naught can stop our growth,
Socialist branch and union local;
Arms of labor both.

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7. WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER (MARCH OF THE TOILERS)

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

Chorus: Then forward, ye workers,
Freedom awaits you,
O'er all the world on the land and the sea.
On with the fight for the cause of humanity.

March, march, ye toilers,
And the world shall be free!

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

Off with the crown of the tyrants of favor!
Down in the dust with the prince and the peer!
Strike off your chains, all ye brave sons of labor,
Wake all humanity, for vict'ry is near!

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8. NO MORE WAR

No more shall we fight their battles,
No more shall we go to war,
O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another--
We will wage their wars no more.
NO MORE WAR!

No more shall we make munitions,
No more guns and poison gas;
O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another--
No more for the working class.
NO MORE WAR!

No more shall we serve as targets,
No more slay our fellow men.
O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another --
We'll not go to war again.
NO MORE WAR!

No more shall we shout their slogans,
No more, now that we're awake,
O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another --
Let them taste the hell they make.

NO MORE WAR!

- - - - -

9. BANKER AND BOSS

Banker and boss hate the workers who stand
Shoulder to shoulder in every land;
Though in the conflict our martyrs may fall,
Labor united will conquer all.

Chorus:-

Then hear the thunder of the toiling masses,
All creeds and colors, brain and brawn;
United under the Socialist banner,
Go marching forward to the dawn.

Not fear or fraud or a fever that fades,
Wins for the workers "the barricades"
Only a movement courageous and sane,
Freedom and plenty and peace can gain.

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10. THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

(Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye)

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

Chorus: You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
(way up high);
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
(that's a lie!)

And the Salvation Army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray,
Till they get all our coin on the drum,
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife -
Try to get something good in this life--
You're a sinner and 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.

Last Chorus:

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry
(and to fry).
Chop some wood, -- 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.
(that's no lie!)

- - - - -

11. CASEY JONES

(Tune: Casey Jones)

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

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S.P. Line

The workers said to Casey, "Won't you help us win this strike?"
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn out 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 Angelico,
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 railroad 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 as 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 shoveling sulphur--
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. Line!"

* Southern Pacific

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12. HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

"Oh, why don't you work,
Like other men do?"
"How the 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!

A lady came out
When I knocked at the door,
"You'll get nothing here
'Cause I've seen you before."

"Oh, I love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine,
That's why I'm starving
Out on the breadline."

"Oh, why don't you pray
For your daily bread?"
"If that's all I did,
I'd be mighty soon dead."

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

13. PEATBOG SOLDIERS

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

Chorus: We are the peat-bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades
To the bog. (Repeat.)

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can go through;
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past;
One day we shall cry rejoicing:
"Homeland dear, you're mine at last!"

Last Chorus: Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the bog.

14. BREAD OF ROSES

Music by Caroline Kohlsaat
Words by James Oppenheim

As we come marching, marching in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand workshops gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing: "Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of bread.
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for--but we fight for roses, too!

As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater days.
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler--ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

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15. COME RALLY YOUTH

Come, rally youth of every nation,
Swing, axe, and cleave!
We're clearing ground for the new foundation
Swing, axe, and cleave!

Chorus:

Youth, be bold, scrap the old,
Batter down the walls where truth is sold.
Youth, be true, build the new,
Builders of the future world are you!

All hearts a-throb with a stern elation,
Thrust, spade, and heave.
We're digging deep for the new foundation,
Thrust, spade, and heave!

Stone mates with iron in exultation,
Lift, sledge, and swing.
We're building strong on the new foundation,
Lift, sledge, and swing!

Great towers surge as in consecration,
Pierce, rivets, cling.
We're soaring high from the new foundation,
Pierce, rivets, cling.

- - - - -

16. COMRADES THE BUGLES ARE SOUNDING

Comrades, the bugles are sounding,
Shoulder your arms for the fray!
Boldly we'll fight for our freedom,
Bravely we'll hew out a way.

Born in the ranks of the workers,
Whose scanty wage must suffice,
"Brotherhood, unity, freedom!"
This is our fighting device.

Hunger and chains were our portion,
Feeding like beggars on crumbs.
Now light is piercing the darkness,
Dawn of deliverance comes.

Firm in our faith we shall conquer,
Slavery's yoke we shall break.
Welcoming death even gaily,
Fighting for liberty's sake.

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17. WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION (Tune: We are climbing Jacob's Ladder:Spir.)

We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union.
Workers in the mill.

Every new man makes us stronger,
Ev'ry new girl makes us stronger.
Ev'ry new kid makes us stronger,
Workers in the mill.

They have fired the men who joined us.
They have fired the girls who joined us.
They have fired the kids who joined us.
Workers in the mill.

We won't budge until we conquer.
We will stand until we conquer.
We will fight until we conquer.
Workers in the mill.

Miner's Song

We have toiled in dark and danger,
We have toiled in dark and danger.
We have toiled in dark and danger.
Workers in the mine.

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18. THE REBEL GIRL

Words and music by Joe Hill.

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world as ev'ryone 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 thoroughbred lady,
Is the rebel girl.

Chorus: That's the Rebel Girl, That's the Rebel Girl,
 To the working class she's a precious pearl.
 She brings courage, pride and joy,
 To the fighting rebel boy.
 We have 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 harden'd 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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19. WE'RE COMRADES EVER

(Tune: Santa Lucia)

Comrades awaiting me, hearts warm and tender,
To them where e'er I'll be, my love I'll render.
Under broad Heaven's dome, where e'er on earth I roam,
With them I feel at home.
We're comrades ever, Under broad Heaven's dome,
Where e'er on earth I roam, with them I feel at home.
We're comrades ever.

That name so true and strong, Title endearing,
Let it resound in song, our life course cheering.
Bound by a deathless tie, a cause that cannot die,
Hark, hark, the welcome cry.. We're comrades ever.
(Repeat last two lines).

So comrades, one and all, be our endeavor,
To heed the Marxist call, let naught us sever.
One unit be our band, one cause in ev'ry land,
For brotherhood we stand -- we're comrades ever.
(Repeat last two lines).

So comrades, one and all, be our endeavor
To heed the Circleite call - let naught us sever!
One unit be our band, one cause in ev'ry land:
For brotherhood we stand-- we're comrades ever.
(Repeat last two lines).

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20. THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

There was a rich man, and he lived in Jerusalem,
Glory hallelujah, Hei-ro-gee-rum.
He wore a silk hat, and his coat was very spruce-i-um.
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

And at his gate there sat a human wreck-i-um.
Glory, etc.
He wore a bowler hat, and the rim was round his neck-i-um.
Glory...

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and chees-i-um.
Glory, ...
The rich man answered, "I'll call for a police-i-um."
Glory...

The poor man died and his soul went to Heav-i-um.
Glory, ...
He danced with the saints till quarter past elev-i-um
Glory...

The rich man died, but he didn't fare so well-i-um.
Glory ...
He couldn't go to Heaven, so he had to go to Hell-i-um.
Glory, etc.

Now the moral of this story is that riches are no joke-i-um.
Glory, ...
We'll all go to Heaven, 'cause we're all stony broke-i-um.
Glory...

- - - - -

21. MONEY PATRIOTS

(Tune: Clementine)

Join the party that is ruling,
Hand the boss what brains you've got,
Play the rooster, be a booster,
Then you'll be a patriot.

Chorus: O my country; O my country,
How I love each blooming spot!
Ain't it funny, how for money
One may be a patriot?

Go to church and talk like honey,
Kiss the flag and shout a lot.
That will make you, for they'll take you,
For a blooming patriot.

When there is a grand parade, sir,
Dress in flags and all such rot,
Swell your bust, sir, crack your crust, sir,
Then you'll be a patriot.

22. NOT ONE CENT

Not one cent
Shall be spent
For any capitalistic war.
We'll spend every cent
We can get to prevent
Any capitalistic war.

Bosses expect
They can collect
Money for war.
Workers, refuse!
You've nothing to lose,
Keep up that roar!

23. YOU'VE GOT TO GO DOWN AND JOIN THE UNION

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

You've got to go down and join the union --
You've got to join it for yourself.
There ain't nobody going to join it for you --
You've got to go down and join the union for yourself.

Sister's got to go down and join the union --
She's got to join it for herself.
There ain't nobody going to join it for her --
She's got to go down and join the union for herself.

Brother's got to go down and join the union --
He's got to join it for himself.
There ain't nobody going to join it for him --
He's got to go down and join the union for himself.

Everybody's going down to join the union --
They've got to join it for themselves.
There ain't nobody going to join it for them --
They've got to go down and join the union for themselves.

- - - - -

24. THE INTERNATIONAL

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.

Chorus: 'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The International Party
Shall be the human race.
(Repeat Chorus).

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25.

THE CUDGEL SONG

(Tune: Dubinushka)

I heard songs in my youth that are part of me yet,
Songs that tell of the sea and the soil;
There is one homely strain I shall never forget --
It's the chant of the men as they toil.

Chorus: Ho, my little cudgel, make way now!
Ho, the green one will obey now and
Go onward, slow onward,
Together!

Now the workers are waking and taking the land
Where they toiled in their sorrow and pain;
Not as bondsmen they stoop, but as freemen they stand,
'Though they still sing their cudgel refrain.

Chorus: Ho, my mighty cudgel, arise now!
Ho, the red will win the prize now and
Lift onward, swift onward,
Together!

- - - - -

26.

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 hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus: Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

- - - - -

27.

TARRIERS' SONG (DRILL YE TARRIERS, DRILL)

Words and Music by Thomas F. Casey

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

Chorus: And drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Oh, it's work all day for the sugar in your tea,
Down behind the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill!
And blast! and fire!

The boss was a fine man down to the ground
And he married a lady six feet 'round;
She baked good bread, and she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes of hell!

Now the new foreman was Jean McCann;
By God, he was a blamed mean man!
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

The next time pay day came around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
When he asked what for, came this reply:
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

28.

(WE'RE GONNA) ROLL THE UNION ON

Words by John Handcox and Lee Hays

Chorus: We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on!
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on!

If the boss is in the way we're gonna roll it over him,
We're gonna roll it over him, we're gonna roll it over him.
If the boss is in the way we're gonna roll it over him;
We're gonna roll the union on!

If the scab is in the way we're gonna roll it over him,
We're gonna roll it over him, we're gonna roll it over him.
If the scab is in the way we're gonna roll it over him;
We're gonna roll the union on!

If the sheriff's in the way we're gonna roll it over him,
We're gonna roll it over him, we're gonna roll it over him;
If the sheriff's in the way we're gonna roll it over him,
We're gonna roll the union on!

Whoever's in the way we're gonna roll it over him,
We're gonna roll it over him, we're gonna roll it over him.
Whoever's in the way we're gonna roll it over him;
We're gonna roll the union on!

29. SIXTEEN TONS

Words and music by Merle Travis

Now some people say a man's made out of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood, skin and bone,
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.
You load

Chorus: Sixteen tons and what do you get?
You get another day older and deeper in debt.
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine.
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal,
And the straw boss hollered, "Well, bless my soul!"

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain;
Fighting and trouble is my middle name.
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound --
I'm mean as a dog but I'm gentle as a lamb.

If you see me coming, you better step aside;
A lot of men didn't, and a lot of men died.
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

30. WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Words by Florence Reece

Come all of you good workers,
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell.

Chorus: Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son,
And I'll stick with the union
Till ev'ry battle's won.

They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there;
You'll either be a union man
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize.

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31. ORGANIZE UNIONS

By Bobby Heath, Micky Marr & Archie Fletcher

Ev'ry time you say, "I'm sick of apple sauce,
Hours are long and wages wrong, I'll up and tell the boss."
What does the boss then give you, except give you the sack?
"If you don't like conditions here, get out and don't come back!"
So...

Chorus: Organize unions, learn to fight together,
Keep it up until the job is done.
(You tell 'em!)

Organize unions, learn your might together,
Working one for all and all for one.
If you're tired of dredgery and privation,
Organize, help organize the nation;
Spread the news, we can't lose,
Sing I've got those union blues.
And organize your unions every where.

Now and then you meet men who say it won't pay,
"Don't you join, just save your coin, and you'll be rich some day."
Starve and save forever if you're a working man.
Unless you build your union strong, you'll end as you began.
So...

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32. JOE HILL

Music by Earl Robinson
Words by Alfred Hayes

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, Joe, by God," 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 copper 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 forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."

"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 organize,"
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.

33. I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

Words by Jim Garland

I don't want your millions, mister;
I don't want your diamond ring.
All I want is the right to live, mister;
Give me back my job again.

I don't want your Rolls-Royce, mister;
I don't want your pleasure yacht;
All I want is food for my babies;
Give to me my old job back.

We worked to build this country, mister,
While you enjoyed a life of ease;
You've stolen all that we built, mister;
Now our children starve and freeze.

Think me dumb if you wish, mister;
Call me green or blue or red;
This one thing I sure know, mister:
My hungry babies must be fed.

I don't want your millions, mister,
I don't want your diamond ring.
All I want is the right to live, mister;
Give me back my job again.

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34. TALKING UNION (BLUES)

Words by the Almanac Singers

If you want higher wages, let me tell you what to do,
You've got to talk to the workers in the shop with you.
You've got to build you a union, got to make it strong,
But if you all stick together, boys, 'twon't be long--
You'll get shorter hours... better working conditions...
Vacations with pay... take your kids to the seashore.

It ain't quite this simple, so I'd better explain
Just why you've got to ride on the union train,
'Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your pay
We'll all be a-waiting till the judgment day--
We'll all be buried ... gone to heaven ...
St. Peter'll be the foreman then.

Now you know you're underpaid but the boss says you ain't,
He speeds up the work till you're about to faint.
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten --
You can pass out a leaflet and call a meetin' --
Talk it over ... speak your mind ...
Decide to do something about it.

34. (Cont'd)

Suppose they're working you so hard it's just outrageous,
And they're paying you all starvation wages,
You go to the boss, and the boss will yell
"Before I raise your pay I'll see you all in Hell."

'Course, the boss may persuade some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool,
But you can always tell a stool, boys, that's a fact,
He's got a yellow streak a-running down his back.
He doesn't have to stool... he'll always get along ...
On what he steals out of blind men's cups.

You've got a union now and you're sitting pretty;
Put some of the boys on the bargaining committee.
The boss won't listen when one guy squawks
But he's got to listen when the union talks.
He'd better ... be mighty lonely ...
If everybody decided to walk out on him.

He's puffing a big seegar, feeling mighty slick
'Cause he thinks he's got your union licked.
Well, he looks out the window, and what does he see
But a thousand pickets, and they all agree
He's a bastard ... unfair ... slave-driver...
Bet he beats his wife.

Now, boys, you've come to the hardest time.
The boss will try to bust your picket line.
He'll call out the po-lice and the National Guard;
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card;
They'll raid your meetings, they'll hit you on the head --
They'll call every one of you a Goddamn Red --
Unpatriotic ... agitators ...
Send 'em back where they came from.

But out in De-troit, here's what they found,
And out in Pittsburgh, here's what they found,
And out in Akron, here's what they found,
And up in Toronto, here's what they found:
That if you don't let Red-baiting break you up,
And if you don't let vigilantes break you up,
And if you don't let race hatred break you up,
And if you don't let stool-pigeons break you up,
You'll win ... what I mean ...
Take it easy ... but take it!

35. UNION TRAIN

Words by The Almanac Singers

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

It's that union train a-coming, coming, coming.)3
Get on board! Get on board!

It has saved a-many a thousand, thousand, thousand,)3
Get on board! Get on board!

It will carry us to freedom, freedom, freedom,)3
Get on board! Get on board!

What is that I see yonder coming, coming, coming,)3
Get on board! Get on board!

It's that union train a-coming, coming, coming,)3
Get on board! Get on board!

36. THESE BANKS ARE MADE OF MARBLE

Artie Sherman

I've traveled around this country
From shore to shining shore.
And it really made me wonder
All the things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer
A-plowin' sod and loam
And I heard the auction hammer
A-knockin down his home.

Chorus: But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door.
And the vaults are filled with silver
That the farmer (seaman, miner...) sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing idly by the shore,
And I heard his bosses saying, got no work for you no more. (chorus)

I saw the weary miner, scrubbing coal dust from his back,
And I heard his children crying, got no coal to heat the shack.(chorus).

I've seen my brothers struggling throughout this mighty land,
And I prayed we'd get together, and together make a stand.

Then we'd smash those banks of marble, Kick the guards right out
the door,
And we'd share the gold and silver, that we have sweated for.
