



TO FAN THE **FLAMES** OF DISCONTENT

WHAT IS THE IWW?

The Industrial Workers of the World is a union open to wage and salary workers in all industries, and to members of the working class in all countries. Its aim is to enable workers to resist being used against each other either to undermine each other's jobs in peacetime or kill each other in war. Its hope is to make this planet a good place for all of us. We seek to build a new world in the shell of the old through direct control of industry by workers on the job.

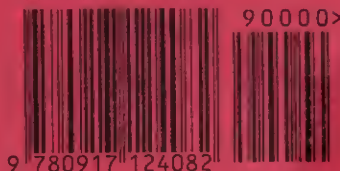
The IWW was founded in 1905 by unions in North America concerned mainly at the time with industrial organizing to prevent each trade union from being used against the others. Its history has been a notable one of skirmishes mainly in industries and occupations where unionism at the time had not become taken for granted. In these areas it has left behind enduring improvements in job safety and in other working and living conditions. The IWW has called for a shorter work day and work week, both to reduce unemployment and to bring leisure to the overworked. It has been particularly concerned with workers outside the traditional unions — women, Third World, low-skilled and low-paid workers. The IWW has always resisted discrimination whether for sex or color or language or religion, and was one of the first unions to resist discrimination for sexual preference. Its membership has always included a substantial number of workers active in other unions who see the need for the IWW and for greater solidarity between unions and between workers everywhere.

To co-operate with us, look up the IWW in your locality or write to: IWW, 103 West Michigan Avenue, Ypsilanti MI 48197 (USA) for free literature and the address of the IWW branch nearest you. (Ask for a copy of our monthly newspaper, the *Industrial Worker*, and a list of IWW literature.)

Together we can do things we can't do alone.



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THE LITTLE **RED** SONG BOOK



IWW Songbook International Edition



TO FAN THE **FLAMES** OF DISCONTENT

What Is A Boss?

When the body was first created, there was contention among the component parts as to who was going to be the boss.

The brain said, "Since I am the nerve center that controls everything and does all the thinking, I should be the boss."

The feet said, "Since I carry all the friggin' weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said, "Since I must do all the manual labor and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said, "Since I must look out for all of you and let you know when danger lurks, I should be the boss."

And so it went with the ear, the lungs, and various other component parts of the body, till there was no one left but the anus. All the others laughed when it made its bid for bosshood, for who ever heard of an anus being boss of anything? This rebuff upset the anus so much that in a pique of anger it closed itself off completely and refused to function any further.

Soon the brain was feverish, the eyes crossed and ached, the feet were too weak to carry the load, the hands hung limply at the sides, and the heart, lungs, and the rest of the component parts struggled to keep going. They all capitulated to the anus, and it finally became the boss.

While the others did all the work, the anus just basked and let out a lot of hot air along with the other material it is the anus's function to let out.

The moral of this little episode is that it takes no special talent to be a boss - so why have one if everyone knows how to work together in harmony? Think about it.

What Is A Scab?

Attributed to Jack London

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which to make a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a cork-screw soul, a water logged brain and a combination back bone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, the scab carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a scab comes down the street, people turn their backs, angels weep in heaven and the devil shuts the gate of hell. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab. For betraying his master, he had the character to hang himself - a scab hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British army. The modern strikebreaker sells birthright, country, spouse, children and co-workers for an unfulfilled promise from an employer, trust or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was traitor to his country. A strike breaker is a traitor to himself, a traitor to his family, and a traitor to his class.

There is nothing lower than a scab.

Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent

The Little Red Song Book International Edition

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PREAMBLE TO THE IWW CONSTITUTION

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the means of production, abolish the wage system, and live in harmony with the Earth.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system." It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for everyday struggle with the capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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DEDICATION

- To the **TWO WOBBLY LUMBERWORKERS**
 Killed by company goons at Grabow, Louisiana,
 July 7, 1912
- To the **WOBBLY MARITIME WORKER**
 Killed in the United Fruit strike New Orleans,
 June 11, 1913
- To **JOE HILL**
 Murdered by the authorities of the State of Utah,
 November 19, 1915
- To the **SIX WOBBLIES**
 Killed in the Everett, Washington, massacre,
 November 5, 1916
- To **FRANK H. LITTLE**
 Lynched by the copper barons at Butte, Montana,
 August 1, 1917
- To **JAMES BREW**
 Killed in the Bisbee Deportation in Arizona,
 July 11, 1917
- To **WESLEY EVEREST**
 Lynched by the lumber trust at Centralia,
 Washington, November 11, 1919
- To the **FIVE WOBBLY MINERS**
 Killed in the Columbine, Colorado massacre
 November 21, 1927
- To **ALL**
 the unnamed and unsung workers who struggle for a
 world united in peace and free from the exploitation
 of labor. Our struggle will succeed.



There Is Power In A Union

Words and music by Billy Bragg, England.
 First appearance, 36th edition.

G C G

There's power in a fac-t'ry, pow-er in the land, Pow-er in the hands of the

D7 G

work-er; But it all a-mounds to noth-in' if to-

C G

ge-ther we don't stand; There is pow-er in a

D7 G Chorus

u-nion. The u-nion for-ev-er, de-

110

fend-ing our rights. Down with the black-leg, all

D7 G

130

work-ers u-nite. With our bro-thers and our sis-ters in

C G D7 G

150

man-y far-off lands; There is pow-er in a u-nion.

There's power in a fac'try, power in the land,
 Power in the hands of the worker;
 But it all amounts to nothin' if together we don't stand:
 There is power in a union.

Now the lessons of the past we all learned with worker's blood,
 The mistakes of the bosses we must pay for;
 From the cities and the farmlands to trenches full of mud,
 War has always been the bosses' way, sure.

Chorus
 The union forever, defending our rights,
 Down with the blackleg, all workers unite.
 With our brothers and our sisters in many far-off lands:
 There is power in a union.

Now I long for the morning that they realize
 Brutality and unjust laws cannot defeat us.
 But who'll defend the workers who cannot organize
 When the bosses send their lackeys out to cheat us?

Chorus
 Money speaks for money, the devil for his own;
 Who comes to speak for the skin and the bone?
 What a comfort to the widow, a light to the child,
 There is power in a union.

Last Chorus
 The union forever, defending our rights,
 Down with the blackleg, all workers unite.
 With our brothers and our sisters in many far-off lands:
 There is power in a union.

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This is the 36th edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909, and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, the dates appearing by song titles give the edition of the IWW songbook in which the song first appeared.

Authorship is credited to those whose versions first appeared in the songbook and many songs remain unchanged. People's music, however, is living music. Words to these songs have been added to and changed by working people. Today's IWW hopes this Little Red Songbook will help make workers' history, not just preserve it.

In this international edition, a special effort has been made to print songs from around the world, to reflect the struggles and experiences of a wider section of the working class. This songbook includes Spanish language translations of English language songs and English language translations of Spanish language songs.

Songs in this songbook were written by and for the working class. Some of these have been copyrighted and are used with the permission of the copyright holder. The others belong entirely to the working class.

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

Words by Harry "Haywire Mac" McClintock, U.S.A.

Tune: Revive Us Again.

First printed by the Spokane GMB in 1909.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various chords such as F, Bb, C7, and F. There are also some performance markings like '10', '13', and '16' at the beginning of lines, and '3' above a triplet. The lyrics are: 'Why don't you work like other folks do? How the hell can I work when there's no work to do? Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, bum again; Hallelujah, give us a hand-out to revive us again! gain! gain!'.

Why don't you work like other folks 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!

Oh, why do you work eight hours or more?
There'd be jobs for two if you'd only work four. †
Oh, why speed up work till you're ready to fall?
If you'd only slow down, there'd be work for us all. †

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

Our wages can't buy all the wealth we produce;
So the factories shut down and we are turned loose. *

I worked overtime like a big greedy slob;
Now the warehouse is full and I'm out of a job. *

I hate this company, I hate this job,
But I'm too proud to beg and too honest to rob. †

So I worked very hard, till I got the flu,
Missed four days of work, and they told me, "You're thru." †

About five months ago, my unemployment ran out.
Now I stay in the shelters and travel about. †

When I walk down the street, all the people I see
Look up, down and round, but they won't look at me. †

So I'm on the bum and I tell you, it's true:
It happened to me, it could happen to you. †

But don't you complain, don't open your eyes.
Don't talk revolution, and don't organize. †

* New verse, 35th edition. † New verse, 36th edition.

Hold the Fort

Words by British Transport Workers Union.
First appearance, 8th edition, 1914.

C F C

We meet today in free-dom's cause and raise our voi - ces

G7 C F D7

high; We'll join our hands in u - nion strong to bat - tle or to

G7 Chorus C F G7 G7

die. Hold the fort for we are com-ing, U - nion - ists be strong.

C F G7 C

Side by side we bat - tle on-ward, vic - to - ry will come.

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, Unionists 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 when'er it's needed, cheer, my comrades, cheer.

About 1870 "Hold the Fort" was written by Bliss as a U.S. gospel song, based on an incident in the U.S. Civil War. It was made into a labor song by the Knights of Labor (the Knights advocated an alliance of producer and consumer cooperatives as an alternative to industrial capitalism.) The song was cast into its present form by the British Transport Workers about 1890.



Solidarity Forever

Words by Ralph Chaplin, U.S.A.
Tune: John Brown's Body.
First appearance, 9th Edition, 1916.

F7 Bb

When the U - nion's in - spi - ra - tion through the

F7 Bb Bb

wir - kers' blood shall run, there can be no pow - er great - er an - y -

Bb

where be - neath the sun; Yet what force on earth is weak - er than the

D7 Gmi Bb7 Cmi Bb F7 Bb

fee - ble strength of one? But the U - nion makes us strong

Bb Chorus Bb Bb

Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver, Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver.

D7 Gmi Bb7 Cmi Bb F7 Bb

Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver, For the U - nion makes us strong

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's 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.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

It is we who wash the dishes, scrub the floors and chase the dirt,
Feed the kids and send them off the school and then we go to work
Where we work for lower wages for a boss who likes to flirt.
We will make the Union strong. *

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While 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 a new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

*New verse, 36th edition

Solidaridad Pa' Siempre

Llevaremos en la sangre la grandeza sindical
 No tendrá poder mas grande el laborismo Mundial.
 Compañero, si eres debil con tu fuerza individuál
 Busca la unidad gremial.

Coro
 Solidaridad pa' siempre,
 Solidaridad pa' siempre,
 Solidaridad pa' siempre,
 Con la fuerza sindical.

Mas que'l oro atesorado es el poder sindicál;
 Es mas fuerte que una armada y mejor que un arsenal.
 Crearemos nueva vida en el campo laboral
 Con la fuerza sindicál.

En toda nuestra Tierra luchan por su Libertád;
 Todos que trabajan quieren ya vivir en Paz.
 Y por eso, Compañeros, nos tenemos que juntár
 Con solidaridád.

Vamonos Compañeros por los derechos a pelear,
 Con el Corazón en alto y con Fe en la Unidad;
 Las olas del Mar la injusticia va a inundár
 Con solidaridád.

The International

Words by Eugene Pottier, France.
 Music by Pierre DeGeyter, Belgium.

G C Amin A D
 1 A - rise ye pris - ners of star - va - tion, a - rise ye wret - ched of the

G C Amin D D7 G
 5 earth. For jus - tice thou - ders con - dem - na - tion, a bet - ter world's in birth. No

B7 Emin D A D
 10 more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us, a - rise ye slaves no more in thrall; The

D7 Bmin Bmin G Emin D A7 D
 15 earth shall rise on new foun - da - tions, we have been naught, we shall be all.

B G C A7 D A7 1st end. D
 20 'Tis the fin - al con - flict, let each stand in their place. The

G D7 G B7 C A D 2nd end. G
 25 In - ter na - tion al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race. 'Tis the place. The

E7 Amin A* G D7 G
 30 In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race.

Banks of Marble

Words & music Les Rice, Traditional, U.S.A.
 First appearance, 35th edition.

C G7 C
 1 I've trav - eled 'round this coun - try

F C
 5 from shore to shin - ing shore, and it

G7 C G7
 10 real - ly made me won - der, all the things

C 1 & 2 3-5 Chorus C
 15 I heard and saw. I But the banks are

G7
 20 made of mar - ble with a guard at ev - ry

C F C
 25 door. And the vaults are stuffed with sil - ver

G7
 30 that the (far - mer) sweat - ed for.

I've traveled 'round this country, from shore to shining shore.
 And it really made me wonder, all the things I heard and saw.
 I saw the poor dirt farmer plowing sod and loam
 I heard the auction hammer a knocking down his home.

Chorus

But the banks are made of marble, with a guard at every door
 And the vaults were full of silver that the (farmer) sweated for.

I saw the sailors standing idly by the shore;
 I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

I saw the women working in the sweatshop and the store,
 In the office and the factory, and at home they scrubbed the floor

I saw the worn-out miners scrubbing coal dust from their backs;
 I heard their children crying, "Got no coal to heat these shacks."

I saw my mother working from dawn to setting sun;
 I heard her saying softly, "Women's work is never done".

I saw the data keypunchers, their eyes and fingers tired,
 I heard the bosses saying, "Hurry up or you'll be fired".

I've seen my fellow workers throughout this mighty land;
 We will fight to get together in the One Big Union grand.

Last Chorus

Then we'll own those banks of marble and we'll open every door.
 And we'll share those vaults of silver, that we all have sweated for.

I'm Dreaming of a Fair Contract

Words by Julie McCall, U.S.A.
Tune: I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.
First appearance, 36th edition.

I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
The best agreement we have known;
One with no concessions,
That we'll vote yes on,
A real union milestone.
I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
With every picketline I walk;
Till this union-busting is stopped,
And we make the bosses sit and talk.

I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
Without a cut in benefits;
We have worked for our share,
Of decent healthcare,
And not for the profits of the rich.
I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
With every plant we occupy;
Till we stop that scab coal supply,
And we've won a victory for our side!

Julie McCall adapted this from music coming out of the 1989 Pittston coal mining strike in West Virginia, Virginia and Kentucky.

Outa Work Blues

Words by Carlos Cortez, USA.
First appearance, 34th edition, 1973.

Well it's a long time on the street
And the rockin' chair money's all gone, *
It's a long time on the street
And the rockin' chair money's all gone.
I'm down to rollin' my own
And pickin' butts off the lawn.

Went to the employment office
To see what I could find,
I went to the employment office
To see what I could find.
Six hundred other people there
Same thing on their mind.

Told the interviewer
I'd do anything but shovel crap,
I'd told the interviewer
I'd do anything but shovel crap.
He told me he was sorry,
There was only one opening for that.

When I was drawing compensation *
They'd hang any job on my neck,
Yes, when I was drawing compensation
They'd hang any job on my neck.
But now that old rockin' chair's busted
They won't let me past the first desk.

President said on television
That things was mighty fine,
The president said on television
That things was mighty fine.
Man at the supermarket tells me
No groceries sold on time.

* unemployment compensation. Unemployed workers in the US are eligible for only half as long as are Canadian workers for corresponding benefits.

U.S. translation by Charles 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.
Chorus
Tis the final conflict, let each stand in their place;
The International Union shall be the human race. (repeat)

New British translation by Billy Bragg

Stand up, all victims of oppression, for the tyrants fear your might.
Don't cling so hard to your possessions for you have nothing if you have no rights.
Let racist ignorance be ended, for respect makes the empires fall.
Freedom is merely privilege extended unless enjoyed by one and all.

Chorus
So come brothers and sisters for the struggle carries on.
The Internationale unites the world song.
So comrades come rally for this is the time and place:
The international ideal unites the human race.

Let no one build walls to divide us, walls of hatred nor walls of stone.
Come greet the dawn together or we'll die alone.
In our world poisoned by exploitation those who have taken, they now must give
And end the vanity of nations: we've but one Earth on which to live.

So begins the final drama, in the streets and in the fields:
We stand unbowed before their armour, we defy their guns and shields.
When we fight, provoked by their aggression, let us be inspired by life and love;
For though they offer us concessions, change will not come from above.

French original

Debout, les damnés de la Terre, debout, les forçats de la faim!
La raison, tonne en son cratère: c'est l'éruption de la fin,
Du passé faisons table rase, foules d'escalves, debout, debout!
Le monde va changer de base: nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!

*C'est la lutte finale, groupons nous et demain.
L'union syndicale sere le genre humain.*

Spanish translation

Arriba, parias de la tierra! En pie, famélica legión!
Los proletarios gritan: Guerra! Guerra hasta el fin de la opresión
Borrada el rastro del pasado! Arriba esclavos, todos in pie!
El mundo va a cambiar de base. Los nada de hoy todo han de ser.

*Agrupémonos todos, en la lucha final
El género humano es el sindicato Internacional.*

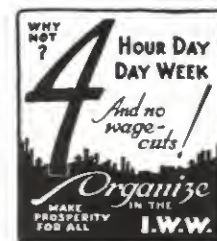
Swedish translation

Upp trålar uti alla stater, som hungern bojor lagt uppå.
Det dånar uti i rättens krater, snart skall utbortrets timma slå.
Störtas skall det gamla snart i gruset slav stig upp för att slå dig fri!
Från mörkret stiga vi mot ljuset, från intet allt vi vilja bli.

*Upp till kamp emot kvalet. Sista striden det är,
Ty Internationalen ét alla lyckas bär.*

Eugene Pottier wrote the original lyrics of the Internationale in June, 1871, to commemorate the Paris Commune, which the French army had just crushed with great bloodshed. After French defeat in the Franco-Prussian war and the fall of the French empire, the workers of Paris had taken over the city and ran it themselves. For two months an almost carnival spirit swept the city. Back rents were canceled. Workers formed cooperatives and unions, and took over workshops abandoned by their owners; artists formed a federation. Night work at bakeries was ended because the bakery workers didn't like it. Municipal nurseries and soup kitchens were founded. Schools were secularized. Churches were taken over as meeting places for political clubs, some of which were made up of women.

By the start of the 20th century, the Internationale was sung by socialists, anarchists and communists all over the world in dozens of languages. The communists claimed the song and until 1943 it was the national anthem of the Soviet Union, but it was never theirs. FW Bragg, sought to put the song's vision of communal freedom into new words, to commemorate the Chinese students in Tiananmen Square in 1989 who sang the Internationale before they were massacred.



Hijos del Pueblo

English paraphrase by Jan Oosting
and Carlos Cortez.

First appearance, 36th edition.

G Ami
 Hi-jos del pue - lo, te o - pri - men ca - de - nas
 D7 G
 Ye - sa in - ju - sti - cia no pue - de se - guir, Si tu ex - is -
 E7 Ami
 10 ten - cia es un mun - do de pe - nas An - tes que es -
 D7 G Emi
 14 cla - vo pre - fie - re mor - ir. Es - os bur - gue - ses, a -
 Ami Emi B7
 19 saz e - go - is - tas, Quea - si des - pre - cian
 Emi Ami
 23 la Hu - man - i - dad, Ser - án bar - ri - dos por los an - ar -
 Emi F#7 Bmi F#7 Bmi
 28 quis - tas Al fuer - te gri - to de li - ber - tad.

Chorus G
 33 ¡Ah! Ro - jo pen - dón no más suf - rir, La ex - plo - ta -
 D7
 39 cion ha de su - cum - bir, Le - ván - ta - te,
 44 pue - lo le - al, Al gri - to de re - vo - lu - ción so -
 G
 49 cial. Vin - di - ca - ción no hay que pe - dir; Só - lo la
 B7 Ami
 55 un - ión la po - drá ex - i - gir. Nues - tro pa - vés
 G Ami D7
 60 no rom - per - ás. Tor - pe bur - gués. A - trás! A -
 G
 65 trás!

Go to Work on Monday

Words and music by Si Kahn.
First appearance, 36th edition.

D
 I did my part in World War Two, Got wound - ed for the
 G D
 5 na - tion. Now my lungs are all shot down, There ain't no com - pen -
 G Chorus D G
 9 sa - tion. I'm gon - na go to work on Mon - day one more
 D
 12 time. I'm gon - na go to work on
 G D
 15 Mon - day one more time, one more time, I'm gon - na
 G D
 18 go to work on Mon - day one more time.

I did my part in World War Two,
Got wounded for the nation.
Now my lungs are all shot down,
There ain't no compensation.

Chorus

I'm gonna go to work on Monday one more time.
I'm gonna go to work on Monday one more time,
One more time, I'm gonna go to work on Monday
One more time.

The doctor says I smoke too much,
He says that I'm not trying.
He says he don't know what I've got,
But we both know he's lying.

The last time I went near my job
I thought my lungs were broken,
Chest bound down like iron bands,
I couldn't breath for choking.

The politicians in this state
They're nothing short of rotten,
They buy us off with fancy words
And sell us out to cotton.

The doctor says both lungs are gone,
There ain't no way to shake it.
But I can't live without a job,
Somehow I've got to take it.

They tell me I can't work at all,
There ain't no need to trying,
But living like some used up thing,
Is just this short of dying.

Sitting on my front porch swing
I'm like someone forgotten,
Head all filled with angry thoughts,
And lungs filled up with cotton.

On The Picket Line

Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle.
First appearance, 36th edition.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "To win our strike and all our de-mands, come pick-et on the pick-et line. In one strong fight we'll join our hands, come pick-et on the pick-et line. On the line, on the line, on the pick, pick, pick-et line The dir-ty lit-tle scabs, we'll treat 'em like a rag Come and pick-et on the pick-et line." The score includes chord markings for G, D, G, Chorus, D7, and G.

To win our strike and all our demands,
Come picket on the picket line.
In one strong fight we'll join our hands,
Come picket on the picket line.

Chorus

On the line, on the line, on the pick, pick, picket line.
We'll scream and yell and fight like hell, come and
Picket on the picket line.

Our fight is not for us alone,
But for people everywhere,
And our demands are not unjust,
But sensible and fair.
If you want your job and better schools,
Come and picket on the picket line.
For you show the board the people rule
When you picket on the picket line.
To pull together in one fight,
Your duty is and mine.
We'll win this strike
When all of us get in the picket line.
We'll sing and raise an awful din,
Come and picket on the picket line.
We'll stay until the Boss gives in,
Come picket on the picket line.
For health care and for higher pay,
Come picket on the picket line.
We won't let the Boss get in our way,
Come and picket on the picket line.
The Boss brings scabs to take our pay,
Come picket on the picket line.
The scabs won't get past us today,
Come picket on the picket line.
The Boss says we're a commie mob,
Come picket on the picket line.
'Cause we want fairness on our job,
Come picket on the picket line.
Now the Boss can say that he is broke,
Come picket on the picket line.
We know his story's just a joke,
Come picket on the picket line.

Verses 1-5 came out of a U.S. Teacher's strike. Verses 6-9 written by Lehigh Branch, PA, 1992.

Hijos del pueblo, te oprimen cadenas
Y esa injusticia no puede seguir,
Si tu existencia es un mundo de penas
Antes que esclavo prefiere morir.
Esos burgueses, asaz egoistas,
Que así desprecian la Humanidad,
Serán barridos por los anarquistas
Al fuerte grito de libertad.

Chorus

¡Ah! Rojo pendón
No más sufrir,
La explotación
Ha de sucumbir,
Levántate, pueblo leal,
Al grito de revolución social.
Vindicación
No hay que pedir;
Sólo la unión
La podrá exigir.
Nuestro pavés
No romperás
Torpe burgués.
Atrás! Atrás!

Los corazones obreros que laten
Por nuestra causa, felices serán;
Se entusiasmados y unidos combaten,
De la victoria la palma obtendrán.
Los proletarios a la burguesía,
Han de tratarla con altivez
Y combatirla también a profía
Por su malvada estupidez.

¡Ah! Rojo pendón . . .

Children of the people, the chains oppress you,
And this injustice must not go on.
If your existence is a world of penalties,
It's better to die than to live a slave.
These rich ones, these egoists
Who sneer at the rest of Humanity,
They'll be swept away by the anarchists
And their 'rebel yell' of freedom.

Hey red banner,
All our suffering is over!
The exploitation
Will be overwhelmed.
Arise, loyal people,
To the call of social revolution.
No longer will we ask
For vindication;
Only our Union
Is needed for that.
Our torches will not
Be extinguished,
You filthy rich!
Get back! Get back!

Those workers' hearts which beat for our cause,
They will be happy;
If united and enthusiastic we struggle
The palm leaf of victory will be ours.
We workers will call the rich ones to account
And resolutely face them in combat, too,
Because of their nefarious stupidity.
Hey red banner . . .

Anthem of the anarcho-syndicalist Spanish union, the Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (CNT). From the Spanish civil war period, author unknown.

A Las Barricadas!

English paraphrase by Jan Oosting
and Carlos Cortez.

First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'A Las Barricadas!' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics in Spanish. Chords are indicated above the notes: EmI, B7, G, D7, B7, and EmI. The lyrics are: 'Ne-gras tor-men-tas a-gi-tan los ai-res, Nu-bes os-cu-ras nos im-pe-den ver; Aun-que nos es-pe-re el do-lor y la muer-te, Con-tra el en-i-mi-go nos lla-ma el de-ber, E bien mas pre-cia-do es la Li-ber-tad, Lu-che-mos por e-lla con pic el pu-e-blo o-bre-ro a la ba-talla hay que der-ro-car a la fe y va-lor, Alta la ban-de-ra re-vo-lu-cio-na-ria re-ac-cion A las bar-ri-ca-das, a las bar-ri-ca-das, que lle-va-el pue-blo a la e-man-ci-pa-cion. e-man-ci-pa-cion(En) por el tri-un-fo de la Con-fed-er-a-cion Con-fed-er-a-cion'. The score ends with a 'D.S. al Fine' and 'Fine' marking.

Negras tormentas agitan los aires,
Nubes oscuras nos impeden ver;
Aunque nos espere el dolor y la muerte, contra el enemigo nos llama el deber.

E bien maspreciado es la Libertad,
Luchemos por ella con fe y valor,
Alta bandera revolucionaria que llevara el pueblo a la emancipacion. (repeat)

En pie el pueblo obrero, a la batalla,
Hay que derrocar a la reaccion.
A las barricadas, a las barricadas, por el triunfo de la Confederacion! (repeat)

Malicious torments hang in the air,
Clouds of obscurity dim our sight.
Though we're to meet pain and death, against the enemy we must call the debt.

By far freedom is the most precious thing,
So let's fight for it with faith and valor.
Raise high the flag of revolution which will carry our people to emancipation.
(repeat)

On your feet, working people, march into battle;
We must defeat the reaction.
To the barricades, to the barricades, for the triumph of our Confederation! (repeat)

"To the Barricades" is a CNT song from the Spanish civil war, its author unknown. The Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (CNT-National Worker's Confederation) is a long-standing anarcho-syndicalist union whose ideology is very close to that of the IWW. Prior to the fascist takeover by Francisco Franco, the CNT had job control over many of the job sites in northern Spanish cities and had deep rooted influence among rural workers. During the 1936-1939 fighting, the men and women of the CNT successfully collectivized farms, textile mills, public utilities, transport systems and health services while managing to send troops, armaments, food and medical supplies to the battlefront.

It was during this conflict that the IWW and CNT recognized each other's membership cards in a true spirit of solidarity. After the death of Franco in 1975, the CNT, which had been underground for many years, has revived with a younger generation of workers. While it has yet to regain its pre-Franco strength, the CNT still plays a role in the Spanish labor movement.

Nine to Five Song

Tune: The M.T.A., U.S.A.
First Appearance, 35th edition.

Musical score for 'Nine to Five Song' in F major, 4/4 time. The score consists of seven staves of music with lyrics in English. Chords are indicated above the notes: F, Bb, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, C, F, Chorus, F, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, C, F, 12,3,4, F, 5, F. The lyrics are: 'Let me tell you the sto-ry of a wo-man named Su-sie who ap-plied for a job one day. They test-ed her for typ-ing, for short-hand and speed writ-ing, and they gave her the low-est pay. We type and file nine to five, yet we bare-ly stay a-live, working from day to day. Well we've done a day's work in the of-fi-ces of Bos-ton and it's time we got a day's pay. Well then Pay.' The score includes a 'Chorus' section and ends with a '12,3,4' and '5, F' marking.

Let me tell you the story of a woman named Susie
Who applied for a job one day.
They tested her for typing, for shorthand and speed writing,
And they gave her the lowest pay.

Chorus
We type and file nine to five, yet we barely stay alive,
Working from day to day. Well we've done a day's work
In the offices of Boston and it's time we got a day's pay.

Well, then Susie did the filing and she kept the correspondence,
And she answered the telephone;
Though the boss might be a doubter, still he couldn't do without her,
Wouldn't even call a taxi on his own.

Susie asked for a promotion and she sure caused a commotion;
He just looked at her in disbelief.
But the raises they've been giving sure don't match the cost of living,
Though the boss is still eating beef.

So Susie got together all the women in the office,
And they started to organize;
If you thought women wouldn't fight for a basic worker's right,
Then you're in for a big surprise!

Now, you women of Boston, don't you think that it's a crime,
That we suffer while employers thrive?

Women's work is never done, fighting back has just begun
For a better life from nine to five.

Landlord and Tenant

Words by Sydney Carter, England.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Landlord and Tenant' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: Bb, Eb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb7, Eb, Bb.

I kept my mo-ney in an old tin chest, 'till I
saw a pos-ter and it said in-vest. If you want a bank that'll
nev-er go bust then put your money in the Blue Chip Trust.
We wel-come the small in-vest-or.
Ev-'ry one a cap-i-tal-ist.

I kept my money in an old tin chest,
'Till I saw a poster and it said invest.
If you want a bank that will never go bust
Then put your money in the Blue Chip Trust.
We welcome the small investor. Ev'ry one a capitalist.

So I wrote to the Blue Chip right away,
And back came a letter the following day:
"Four per cent on every quid, If you invest it." So I did
And I sat back waiting for the dividend.

They came alright, those chips were blue,
But along came a letter from the landlord too:
"Your rent is going up," it said, "Two pounds a week."
Well, I saw red . . . I wrote them a letter . . .

To Tentacle Ltd. (that was the name)
I wrote damn quick and said it was a shame.
But Tentacle said, "Well don't blame us.
We only act for the Blue Chip Trust . . .
They own the property, we only collect the rent!"

To Blue Chip, ECL, I went
To ask them why they were putting up the rent,
A young man said, "Well it distressed us,
But we must think of our investors." "I do!" I said.

To pay myself my four per cent,
It seems I've got to raise my rent,
I can't afford the rent and so I told myself I've got to go.
A small percentage of me, has never had it so good!

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Porque Los Pobres No Tienen

Words and music by Violetta Parra, Chile.
English translation by Barbara Dane.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Porque Los Pobres No Tienen' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: G, A, G, A, D, E, D, E, D, A, D, G, A, G, D.

Por que los po-bres no tie-nen a
don-de vol-ver la vi-sia, La vuel-ven ha-cia los
cie-los con la es-per-an-za in-fi-ni-ta De-en-con-
trar lo que a su her-ma-no en es-te mun-do le qui-
tan, Pa-lo-mi-ta qué co-sas tie-ne la vi-
da y zam-bi-ta!

Porque los pobres no tienen a donde volver la vista
La vuelven hacia los cielos con la esperanza infinita
De encontrar lo que a su hermano en este mundo le quitan . . .
Palomita, qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Porque los pobres no tienen a donde volver la voz
La vuelven hacia los cielos buscando una confesión
Ya que su hermano no escucha la voz de su corazón . . .
Palomita, qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Porque los pobres no tienen este mundo esperanza
Se amparan en la otra vida como una justa balanza
Por eso las procesiones, la pena y las alabanzas . . .
Palomita, qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

De tiempos inmemoriales que se ha inventao al infierno
Para asustar a los pobres con sus castigos eternos
Y al pobre que es inocente con su inocencia creyendo . . .
Palomita, qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Y pa seguir la mentira lo llama su confesor
Le dice que Dios no quiere ninguna revolución,
Ni pliego, ni sindicato, que ofender su corazón
Palomita, qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Because the poor have no other place to look for help,
They turn their eyes to heaven with hope that never ends
Up there they hope they'll find all the things they never had in this world.
Palomita, is that not strange? *

Because they have no one else who will listen,
The poor turn their voices up to heaven in confession,
Since even their brothers won't listen to voices of their hearts.
Palomita, is that not strange?

From the begining of time, they invented a burning hell,
To make the poor fear eternal agony for their weaknesses.
And in their innocence, the poor believe they are no good.
Palomita, is that not strange?

And so the lies won't be found out, the priests call and say
"God doesn't want any of these revolutions or unions or strikes,
Which would offend him to the heart."
Palomita, that's the way it goes.

This song was first recorded at a 1967 Cuban music conference.
* Palomita is used to refer to the Holy Ghost.

Mexican Revolutionary Song

First appearance, 36th edition.

De los campos los burgueses se adueñaron
Explotando los veneros que en el subsuelo encontraron,
Mientras tanto los millones de pesos al extranjero
Se llevaban los patronos con escarnio verdadero.

The bourgeoisie took over the countryside
Exploiting the subsoil lodes,
While the owners took abroad
Millions of pesos with true disdain.

We Shall Not Be Moved

Words: Traditional and anon. U.S.A.

Tune: I Shall Not Be Moved.

First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for "We Shall Not Be Moved" in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes the following lyrics and musical notation:

1 We'll build our one big un-ion, we shall not be moved. We'll
 4 build our one big un-ion we shall not be moved. Just like a tree that's plant-ed by the
 7 wa-ter We shall not be moved. We shall not be.
 11 we shall not be moved. We shall not be, we shall not be moved. Just like a
 14 tree that's plant-ed by the wa-ter. We shall not be moved

We'll build our one big union, we shall not be moved. (repeat)
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

Chorus
We shall not be, we shall not be moved. (repeat)
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved. (2x's)

Black and white together, we shall not be moved. (2x's)

We're fighting for our children, we shall not be moved. (2x's)

United in our union, we shall not be moved. (2x's)

For a world without classes, we shall not be moved. (2x's)

Larimer Street

Words and music by U. Utah Phillips.

First appearance, 34th edition.

Musical score for "Larimer Street" in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes the following lyrics and musical notation:

1 Your bull-do-zers roll-ing through my part of town, The
 6 i-ron ball swings and knocks it all down. You knocked down my
 12 flop-house, you knocked down my bars, and you black-topped it o-ver to
 17 park all your cars. And where will I go? And where can I
 23 stay? You knocked down the skid row and hauled it a-way.
 29 I'll flag a fast rat-ter and ride it on down, friends,
 35 They're run-ning the bums out of town.

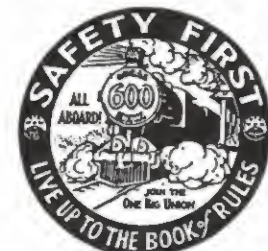
Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down.
You knocked down my flophouse, you knocked down my bars,
And you blacktopped it over to park all your cars.

Chorus
And where will I go? And where can I stay?
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away.
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, friends,
They're running the bums out of town.

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbour light,
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night.

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,
But you built a new hall for the stock-market trade.

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war;
It's one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass.



Mister Block

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A.

Tune: *It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight.*

First appearance, 1913 Edition.

1 Please give me your at-ten-tion, and I'll in-tro-duce to you, a
 4 man that is a cred-it to "Our Red, White and Blue"; His head is made of lum-ber, and
 7 sol-id as a rock; He is a com-mon work-er and his name is Mis-ter Block. And
 10 Block, he thinks he may be Pres-i-dent some day. Oh, Mis-ter Block, you were
 14 born by mis-take, you take the cake, you make me ache. Tie a
 20 rock on your block and then jump in the lake; kind-ly do that for
 25 Lib-er-ty's sake.

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

Chorus

Oh, Mister Block, you were born by mistake,
 You take the cake, you make me ache.
 Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake;
 Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

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

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
 He said, "I'll join the union - the great A.F.of L."
 He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
 He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."
 Sam Gompers said, "You see, you've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
 The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for sure,
 But after the election he got an awful shock:
 A great big Socialist Bull did rap him on the block.†
 And Comrade Block did sob, "I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:
 He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.
 He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell:
 I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."
 Old Pete said, "Is that so? You'll meet them down below."

* Truck: gear

† Bull: cop

No Nos Moveran

Tune: *We Shall Not Be Moved.*

Chorus

No, no no nos moveran
 No, no no nos moveran
 Como un arbol firme junto al rio,
 No nos moveran

Unidos en la lucha, no nos moveran,
 Unidos en la lucha, no nos moveran.
 Como un arbol firme junto al rio,
 No nos moveran

Unidos en el sindicato, no nos moveran . . .

Somos unionistas, no nos moveran . . .

Y el que crea haga la prueba . . .

Esta Tierra sera nuestra . . .

Unidos en la huelga . . .

Unidos en la lucha . . .

Una sociedad sin clases . . .

Y con un golpe de estado . . .

Fuertes, fuertes, fuertes somos
 Como un arbol firme junto al rio
 Fuertes somos ya.

Go I Will Send Thee

Words by Goddard Graves, U.S.A.

Tune: *Children, Go Where I Send Thee.*

First appearance, 36th edition.

1 Go I shall send thee. How shall I send thee? I'm going to send thee
 6 one by one; one for the One Big Un-ion, great-est thing on earth!

Go, I shall send thee.
 How shall I send thee?
 I'm going to send thee one by one;
 One for the One Big Union,
 Greatest thing on earth!

Go I shall send thee.
 How shall I send thee?
 I'm going to send thee two by two;
 Two for the opposing classes,
 One for the One Big Union . . .
 (with each new verse, repeat all previous verses)

Three for the three stars shining . . .
 Four I say for the four hour day . . .
 Five for the five in 1905, a union born then and still alive . . .
 Six for the six departments . . .
 Seven you see for the GEB . . .
 Eight for the workers at the factory gate . . .
 Nine for the workers on the picket line . . .
 Ten for the workers in the state pen . . .

The three stars are education, emancipation, organization. The six departments which new members are classified by the Industrial Union are: Agriculture, Mining, Construction, Manufacture, Transportation-Communication, and Public Service. The GEB is the seven member General Executive Board. State pen is the State Penitentiary.

Rob A Train

Words and music by Eddie Holewa, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical notation for the song "Rob A Train". The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of 18 staves of music. Chords are indicated above the notes: Ami, G, A, D7, C, G, Am/C, D7, G, C, D7, G, C, D7, G, Ami, D7, G.

Chorus

Musical notation for the chorus of "Rob A Train". It consists of 7 staves of music. Chords are indicated above the notes: Ami, D7, G.

Once in a dream of the old west,
A gunman was saddled with the draw;
He stole all my wages in his passing,
But the sheriff said he'd taken 'em
Within the frame of law.

All of my life I've been working,
Making the most of the good times.
Now the pockets in my faded jeans are rattling
With the lay-off slip all crumpled
'Round the nickels and dimes.

Chorus
I feel like robbing a freight train;
You can call me Mr. Jesse James.
One more outlaw to blame
When your system goes insane,
And I feel like robbing a freight train.

Links on the Chain

Words and music by Phil Ochs, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical notation for the song "Links on the Chain". The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of 11 staves of music. Chords are indicated above the notes: A, C, D, A, C, D, A, Bmi, E, Bmi, E, A, Bmi, E, A.

Come you ranks of labor, come you union core,
And see if you remember the struggles of before,
When you were standing helpless on the outside of the door,
And you started building links on the chain,
And you started building links on the chain.

When the police on their horses were waitin' on demand,
Riding through the strike with the pistols in their hands
Swingin' at the skulls of many a unionist,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

And then in 1954, decisions finally made,
Black people were a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain.

And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides,
And forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,
Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain, on the chain,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.

And the ones who try to tell you blacks will take your jobs away,
They're the same ones who were scabbin' hard just the other day,
And your union's not a union till they're thrown out of the way,
And they're chokin' on your links of the chain, of the chain,
And they're chokin' on your links of the chain.

For now the times are tellin' you, the times are rollin' on,
And you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone,
Now it's only fair to ask you, friends, which side are you on,
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain, on the chain,
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain.

In 1954 the Supreme Court case "Brown vs. Board of Education" outlawed school segregation and brought the struggle against racism to public notice. Neither the AFL or the CIO took a stand in support nor did they move to end official segregation within their member unions. The first major civil rights boycott was against the bus lines in Montgomery, Alabama, after Rosa Parks broke the segregated bus rules on December 1, 1955. In 1961 the Congress for Racial Equality sent an interracial group of people on a bus through the south on a freedom ride to test the official desegregation of interstate bus facilities.

Capitalism's Endless Chain

First appearance, 36th edition.

We steal a mil - lion from the
 poor To re - in - vest that mil - lion 'till it steals an - oth - er
 mil - lion from the poor to re - in - vest that mil - lion 'till it steals an -
 oth - er mil - lion from the poor to

We steal a million from the poor
 To reinvest that million till it
 Steals another million from the poor to reinvest that million
 Till it steals another million from the poor to . . .

Collected from the Rebel Song Book, Rand School, NY, 1935

Roll the Hours Back

Words by "The Irish Cowboy," U.S.A.
 Tune: Rock Around the Clock.
 First appearance, 36th edition.

First we worked twelve, then ten, now eight,
 And I don't understand why we have to wait,

Chorus

Just to roll the hours back again,
 We're gonna roll the hours back again,
 We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
 We're gonna roll the hours back.

One worker, two workers, three workers, four,
 Locked outside of the factory door,

Shoutin' roll the hours back again . . .

Hundreds of the hungry, thousands of the poor,
 Millions of the workers marchin' on the door,

Singin' roll the hours back again . . .

Bosses by the dozen, bosses by the gross,
 Bosses by the carload feelin' real morose,

Hearin' roll the hours back again . . .

(Repeat first verse and first chorus)

First published in the April 1976 issue of the Industrial Worker

Lately I get restless in the evening;
 Midnight comes and spins my head around.
 The lives of working folks are being shattered,
 And it nearly drove me crazy
 When they shut the factory down.

All they ever do it for is the money;
 They could make a victim out of you.
 When nothing's left, nothing really matters,
 And I'll bet before you know it,
 You'll be riding with me, too.

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Giving Nothing Back

Words and music by Tom Juravich, U.S.A.
 First appearance, 36th edition.

We're giv - ing noth - ing back, giv - ing noth - ing back. I've
 heard those lines a thou - sand times a - bout how things are
 get - ting slack, but we're hang - ing tough this time. And we're
 stand - ing out on the line for some - thing close to the
 end of time, but we're giv - ing noth - ing back, oh no. We're
 giv - ing noth - ing back

We're giving nothing back, giving nothing back.
 I've heard those lines a thousand times
 About how things are getting slack;
 But we're hanging tough this time,
 And we're standing out on the line
 For something close to the end of time.

The boss, he says to me,
 You just don't understand;
 The industry's turned upside down,
 And oh we need your helping hand.
 I've heard it all before as they showed us to the door.
 That's why we're sticking together this time.

He says with talk like that,
 I'll close the whole place down.
 Take everything you see outside,
 And move it on to another town.
 He said you better learn half a loaf is better than none.
 But once they've got you working for half,
 They'll have you fighting for crumbs.

© 1989 Tom Juravich

One More Day Than Them

Words and music by Peter Hicks
and Geoff Francis, Australia.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Me and San - dy, we got up each day And we
stood by the fac-to-ry gates, Where each day we heard the whist-le blow At a-
round fif-teen-past-eight; And the scabs' bus drove right past our line, They ne-ver
looked us in the eye. One shout-ed, "At least we're work-in' mate." "Not
when we're done," says I. And this
wo-man from the loc-al press, Came at me with a pad and pen; She asked
"How long more can you hold out?" I said, "One more day than

Chorus

them." And if we've told them once, well we've told them twice, And we'll
tell them a-gain and a-gain; That no mat-ter what we're hold-ing out
One more day than them!

Me and Sandy, we got up each day
And we stood by the factory gates,
Where each day we heard the whistle blow
At around fifteen-past-eight;
And the scabs' bus drove right past our line,
They never looked us in the eye.
One shouted, "At least we're workin' mate."
"Not when we're done," says I.
And this woman from the local press,
Came at me with a pad and pen;
She said, "How long more can you hold out?"
I said, "One more day than them."

Chorus
If we've told them once, well we've told them twice,
And we've told them again and again;
That no matter what we're holding out
One more day than them!

Old Ma Bell

Tune: Old Gray Mare.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Old Ma Bell, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,
ain't what she used to be. Since we got or-gan-ized,
since we got or-gan-ized, since we got or-gan-ized

Old Ma Bell, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Old Ma Bell, she ain't what she used to be, since we got organized,
Since we got organized, since we got organized.
Old Ma Bell, she ain't what she used to be, since we got organized.

The first known use of this tune as a labor song was in the 1947 U.S. national strike by the Communications Workers of America against the Bell Telephone Company (Old Ma Bell). Ever since, strikers have been plugging in their own words.

Aristocracy Forever

Words by Judi Bari, U.S.A.
Tune: Solidarity Forever.
First appearance, 36th edition.

When the union leaders' payoffs by the bosses has begun,
There will be no labor trouble anywhere beneath the sun,
For the A.F.L. trade unions and the management are one;
The union keeps us down

Chorus
Aristocracy forever, aristocracy forever, aristocracy forever,
The union keeps us down.

It is we who have to suffer through the daily drudgery,
While Kirkland* pulls a hundred thousand dollar salary,
Though he claims to lead the workers he is just a bourgeoisie;
The union keeps us down.

What do workers hold in common with a labor bureaucrat,
Who's a class collaboratorist and a boss's diplomat.
With the money from our paychecks he is sitting getting fat,
While the union keeps us down

They've aligned us with the mafia, the CIA and more,
Serving counter-revolution and oppression of the poor,
Till the union doesn't represent our interests anymore;
The union keeps us down

In our hands we hold a power they don't even know about;
They've forgotten that the workers are the union's source of clout.
When the rank-and-file workers kick the union bosses out
Again we will be strong.

Last Chorus
Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever,
Again we will be strong.

*Lane Kirkland, head of the AFL-CIO.

Stand United, All You Workers

Words by Lenny Flank, U.S.A.
Tune: Jesus Loves the Little Children.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical notation for the song 'Stand United, All You Workers'. It consists of three staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff starts with a G chord and contains the lyrics 'Stand u - ni - ted, all you wor - kers,'. The second staff contains 'all you wor-kers of the world. Men and wo-men, black and white, side by' and includes chords D, G, D7, and G. The third staff contains 'side we'll stand and fight; One big Un - ion of the wor - kers of the world.' and includes chords C, G, C, D7, and G.

Stand united, all you workers, all you workers of the world.
Men and women, black and white, side by side we'll stand and fight;
One big Union of the workers of the world.

Don't go begging to the bosses, think they treat you mighty fine?
If you're waiting for the day when the boss will raise your pay
Let me tell you, you'll be waiting a long time.

We can break the bosses' power, the answer's clearer than a bell.
We can win the things we like with a workers' general strike.
And then we can tell the bosses "Go to hell."

The New America

Words: Tuli Kupferberg.
Music: "America."
First appearance, 36th edition.

My country is it of thee?
Land bereft of Liberty,
Is it of thee I sing?
Land where the Indians died,
Land of the Slave-Holders' pride,
From ev'ry mountain's strip-mined side
Let Pollution spring.

My Know-Nothing country, thee
Land of Great College Fees,
Thy hair's been dyed.
We hear thy rocks and rolls
Jingled by them greedy souls
And all thru the Land they stole,
Thy TV is refried.

Thy gunshots shoot the breeze,
Gooks hang from world-wide trees,
You own the Bomb,
Lied to in all our schools,
Beaten with their Golden Rules,
Treated like a bunch of fools,
Our time will come.

Their Propertied God, to thee,
Architect of Tyranny,
To thee we won't cower.
Soon may our Land be bright,
With Rebellion's Holy Light,
In daring love is our might,
Common People to Power!

Well, the bosses sure thought they were smart
When they tried to cut our pay;
They said, "We can hire the likes of you
For fifty bucks a day."
But they didn't count on the union,
We were solid, every man
And every woman in that factory
Stuck firmly to our plan.
And this expert in a suit and tie
On the TV news at ten,
He asked, "How long more can you hold out?"
I said, "One more day than them."

Chorus

*If we've told them once, well we've told them twice,
And we've told them again and again;
That no matter what we're holding out
One more day than them!*

There was times it kinda got to us,
Living hand to mouth each day.
The government called us wreckers,
We just wanted decent pay.
But we stood together, all of us.
No, not one of us gave in,
And we knew that if we hung in there
The bosses would cave in.

No chorus; start next verse

Then we got this call from the manager,
Asking what we meant to do;
He asked, "How long more will you hold on?"
We said, "One more day than you."
Their order books, well they were full,
But production lagged behind,
'Cos the scabs brought in to work our shifts
Couldn't make the goods in time;
He said he wanted to talk to us,
And that his words were good and true,
We said, "That's good, 'cos we'll be holding out
Just one more day than you."

Chorus

Now me and Sandy, we get up each day
And we go through that factory gate,
Where each day we hear that whistle blow
At around fifteen past eight.
Well it's dirty work, an' it's tiring work
And it sure ain't any fun,
But we hold our heads up proud and tall,
Just a-knowing that we won.

No chorus; start next verse

No, we didn't fear the bosses' threats
When they tried to drive us down,
'Cos when workers all together stand,
Solidarity is found.
So, if anybody asks of you,
Just you tell 'em again and again,
Just no matter what, you're holding out,
Just one more day than them.

The words of this song were inspired by the 1984/85 British miners strike, the 1986 SEQEB workers dispute and the 1990 Cockatoo Island workers struggle in Sydney.

Not So Long Ago

Words by Hugo Dewar, England.
Music by Bill Bumpus, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

verse 1&3 Em1 D
Woke one bright morn - ing, not so long a - go;

C B7
heard the sound of shoot - ing out on the street be - low.

G D
Went to the win - dow and saw the bar - ri - cade

G B7
of pav - ing stones the work - ing peo - ple made, not so long

Em1 D
ago. Met a man that morn - ing, not so long a - go.

C B7
hand - ed me a leaf - let on the street be - low.

G D
Lean and hard - faced work - ing man with a close - cropped head,

G B7 Em1
held me for a mo - ment, eye to eye, then said, "Read it. Read it.

B7
Read it and learn what it is we fight for, why the church - es

Em1
burn."

Verse 1
Woke one bright morning, not so long ago;
Heard the sound of shooting out on the street below.
Went to the window and saw the barricade
Of paving stones the working people made,
Not so long ago.

Verse 2
Met a man that morning, not so long ago;
Handed me a leaflet on the street below.
Lean and hard-faced working man with a close-cropped head,
Held me for a moment, eye to eye, then said,
"Read it. Read it. Read it and learn
What it is we fight for, why the churches burn."

Verse 3
Out on the Ramblas, she passed me on her way,
Weapon cradled in her arms: it was but yesterday.
"Not just for wages now, not alone for bread;
We're fighting for a whole new world,
A whole new world," she said.

Rock-A-Bye Baby

Author unknown.
First appearance, 3rd Australian Edition
of IWW Songbook (c.1920).

Bb
Rock - a - bye ba - by, on the tree
When you are married, you, spouse will work

F7 Bb A7
top, when you grow up, you'll work in a
too, (So)

Bb Bb Em1 Bb C7 F7
shop; that the rich will have noth - ing to

Bb
do.

Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top,
When you grow up, you'll work in a shop;
When you are married, your spouse will work too,
So that the rich will have nothing to do.

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top,
When you grow old, your wages will stop;
When you have spent the little you've saved-
Hush-a-bye baby, off to the grave.

So Long Partner

Words and music by Larry Penn, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

D A7
They will ask you to be part - ners in pro - duc - tion, they'll

D
in - vite you to come in and be a friend. And they'll keep the prom - ise goin' while the

A7 D
mon - ey's rol - lin' in, But it will be so long, part - ner in the end.

They will ask you to be partners in production,
They'll invite you to come in and be a friend.
And they'll keep the promise goin' while the money's rollin' in,
But it will be so long, partner, in the end.

They will ask you come in and share the burden,
In the awesome task to keep them from the red.
And they'll keep you in the dream while the money's nice and green,
But it will be so long, partner, in the end.

Now they'll tell you not to worry about the farmer,
Even though he feeds you now and then.
It should come as no surprise it's just "Free Enterprise,"
And they'll tell him so long, partner, in the end.

They will ask you to be partners in production,
And they're asking us for soldiers once again.
So I'll say it just once more if we have to go to war,
It will just be so long, partner, in the end.

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We Are Building A Strong Union

Tune: *Jacob's Ladder*.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical notation for the song "We Are Building A Strong Union". It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "We are build - ing a strong un - ion, We are build - ing a strong un - ion, We are build - ing a strong un - ion, Work - ers in the mill!" Chords indicated above the notes are F, Dmi, Ami, F, C7, Bb, F, Bb, F, C7, and F.

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

Every member makes us stronger . . .

We won't budge until we conquer . . .

We shall rise and gain our freedom . . .

Written by the cotton mill workers of Marion, North Carolina, U.S.A. in 1929. The workers struck when the bosses tried to lengthen their 12 hour workdays. The strike was broken when the state militia killed 6 strikers and wounded 25 more.

Universal Housewife

Words: *Tuli Kupferberg*.
Music: "Universal Soldier" by *Buffy Saint-Marie*.
First appearance, 36th edition.

She's five feet two, she's six feet four,
She works with pampers and with shears.
She's all of sixty-one and she's only seventeen;
She's been a housewife for a hundred-thousand years.

She's a woman, she's a man, a houseboy Charlie Chan
Filipino, homosexual, and Jew,
And she knows she shouldn't slave, and she knows she'll
stay a knave,
'Count a me my friend and 'count a you.

And she's sewing for Canada, she's cooking for France
She's cleaning for the U.S.A.
And she's mopping for the Russians and she's shopping for
Japan,
And she thinks she'll put an end to toil this way.

And she's washing all the dishes, she's making all the beds
She says it's for the good of all.
She's the one who must decide what to leave and what to
buy,
And she's wiping all the writing off the wall.

But without her how would Hitler have condemned her to
the slops,
Without her Moses would've jerked alone.
She's the one who gives her body like utensils in a store,
And without her all this drudgin' can't go on.

She's the universal housewife and she really is to blame
Her own false standards they deprave.
They come from here and now and you and me,
And comrades can't you see--
This is not the way we put an end to slaves.

Verse 4

On the barricades all over town, not so long ago,
The time had come to answer with simple "Yes" or "No."
They too were storming heaven; do you think they fought in vain?
That because they lost a battle, they would never rise again?
That the man with the leaflets, the woman with the gun
Did not have a daughter, did not have a son?

When the fascists under Franco attacked the Spanish government in 1936, workers and peasants united, not only in militias to resist the attack, but also to seize mines and factories and run them themselves. The Catholic church in Spain sided with the fascists. Hugo Dewar was an Englishman who fought in the Spanish Civil War.

The Four Hour Day

Words by *Richard Brazier, U.S.A.*
Tune: *Old Black Joe*.
First appearance, 16th edition, restored 36th.

Musical notation for the song "The Four Hour Day". It consists of seven staves of music in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "Gone are the days when the mas - ter class could say, 'We'll work you long hours for lit - tle pay; We'll work you all day and half the night as well.' But I hear the work - ers' voi - ces say - ing, 'You will, like hell.' We're go - ing, we're go - ing to take a four hour day. We sure - ly will sur - prise the boss some First of May." Chords indicated above the notes are D, G, D, D, Em7, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, A7, D, G, A7, D, and D.

Gone are the days when the master class could say,
"We'll work you long hours for little pay;
We'll work you all day and half the night as well."
But I hear the workers' voices saying, "You will, like hell!"

Chorus

We're going, we're going to take a four hour day.
We surely will surprise the boss some First of May.

Now working folk, it's up to you to say
If you want a general four hour day.
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand.
All you have to do is join our Union Grand.

Now working folk, we are working far too long;
That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng.
Give every worker a chance to work each day;
Let's join together and to the boss all say:

Bread and Roses

Words by James Oppenheim, U.S.A.

Music by Caroline Kohlsaat.

First appearance, 35th Edition.

Musical score for 'Bread and Roses' in 4/4 time, key of F major. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'As we come march-ing, march-ing, in the beau-ty of the day. A mil-lion dar-kened kit-chens, A thou-sand mill lofts gray. Are touched with all the ra-diance that a sud-den sun dis-clo-ses. For the peo-ple hear us sing-ing. "Bread and ro-ses! Bread and ro-ses!"'

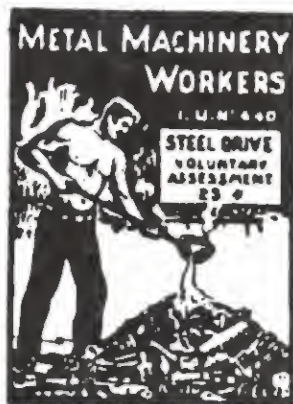
As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,
Our brothers in the struggle, and together we will win.
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 cry for 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.
For the rising of the women raises up the human 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!

These words were inspired by picket signs carried by strikers in the 1912 [WW Lawrence, Massachusetts Mill Strike.



At meetings of miners forms of action were proposed,
And thirty-one of the fittest miners they chose
For a sit-in strike deep within Kemira mine
And those thirty-one started moving down the line.
At four in the morning Mister Pratt from B.H.P.
Sacked them and told them that very soon they'd see
Where the strength lay for he was turning off the power.
"Do what you will," they said, "You won't see miners cower."

All through October the workers rallied round,
With marches and meetings, new allies soon were found--
Steelworkers and wharves and many unemployed
Who knew how it felt to find their jobs destroyed.
At the Wollongong showground a meeting was arranged
And here righteous anger began turning into rage.
A motion was passed that to Parliament they'd go,
So for every threatened worker they could strike a blow.

At the end of the month on trains and busses hired,
They headed for Canberra their fuels of anger fired.
As they passed working suburbs cheering spoke of mass support
Which showed that working folk might be sold but can't be bought.
As they massed in the capitol their forces were aligned,
Newcastle and Sydney and Canberra came behind.
Then to Parliament House irresistibly they marched
Their bellies filled with fire and their hearts for justice parched.

As they marched on King's Hall they felt their spirits rise;
Anger at betrayal honest folk can not disguise.
The barricade fell just like words used to deceive
And the crowd at King's Hall soon started chanting "Heave!"
The door soon burst open and Parliament was breached
And finally our pompous politicians had been reached.
Fraser agreed to meet them and Hawke and Hayden came,
The oppression of the working folk can never be the same.

After sixteen days in a world that knew no sun,
The Tribunal turned on B.H.P. and concessions had been won.
Not enough to save their jobs but enough to show the world
That a new fighting banner for the worker was unfurled.
So wherever you work, in factory, shop or mine;
In ships, on wharves or in jobs of any kind,
Remember the Thirty-one, think on their sacrifice
And when it comes to be your turn remember their advice.

B.H.P.: Broken Hill Mining Party Ltd.

Take the sack: be fired.

Fraser was the liberal prime minister at the time; Hawke was the leader of the Australian Council Trade Unions; Hayden was the leader of the Labour party.

© Kevin Baker

Labor's Endless Chain

First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Labor's Endless Chain' in 4/4 time, key of F major. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'We go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to'.

We go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength
To go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to . . .

Collected from the Rebel Song Book, Rand School, NY, 1935.

If It Weren't For The Union

Words and music by Peter Hicks
and Geoff Francis, Australia.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Our un - i - on's sto - ry is
there to be seen. We've won man - y vic - t'ries we've
suf - fered de - feats. But as I turn through the pa - ges and
look back through time, there's one sim - ple ques - tion stands
out in my mind. To - day we may pros - per, to -
day we live free but if it weren't for the un - i - on
where would we be? It's our un - ion, our un - ion that
de - fends our rights. But our un - ion's as strong as our
will is to fight, for the un - ion is you and the
un - ion is me. So stand up and stand by our
un - ion.

Our union's story is there to be seen.
We've won many victories, we've suffered defeats.
But as I turn through the pages
And look back through time,
There's one simple question stands out in my mind.
Today we may prosper, today we live free

Chorus

*It's our union, our union that defends our rights.
But our union's as strong as our will is to fight,
For the union is you and the union is me.
So stand up and stand by our union.*

From its humble beginnings our union has grown,
So no working person need struggle alone.
But no gain that's been made has been made without cost,
And together we'll see that no gain's ever lost;
Take a look at those countries where workers aren't free --
If it weren't for the union, where would we be?

Put It On the Ground

Words by Ray Glaser, U.S.A.
Music by Bill Wolff.
First appearance, 35th edition.

Oh, if you want a raise in pay, all you have to do,
Go and ask the bosses for it, and they will give it to you. Yes,
they will give it to you my friend, they will give it to you, a
raise in pay with - out de - lay, Oh, they will give it to you. Oh,
Chorus
put it on the ground, spread it all a - round,
dig it with a hoe, it will make your flow - ers
grow.

Oh, if you want a raise in pay, all you have to do,
Go and ask the bosses for it, and they will give it to you.
Yes, they will give it to you my friend, they will give it to you,
A raise in pay without delay, oh, they will give it to you.

Chorus

*Oh, put it on the ground, spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe, it will make your flowers grow.*

For folks who own the industries, I'm sheddin' bitter tears;
They haven't made a single dime in over thirty years;
In over thirty years, my friend, in over thirty years;
Not one thin dime in all that time, in over thirty years. Ohh

It's fun to work on holidays, or when the day is done;
Why should they pay us overtime for having so much fun?
For having so much fun, my friends, for having so much fun,
Pay overtime would be a crime for having so much fun. Ohh

The folks who own the industries, they own no bonds and stocks,
They own no yachts and limousines, or gems the size of rocks.
They own no big estates with pools, or silken B.V.D.'s,
Because they pay the working folk such fancy salaries. Ohhh



Public Workers Stand Together

Words by Paul McKenna, U.S.A.

Tune: "A Miner's Life."

First appearance, 36th edition.

1 Times are tough for pub - lic work - ers, ev' - ry
pound - ed by in - fla - tion; bud - gets

6 day it's some - thing new; Lay - off threats and hir - ing
cut down to the bone. We have got to stand to -

12 freez - es, freez - es in our wa - ges, too.
get - her,

17 Pay - checks it's no time to stand a - lone!

22 *Chorus* Pub - lic wor - kers stand to - ge - ther! Stand with

27 pride and dig - ni - ty. We are all in this to -

33 get - her, ev' - ry pub - lic em - ploy - ee.

Times are tough for public workers, ev'ry day it's something new;
Layoff threats and hiring freezes, freezes in our wages too.
Paychecks pounded by inflation, budgets cut down to the bone;
We have got to stand together, it's no time to stand alone!

Chorus

*Public workers stand together! Stand with pride and dignity.
We are all in this together, ev'ry public employee.*

The papers slander and insult us -- call us lazy parasites.
They say we're only civil servants, and servants have no civil rights
They turn the populace against us with the lies they fabricate.
Let's tell our side of the story, then we'll set the record straight.

Workers in the private sector, we're no different from you.
We work hard to feed our families, pay our rent and taxes too.
It doesn't matter who we work for, we're all workers just the same,
But the rights you take for granted, we're still fighting to obtain.

In conclusion, fellow workers, we must organize for power;
"Solidarity forever" is the watchword of the hour.
Let's fight back in opposition against the bosses and the press,
Build a workers' coalition and march onward to success.

© Paul McKenna

Would you choose to go back, working twelve hours a day,
Would you choose to toil more and a pittance be paid?
Will you stand in the union against the new right?
Or do you think on your own you can withstand their might?
The answer is written in our history,
If it weren't for the union, where would we be?

They say we've got problems, and the unions they blame,
Well, Franco and Pinochet, they said the same.
If our union they weaken, if our union they break,
Then where's our defense from becoming enslaved?
So would you choose bondage above liberty?
And if it weren't for the union, where would we be?

Franco, Spanish dictator between 1939-1975, led the fascist revolt against the Spanish Republic in 1936.
Pinochet, Chilean dictator between 1973-1990, with U.S. support led the fascistic revolt against the elected Chilean socialist government.

Song written for the "Songs of Working Life" project.

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Workers' Control Song

Words and music by Clem Parkinson, Australia.

First appearance, 36th edition.

1 Well, the times were get - ting hard and the boss was get - ting tough; And no

4 mat - ter how we slaved, still he said, "It's not e - nough," Ev' - ry

8 week the axe would fall, blokes were sacked on eve - ry hand, Till there

12 came a fate - ful day when the work - ers made a stand.

Well, the times were getting hard and the boss was getting tough;
And no matter how we slaved, still he said, "It's not enough!"
Ev'ry week the axe would fall, blokes were sacked on every hand,
Till there came a fateful day when the workers made a stand.

Chorus

*O, he treated us like serfs and he acted like a squire,
Now he's lost his cushy job and the right to hire and fire.
For he thought that we'd give in and we all would scrape and bow,
But the workers took control and he's on the Susso now. **

O, we handed him his hat and we showed him the door.
And we told him a grin, "You're not needed any more.
And we're not prepared to say that we hate to see you go.
For we did the bloody work, so we'll run the bloody show."

There's some women down the street toiling in the clothing trade;
Things were crook a while ago, now they really got it made; †
For they had a little chat and decided what to do--
Then they fronts up to the boss and they send him packing too.

And it's only just a start, for it's spreading every day.
Yes, it's really catching on so I guess it's here to stay,
There's no need to fear the sack or to work until we drop: #
All we need to do is fire all the dead-heads at the top.

* Susso: Australian sustenance money handed out to the unemployed

† crook: bad

the sack: getting fired

This song was inspired by 20 years on the same job.

Food Not Finance

Words and music by
Icemarkers of the Revolution, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

1st verse N.C.

1 Now ev - 'ry morn - ing when the sun comes a - round, The
4 man in the white hat saun - ters down. He puts the work - ers in a truck and
7 ships'em all out for a - no - ther day 's la - bor in the fields. Now
10 four - teen hours in the scor - chin' hot sun, Ya know it ain't heal - thy, ya
13 know it ain't fun. You get hurt on the job and you're laid off, The
16 ones at the top say it's your own fault. So we say...

Chorus E A E A

19 No more cash crup we wan-na feed our own. No more cash crup
22 we wan-na feed our own. Food not fi - nance. Peo - ple be - fore pro - fit, Take yer
25 cur - p'rate mo - ney and go on home. Now
N.C.

28 ev - 'ry night when the moon comes a - round, The man on the white hat can't
31 be found. He leaves the wor - kers in their shack's, his poi - sun in the ground And
34 sneaks off to his con - dain pre - fab town. Well the earth is plen - ty, the
37 earth is sweet, Treat it right we'll have fixed to eat. But to the
40 man in the white hat it's all just a game, 'Cause cur - p'rate rape is his
43 mid - die name. And we say... Now ev - 'ry far - mer will tell

2nd Bridge A

Christians At War

Words by John F. Kendrick, U.S.A.
Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers.
First appearance, 9th edition, 1913.

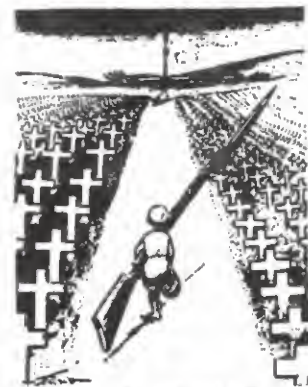
D Em17 A

1 On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Du - ty's way is
4 plain; Slay your Chris - tian neigh - bors, or by them be
7 slain. Pul - pi - teers are spout - ing ef - fer - ves - cent
10 swill. God a - bove is call - ing you to rob and rape and
13 kill. All your acts are sanc - ti - fied by the Lamb on
16 high; If you love the Ho - ly Ghost, go mur - der, pray and
19 die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.
Pulpiters are spouting effervescent swill,
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;
Trample human freedom under pious feet.
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools;
History will say of you: "That pack of god - damned fools!"



New Year — Same old path

The Picket Boogie

Tune: Hokey Pokey.
First appearance, 36th edition.

G
1 They keep the raises out, they put some cut-backs in, The offer

D7
4 that they're making is a crying sin, But we'll

8 do the Picket Boogie and we'll turn it all around, And

G Chorus
8 that's what it's all about! We'll do the Picket

D7
11 Boogie, We'll do the Picket Boogie, We'll do the

G C D7
14 Picket Boogie And that's what it's all about

G
17 bout - Yeah!

They keep the raises out, they put some cutbacks in,
The offer that they're making is a crying sin,
But we'll do the Picket Boogie and we'll turn it all around,
And that's what it's all about!

Chorus

We'll do the Picket Boogie,
We'll do the Picket Boogie,
We'll do the Picket Boogie,
And that's what it's all about - yeah!

The language that they put in keeps better pensions out,
We look at their proposals and we want to cry and shout,
Let's do the Picket Boogie and we'll turn it all around,
And that's what it's all about!

They rake the profits in until their pockets bulge out,
Then they say our kids and families can do without,
So we'll do the Picket Boogie and we'll turn it all around,
And that's what it's all about!

This song came out of the 18-month strike against Hormel Meat Products in Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A., starting in August 1985. The strike was broken when the workers' union, the United Food and Commercial Workers, threw the striking P-9 Local into receivership. The song was collected from Judy McCallen.



E
47 you you must rotate yer crops, You take the

A B
50 protein out and don't put it back And the erosion will never stop.

A E
53 Now ev'ry citizen will tell you We must have food to eat.

B
57 But when you live for profit, When you kill the land, The

E
60 needs of the people lose out to greed. So we say...

Now ev'ry morning when the sun came around,
The man in the white hat saunters down.
He puts the workers in a truck
And ships 'em for another day's labor in the fields.
Now fourteen hours in the scorchin' hot sun,
Ya know it ain't healthy, ya know it ain't fun.
You get hurt on the job and you're laid off;
The ones at the top say it's your own fault.
So we say . . .

Chorus

No more cash crop we wanna feed our own,
No more cash crop we wanna feed our own.
Food not finance. People before profits.
Take you corporate money and go on home.

Now every night when the moon comes round,
The man in the white hat can't be found.
He leaves workers in their shacks, his poison in the ground
And he sneaks off to his condo in pre-fab town.
Well the earth is plenty, the earth is sweet;
Treat it right we'll have food to eat;
But to the man in the white hat it's a game,
'Cause corporate rape is his middle name.
And we say . . .

Bridge

Now ev'ry farmer will tell you must rotate yer crops;
You take the protein out and don't put nothing back
And the erosion will never stop.
Now ev'ry citizen will tell you we must have food to eat
But when you live for profit, you kill the land.
The needs of the people lose out to greed.
So we say . . .

Now ev'ry citizen will tell you
We must have food to eat.
But when you live for profit
When you kill the land,
The needs of the people lose out to greed.
So we say . . .

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(I'm a) women who speaks in a voice
 And I must be heard.
 (Some)times I can be quite difficult,
 I'll bow to no man's word.

Ella Baker was the advisor of and mentor to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The first verse is from a statement Baker made after the murder of three Civil Rights workers Mickey Scherner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney during the Mississippi campaign in the summer of 1964. The bottoms of local river were dragged during the search for the bodies of the three civil rights workers. The search turned up the bodies of black men who had never been searched for because they were black. The search also recovered a number of women's bodies but their deaths were deemed to be without political significance.

© Bernice Reagon

Box Factory

Words and music by Faith Nolan, Canada.
 Canadian IWW Songbook, first edition.
 First Appearance, 36th Edition.

Musical notation for 'Box Factory' in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes a main melody with lyrics and a chorus. Chords are indicated above the staff: Emi, C, D, Emi, C, D, Emi, B7, Emi, B7, Emi.

I worked in a box fac-to - ry from six a. m. 'till
 three. On - ly nine-teen and in tip top form and
 I'd be tir-ed ev-'ry morn, I'd be tired ev-'ry morn, I'd be tir-ed ev-'ry morn.
 Chorus B7 Emi B7
 There's no un-ion to help me fight an - y way, there's no un-ion in a
 Emi
 sweat shop place.

I worked in a box factory from six a.m. 'till three.
 Only nineteen and in tip top form
 And I'd be tired every morn, I'd be tired every morn,
 I'd be tired every morn.

Chorus
 There's no union to help me fight anyway,
 There's no union in a sweat shop place.

We'd go to lunch for a half-hour.
 The boss would use our time to lecture us on power.
 He said you better move faster or your job will soon be gone.
 He'd lie and drone on and on.

Back to the machine and where it and I would race,
 Moving along at a hell of a pace.
 I'd talk to other workers, most turned away;
 You'll lose your job if you complain, they'd say.

I'd go to the washroom and let the tears flow.
 Tired and angry standing up alone,
 I needed money for food and rent.
 The price of dignity was the money I spent.

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
 Stands a chimney so tall that says Aragon Mill.
 But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack,
 For the mill has pulled out, and it ain't coming back.

Now I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die,
 And there's no place to go for my old man and I.

There's no children at all in the narrow, empty streets.
 Now the looms have all gone, it's so quiet, I can't sleep.

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind,
 As it blows through the town - weave and spin, weave and spin.

Roll the Union On

Words and music by John Handcox
 and Lee Hayes, U.S.A.
 First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical notation for 'Roll the Union On' in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes a main melody with lyrics and a chorus. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D7, G, D7, G, D7, G.

We're gon - na roll, we're gon - na roll, we're gon - na
 roll the un - ion on! We're gon - na roll, we're gon - na
 roll, we're gon - na roll the un - ion on! If the
 bosses are in the way we're gon - na roll right o - ver them, we're gon - na
 roll right o - ver them, we're gon - na roll right o - ver them. If the
 roll the un - ion on.

If the bosses are in the way, we're gonna roll right over them.
 We're gonna roll right over them, we're gonna roll right over them.
 If the bosses are in the way, we're gonna roll right over them
 We're gonna roll the union on.

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 scabs are in the way . . .

If the cops are in the way . . .

Whoever's in the way . . .

This song came out of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, founded in 1934 to organize black and white cotton sharecroppers.

© Multicultural Women in Concert

The Blackleg Miner

Words and music: *Traditional British*.
First appearance, 36th edition.

It's in the even - ing af - ter dark, when a
black - leg min - er creeps te work, with his mole - skin pants and
dor - ty shirt, there goes the black - leg min - er!

It's in the evening after dark,
When a blackleg miner creeps to work,
With his moleskin pants and dorny shirt,
There goes the blackleg miner!

He'll take his picks and down he goes,
Te hew the coal that lies below,
But there's not a woman in this town row,
Will look at a blackleg miner.

Now, divvent gan near the Delavel mine,
Across the way they stretch a line,
Te catch the throat an' break the spine,
Of the dorny blackleg miner.

An' Seghill is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay in a blackleg's face,
An' around the heap they run a foot race,
Te catch the blackleg miner.

They take ye duds an' tools as well,
An' hoy them doon the pit of hell.
Down ye go an' fare ye well,
Ye dorny blackleg miner.

So join the union while ye may,
Don't want till yer dyin' day,
'Cause that may not be far away
Ye dorny blackleg miner.

Written in 1840's as a warning to potential scabs who were being imported into the northeast of England from as far away as Cornwall and Ireland. The words are in the Geordie (Newcastle area) accent. 'Divvent gan' means don't go, 'hoy' means throw, 'dorny' is dirty. Blackleg refers to a scab. Both blackleg and scab originally referred to cow diseases.

Aragon Mill

Words and music by *Si Kahn, U.S.A.*
First appearance, 36th edition.

At the east end of town, at the foot
of the hill, Stands a chim - ney so
tall that says Ar - a - gon Mill.

Ella's Song

Words by *Ella Baker*
Music by *Bernice J. Reagon*.
First appearance, 36th edition.

We who be - lieve in free - dom can not rest,
We who be - lieve in free - dom can not rest un - til it come.
We who be - lieve in free - dom can not rest un - til
the kil - ling of black men, black mo - ther's sons, is as im -
por - tant as the kil - ling of white men, white mo - ther's sons.

Intro

We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it come

Chorus

We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it come

Until the killing of black men,
Black mother's sons,
Is as important as the killing of white men,
White mother's sons.

That which touches me most
Is that I had a chance to work with the people,
Passing on to others that
Which was passed on to me.

(To me) young people come first,
They have the courage where we failed.
(And if) I can but shed some light
As they carry us through the gale.
(The older) I get, the better I know
That the secret of my going on
(Is when the) reins are in the hands of the young
Who dare to run against the storm.

(Not needing) to clutch for power,
Not needing the light just to shine on me,
(I need to) be one in the number
As we stand against tyranny.

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot,
I've come to realize
(That) teaching others to stand and fight
Is the only way our stuggle survives.

Buy This American Car

Words and music by Charlie King, U.S.A.

First appearance, 36th edition.

G D G
This car was as-sem-bled in part right here on A-mer-i-can
D C G
soil, so spend-ing your tin on some cheap for-eign im-port makes
A7 D G D G
Gen-er-al Mo-tors' oil boil. Com-pon-ents are care-ful-ly gath-ered from
C G C
12 fac-to-ries for-eign and far, then as-sem-bled right here by A-
G D G To Coda 3x
15 mer-i-can ro-bots. Hey! That's an A-mer-i-can car.
Chorus
C G D C D
18 Buy, buy this A-mer-i-can car, buy this A-mer-i-can
G C G D
21 car. It has wait-ed so long, it has trav-eled so far,
C D G Fine Bridge C
24 buy this A-mer-i-can car. line. and then they lob-by-for-quo-tas on
G D G
28 Saabs and Toy-o-tas, they scream, "For-eign la-bor un-fair!" Well, I've
C G
31 got more in com-mon with blue col-lar for-eign-ers than
A7 D D.C. al Fine
33 an-y A-mer-i-can mil-lion-aire. There

This car was assembled in part right here on American soil,
So spending your tin on some cheap foreign import
Makes General Motors' oil boil.
Components are carefully gathered
From factories foreign and far,
Then assembled right here by American robots.
Hey! That's an American car.

Chorus

Buy, buy this American car, buy this American car.
It has waited so long, it has traveled so far, buy this American car.

The steel was all made in Japan
And pressed into shape in Botswana,
For the engines they pay 20 pesos a day
To the workers of South Tijuana.
The ignition's Korean, the tires are French,
The bumper's from Botany Bay;
And uniting these nations, they use automation.
Ain't that the American way?

Staying Out On The Line

Tune: This Little Light of Mine.

First appearance, 36th edition.

G
We struck for de-cent pay, and we're gon-na have our
G7 C
say. We struck for de-cent pay, and we're gon-na have our say.
G D7
Have our say, have our say, have our say.
G G
11 We're stay-ing out on the line. Till we get that con-tract signed.
C G
16 We're stay-ing out on the line. Till we get that con-tract signed.
B7 G
20 We're stay-ing out on the line. Till we get that con-tract signed.
Emi C G D G
23 Get it signed, get it signed, get it signed.

We struck for decent pay,
And we're gonna have our say. (repeat 2x's)
Have our say, have our say, have our say.

We're staying out on the line,
Till we get that contract signed. (repeat 2x's)
Get it signed, get it signed, get it signed.

There's no way we'll submit
To a cut in benefits. (repeat 2x's)
Benefits, benefits, benefits.

The Union's standing tall
All for one and one for all. (repeat 2x's)
All for one and one for all.

This song came out of the 1989 strike by the machinists, flight attendants and pilots against Eastern Airlines. The airline went into bankruptcy as a union busting ploy, refused several attempts by the unions to buy it and went out of business. This song was collected from Joanne Delaplaine.



Babylon Updated

Words by Leslie Fish, 1973, U.S.A.

Tune: *Babylon is Fallen*, 1869.

First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Babylon Updated' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Welcome, day so long awaited! Welcome, hour of great release! See all peoples liberated. Stand in freedom, walk in peace. Fallen are the chains that dragged us down to slavery, off to war. Babylon is fallen, fallen, to rise no more!'.

Welcome, day so long awaited!
 Welcome, hour of great release!
 See all peoples liberated.
 Stand in freedom, walk in peace.
 Fallen are the chains that dragged us
 Down to slavery, off to war.

Chorus

*Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen
 Babylon is fallen, to rise no more!*

Masters in your high stone tower,
 You who order us here below,
 You who drive us for your power,
 You who shaped the world we know;
 Turn and face your victims' fury,
 Face the wolf pack at your door.

We who served you, poor and driven,
 We who suffered the laws you made,
 We reclaim the years we have given,
 Smash your power and break your blade.
 See your doom reach out to take you
 With the empires gone before:

© 1973 Leslie Fish

These robots deserve our support,
 Their work ethic's really inspiring.
 They don't mind the lack of a benefits package,
 They don't even think of retiring.
 They don't go on strike for a raise,
 They don't ask for COLA's or Perq.'s *
 They show up every day and they work without pay
 For the guy who gets pay without work (who is singing . . .)

And in there among all the robots you'll find a worker or two
 They're feisty and human, they're true to their union,
 They're true to the red, white and blue.
 But the Marketing Moguls of Motown are true to the green dollar sign
 They flaunt it, they fake it, they don't care who makes it
 As long as it rolls down the line.

Bridge

And then they lobby for quotas on Saabs and Toyotas,
 They scream, "Foreign Labor Unfair!"
 Well, I've got more in common with blue collar foreigners
 Than any American millionaire.

There will always be them who sell snake oil
 With blather and bluster and brag.
 Still the worst of these chiselers don't bolster their business
 By wrapping themselves in the flag.
 If they want to sell us the stars and stripes
 Let 'em put all their cards on the table.
 And let's see some jobs in the U.S. of A.
 Or let's have some truth on the label (no more singing . . .)

*COLA: Cost Of Living Adjustment - automatic raises equal to inflation.

Dump the Bosses Off Your Back

Words by John Brill, U.S.A.

Tune: *Take It To The Lord In Prayer*.

First appearance, 9th edition, 1916.

Musical score for 'Dump the Bosses Off Your Back' in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Are you cold, forlorn and hungry? Are there lots of things you lack? Is your life made up of mis'try? Then dump the bosses off your back! Are your clothes all torn and tattered? Are you living in a shack? Would you have your troubles scattered? Then dump the bosses off your back!'.

Are you cold, forlorn and hungry? Are there lots of things you lack?
 Is your life made up of mis'try? Then dump the bosses off your back!
 Are your clothes all torn and tattered? Are you living in a shack?
 Would you have your troubles scattered?
 Then dump the bosses off your back!

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

Scabs

Words and music by Anne Feeney, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Ami E7 Ami E7 Ami E7 Emi E7

There's an
Ami E7 Ami E7 Ami E7
a - li - en life form been creep - in' round my job site,
Ami C7 F#7 3 Fmi6 3
Looks al - most hu - man, but some - thing a - bout them ain't right.
C G7 C7
11 They can cross right ov - er a pick - et line
F7 F#dim Chorus C7
15 Pay no at - ten - tion to a pick - et sign, aw, they're scabs. (scabs)
A7 D7 3 3 3
Scabs. (scabs) the low - est form of life ev - er
G7 C7
spawned in na - ture's lab; They've got no brains (scabs) They've got no
A7 D7 3
heart, (scabs) Scabs are tear - ing our co -
G7 3 G7 3
24 mun - i - ties a - part mun - i - ties a - part.
Tag F7 Fmi6
26 Sis - ters and Bro - thers hear what I say, Sol - i -
C7 A7
28 dar - i - ty means act - tion not just for one day
D7 3 G7 N.C.
30 Bro - ther Jack Lon - don was right, there's noth - ing low - er than a
C7 C7/E F7 F#dim C7/G D#9 C9
32 scab Stop Scabs!

There's an alien life form been creepin' round my job site,
Looks almost human, but something about them ain't right.
They can cross right over a picket line.
Pay no attention to a picket sign. They're called . . .

Chorus

Scabs. (Scabs). Scabs. (Scabs).

The lowest form of life ever spawned in nature's lab;

They've got no brains, (scabs) they've got no heart, (scabs)

Scabs are tearing our communities apart.

The Boss's Darling

Words by Jean Hart, England.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Dmi
O come a - long girls, to the fac - tor - y, the pro -
C Dmi
duc - tion line is tur - ning, If you work all day for the
C Dmi
min - i - mum pay, God knows what you'll be earn - ing.
Gmi Dmi Gmi
10 Get stuck in as you ar - rive, To keep your fam - i -
C A7 Dmi Gmi
13 ly al - ive, At the end of the week you'll just sur - vive To
Dmi C Dmi
16 be the boss - 's dar - ling.

O come along girls, to the factory, the production line is turning
If you work all day for the minimum pay,
God knows what you'll be earning.
Get stuck in as you arrive, to keep your family alive,
At the end of the week you'll just survive to be the bosses' darling.

Your patience and dexterity they're endlessly adoring,
They say you're suited for the job, which means the job is boring.
You think you're getting equal pay, but they've found a million ways
To keep you at the bottom of the heap, OK!
Cause you're the boss's darling.

The bosses loves you well you bet, they know that you'll be loyal,
You're a breeding ground for the working man,
and a resting place from toil.
You have no time for the union, you leave that kind of thing to men,
You've a second-class worker and a mother hen,
That's why you're the bosses' darling.

These days we're getting organized, this time we won't be beaten,
It's you lend a hand with the frying pan, I'm off to a union meetin',
You scabs who cross our picket line, remember you'll get yours in time,
The enemy's the same, yours and mine,
The scab is the boss's darling.

Written for the Women's Theater group for a play for school leavers "Work to Role."

GENERAL
DEFENSE



ASSESSMENT
50¢

A World To Win

Words and music by Eddie Holewa, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

1 I'll take all the ups and downs this old
 8 world can give, all the ins and
 11 all the outs as long as I might live.
 16 I am i - ron of the earth,
 22 tem - pered in the flame, the grind - ing
 27 wheel of his - to - ry, free - dom knows my
 32 name. I've been high and I've been low,
 37 some - day I'll rise a - gain. Through -
 42 out the land I'm a work - ing wo - man, a work - ing man, I've
 46 got a world to win.

I'll take all the ups and downs this old world can give,
 All the ins and all the outs as long as I might live.
 I am iron of the earth, tempered in the flame,
 The grinding wheel of history, freedom knows my name.

Chorus

I've been high and I've been low,
 Someday I'll rise again.
 Through out the land I'm a working woman, a working man;
 I've got a world to win.

I marched and fought in other days and yet I struggle on.
 I raised the banner faithfully of heroes dead and gone.
 I am the shoulder on the wheel, the master of my brain,
 I till the soil of history, freedom knows my name.

I've heard the lies, the alibis, I've seen the games they play
 Of those who never realized they're only in the way.
 For I will know the universe and all that does remain;
 I am the hopes and the dreams of life, freedom knows my name.

© Eddie Holewa

They might be reptilian, the blood flows like ice in their veins,
 Or extra-terrestrial recyclers that use shit for brains.
 Now what does it mean to have the right to strike
 When companies do anything they like? Like using . . .

Now before we had our unions, let me tell you, conditions were bad.
 Understaffed, overworked, underpaid, 'til we finally got mad
 But then when we walked out to protect our rights
 They just gave away our jobs to those parasites. To those . . .

I could puke watching co-workers turn into weasels and traitors,
 They must be pod people hatched by those corporate raiders.
 You know our labor laws are crazy, they're so damn two-faced!
 They say I haven't been fired, just permanently replaced by . . .

Oh, listen to your mama, this isn't idle gab,
 You're pretty damn low on the food chain
 If you think you gotta grab
 Your striking neighbor's job! I guess you gotta be a scab.

Tag

Sisters and Brothers hear what I say,
 Solidarity means action not just for one day.
 Brother Jack London was right, there's nothing lower than a scab.
 Stop Scabs!

© Anne Feeney

We Shall Not Give Up The Fight

South African Freedom Song.
First appearance, 36th edition.

1 We shall not give up the fight, we have on - ly start - ed, we
 3 have on - ly start - ed, we have on - ly start - ed.
 5 We shall not give up the fight, we have on - ly start - ed, we
 7 have on - ly start - ed, we have on - ly start - ed.

We shall not give up the fight, we have only started,
 We have only started, we have only started. (repeat)

Together we'll have victory, hand holding hand,
 Hand holding hand, hand holding hand. (repeat)

Never, ever put to flight, we're bound to win,
 We're bound to win, we're bound to win. (repeat)

Repeat first verse.

Who Bombed Judi Bari

Words and music by Darryl Cherney, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Who Bombed Judi Bari' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of 11 staves of music with lyrics. Chords are indicated above the notes: Am, Em, G, and Bm.

1 Now Ju-di Bar-i is a
 5 Wob-bly or-gan-i-zer, A Mo-ther Jones at the Geor-gia Pa-ci-fic Mill.
 11 She fought for the saw-mill work-ers hit by that P. C. B. spill. T.
 15 Mar-shall Hahn's call-ing G. P.'s shots from At-lan-ta, Don
 18 Nel-son sold him the un-ion long a-go. Now they
 20 weren't gon-na have no Wob-bly Run-ning their log-ging show.
 24 So they spew'd out their hat-red, And they laid out their scam.
 28 Jer-ry Phil-brick called for vio-lence, was no se-cret what they planned.
 32 So I ask you now? Who bombed Ju-di Bar-i
 35 know you're out there still. Have you seen her bro-ken body
 38 or the spir-it you can't kill?

Now Judi Bari is a Wobbly organizer,
 A Mother Jones at the Georgia Pacific mill.
 She fought for the saw mill workers
 Hit by that P.C.B. spill.
 T. Marshall Hahn's calling G.P.'s shots from Atlanta,
 Don Nelson sold him the union long ago.
 Now they weren't gonna have no Wobbly
 Running their logging show.
 So they spew'd out their hatred,
 And they laid out their scam.
 Jerry Philbrick called for violence,
 Was no secret what they planned.

Where Are We Gonna Work When the Trees Are Gone

Words and music by Darryl Cherney, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Where Are We Gonna Work When the Trees Are Gone' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of 11 staves of music with lyrics. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, G, C, A, E7, A7, D, A7, D, D7, Chorus G, D, G, D, A, E7, A7, G, D, G, D, G, D.

1 I come from a long, long line of tree fal-lin' men, and this
 5 com-pa-ny town was here be-fore my grand-pap-py set-tled in. We
 10 kept e-nough trees a-stand-ing, So our kids could toe the line.
 13 But now a big cor-po-ration's come bought us out, got us
 16 work-ing dou-ble time. But tell me where are we gon-na work
 19 when the trees are gone? Will the big boss have us wash his car, or
 23 may-be mow his lawn? I'm a man, I'm a man, I'm a lum-ber-jack man, but I
 27 fear it ain't for long. Tell me where are we gon-na work
 30 when the trees are gone?

I come from a long, long line of tree fallin' men,
 And this company town was here before my grandpappy settled in.
 We kept enough trees a standing,
 So our kids could toe the line.
 But now a big corporation's come and bought us out,
 Got us working double time. But tell me;

Chorus

Where are we gonna work when the trees are gone?
 Will the big boss have us wash his cars, or maybe mow his lawns?
 I'm a man, I'm a man, I'm a lumberjack man
 But I fear it ain't for long, tell me
 Where are we gonna work when the trees are gone?

Now these corporate mergers make no sense to me,
 But they got them this great big debt to pay,
 So we're clearcutting all the trees.
 Now that old fishing hole where I used to take my son,
 You know we trashed it out last Monday morning.
 Good Lord, what have we done?

Now these Wall Street money men, they've got me mad.
 I've got a family to feed and fallin' trees is the only job I ever had.
 Say folks we can't just stand here,
 While this boom and bust goes on;
 We've got to slow down this big corporation
 Before all the trees are gone!

We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years

Written by "An Unknown Proletarian", U.S.A.

Music by Von Liebig.

First printing, Industrial Union Bulletin,
April 18, 1908.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "We have fed you all for a thousand years, And you hail us still unfed - fed, Though there's nev - er a dol - lar of all your wealth but marks the work - ers' dead. We have yield - ed our best to give you rest and you lie on crim - son wool. And if blood be the price of all your wealth, Good God! We have paid in full!"

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 workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest
And you lie on crimson wool.
And if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid 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!

We have fed you all for a thousand years --
For that was our doom, you know;
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike a week ago.
You have taken our lives, our husbands and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share.
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God! We have bought it fair!



Chorus

Who bombed Judi Bari?
I know you're out there still.
Have you seen her broken body,
Or the spirit you can't kill?

Now Judi Bari's a feminist organizer.
Ain't no man gonna keep that woman down.
She defended the abortion clinic
In fascist Ukiah town.
Calvary Baptist Church called for its masses,
Camo buddies lined up in the pews.
Now you can see all of their faces
In the Ukiah Daily News.
So they spew'd out their hatred
And they laid out their scam.
Bill Staley called for violence
Was no secret what they planned.

Now Judi Bari is the mother of two children,
A pipe bomb went rippin' through her womb.
She cries in pain at night time
In a Willits cabin room.
F.B.I. is back again with COINTELPRO,
Richard Held is the man they know they trust.
With Lieutenant Simms hench-man,
It's a world of boom or bust
We'll answer with non-violence,
For seeking justice is our plan.
And we'll avenge our wounded comrade,
As we defend the ravaged land.

Now Judi Bari is an Earthist organizer
The California Redwoods are her home.
She called for Redwood summer
Where the owl and the blackbear roam.
Charlie Hurwitz, he runs Maxxam out of Houston,
Harry Merlo runs L.P. from Portland town.
They're the men they call King Timber
They know how to cut you down.
So Don Nolan spew'd their hatred,
As Candy Boak laid out their scam.
John Campbell called for violence,
Was no secret what they planned.
So I ask you now . . .

On May 24, 1990, a bomb exploded under FW Judi Bari's car seat as she and FW Darryl Cherney drove through Oakland, California, to a "Redwood Summer" organizing event. Two years later, Bari still suffered from a shattered pelvis and a paralyzed leg. Rather than conducting an investigation, the police and the FBI (under Special Agent Richard Held) engaged in a coverup, named Bari and Cherney as the only suspects and made sure the real bomber wasn't found. "Redwood Summer" was a non-violent campaign to stop the cutting of redwood forests near Ukiah by the Georgia Pacific, Louisiana-Pacific and MAXXAM lumber companies. The union is a local of the United Woodworkers of America, headed by Don Nelson, that did not take action when PCB was spilled in a saw mill and the workers turned to the IWW. The FBI's COINTELPRO (Counter Intelligence Program) was formed to "disrupt, misdirect, discredit or otherwise neutralize" the anti-war and civil rights movements in the 1960's. In 1971 COINTELPRO was officially discontinued, however, the same techniques and operations continue to be used against any US group deemed threatening to the current power structure. Held is an FBI agent who in the 1970's was involved in COINTELPRO-style actions against the Black Panther Party, the American Indian Movement and the Puerto Rican Independentista Movement. Willits, CA, was where Bari was living.



Joe Hill

Words by Phil Ochs, U.S.A.

Tune: "John Hardy."

First appearance, short version, 35th edition.

First appearance, long version, 36th edition.

Musical score for "Joe Hill" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: F, C, F, C, F, C, Aml, C, C, G7, C.

Joe Hill came o - ver from
Swe - den's shore look - ing for some work to do;
And the Stat - ue of Lib - er - ty
waved him by as Joe come a -
sail - ing through. Joe Hill; as
Joe come a - sail - ing through.

Joe Hill came over from Sweden's shore
Looking for some work to do;
And the Statue of Liberty waved him by
As Joe come a-sailing through, Joe Hill;
As Joe came a-sailing through.

Oh, his clothes were coarse, and his hopes were high,
As he headed for the Promised Land.
And it took a few weeks on the out-of-work streets
Before he began to understand, before he began to understand.

Then he got hired by a Bowery bar, sweeping up a saloon.
As his rag would sail o'er the barroom rail,
It sounded like he whistled on a tune,
You could almost hear him whistling on a tune.

And Joe rolled on from job to job,
From the docks to the railroad line.
And no matter how hungry the hand that wrote,
In his letters he was always doing fine, (repeat)

The years went by like the sun going down,
Slowly turned the page.
And when Joe looked back on the sweat on his tracks,
He had nothing to show but his age, (repeat)

So he headed out to California shore,
There things were just as bad;
So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World,
'Cause the Union was the only friend he had, (repeat)

The strikes were bloody; and the strikes were bad,
As hard as they were long.
In the dark of the night, Joe would stay awake and write,
In the morning he would wake them with a song, (repeat)

He wrote his works to the tunes of the day,
To be passed along the union vine.
And the strikes were led; and the songs were spread.
And Joe Hill was always on the line, (repeat)

Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues

Author unknown, U.S.A.

First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for "Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, E7, A7, Bml, A7, D, Chorus, D7, G, Gml, D, Bml, E7, A7, D, B7, E7, A7, D.

Old man Sar - gent, sit - tin' at the desk, The damned old fool won't
give us no rest, He'd take the nick - els off a dead man's eyes to
buy a Co - ca Co - la and some Es - kim - o pies. I got the blues, I got the
blues, I got the Winns - boro Cot - ton Mill Blues
Lord - y, Lord - y, spool - in's hard, You know and I know, I
don't have to tell You work for Tom Wat - son, got to work like hell. I got the
blues, I got the blues, I got the Winns - boro Cot - ton Mill Blues.

Old man Sargent, sittin' at the desk,
The damned old fool won't give us no rest.
He'd take the nickels off a dead man's eyes
To buy a Coca Cola and some Eskimo pies.

Chorus
I got the blues, I got the blues,
I got the Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues.
Lordy, lordy, spoolin's hard, you know and I know
I don't have to tell,
You work for Tom Watson, got to work like hell.
I got the blues, I got the blues,
I got the Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues

When I die, don't bury me at all,
Just hang me up on the spool room wall;
Place a knoter in my hand,
So I can spool in the promised land.

When I die don't bury me deep,
Bury me down on 600 Street,
Place a bobbin in each hand,
So I can doff in the promised land.

A spool is a reel for winding yarn; a knoter is a little gadget used for tying the ends of the yarn together; a doffer is a worker who takes filled bobbins from the spinning frames. Most of this sort of work was done by women.



Which Side Are You On?

Words by Florence Reese, U.S.A. folk process.

Tune: Lay the Lily Low.

First appearance, 36th edition.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (Bmi, F#mi, A) are placed above the staff. The score includes a key signature change to D major (two sharps) for the final two staves. The lyrics are: '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. Which side are you on? Which side are you on? Which side are you on? Which side are you on?'.

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.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

My daddy was a miner, and I'm a miner's son.
I'll stick with my fellow workers till every battle's won.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

They say in Harlan county, there are no neutrals there:
You're either with the union, or a thug for J.H. Blair.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

O workers can you stand it? O tell me how you can?
Will you be a crummy scab or lend us all a hand?
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies.
Us working folk don't have a chance, unless we organize.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

My mother was a miner, and I'm a miner's daughter.
I'll stand with this old union, come hell or come high water.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

So shoulder to shoulder, in union we shall stand.
We'll beat the bosses and the scabs, so come and lend a hand.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat)

Come all of you good people, you women and you men.
Once more our backs are to the wall, under attack again.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat) *

We've fought a million battles, to defend our hard won rights.
We're goin to have to fight again, and I ask you here tonight:
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat) *

It's time for a decision and you really have to choose --
Support the One Big Union or the next in line is you.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (repeat) *

Reese wrote the first five verses of this song in 1931 about the struggles of United Mine Workers to organize coal miners in Harlan County, Kentucky.

* verse by Scottish singer Dick Gaughan

Then in Salt Lake City, a murder was made,
There was hardly a clue to find.
Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure
That Joe was the killer of the crime, (repeat)

Joe raised his hands, but they shot him down,
He had nothing but guilt to give.
It's a doctor I need, and they left him to bleed.
But he made it because he had the will to live, (repeat)

The trial held in a building of wood,
There the killer would be named.
And the days weighed down more than the cold copper ore,
'Cause he feared that he was being framed, (repeat)

Strange are the ways of the western law;
Strange are the ways of fate.
For the government crawled to the mine owners' call,
And the judge was appointed by the State, (repeat)

Now Utah justice can be had,
But not for a Union Man;
And Joe was warned by some early morn,
There'd be one less singer in the land, (repeat)

Oh, William Spry was Governor Spry,
And a life was his to hold.
On the last appeal fell a Governor's tear --
May the Lord have mercy on your soul, (repeat)

President Wilson held up the day
But even he would fail.
For nobody heard the soul searching words
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail, (repeat)

For thirty-six years he lived out his days,
And he more than played his part.
For the songs that he made, he was carefully paid
By a rifle bullet in his heart, (repeat)

Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall,
Blindfold over his eyes.
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live;
It's the death of the rebel that he died, (repeat)

In his time in the cell he wrote to his friends
His wishes all were plain --
My body can't be found on this Utah ground, --
So they laid him on a fast departing train, (repeat)

The rebel rode to Chicago Town
There were 30,000 people to mourn.
And just about the time that Joe lay dying
A legend was just a-being born, (repeat)

Now some say Joe was guilty as charged;
Some say he wasn't even there.
And I guess nobody will ever know.
'Cause the court records have all disappeared, (repeat)

Now wherever you go in this fair land,
In every union hall,
In the dusty dark these words are marked
In between all cracks upon the wall, (repeat)

It's the very last lines that Joe Hill wrote
When he knew that his days were through:
"Friends, this is my last and final wish,
Good luck to all of you, good luck to all of you."

© Phil Ochs

Joe Hill's Last Will

(Written in his cell November 18, 1915,
on the eve of his execution in Salt Lake City, Utah.)

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 flowers 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,
--Joe Hill

Work Rap Song

Words by *Workers Lives/Workers Stories, U.S.A.*
First appearance, 36th edition.
(keep a four count rhythm)

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

Jump out the bed at 7 a.m.
Wash your face and get to The Place.
By 8 a.m. the boss is on my case,
Says to me, "You'd better pick up the pace!"

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

Now it's 9 a.m., I'm working on time
Double time, triple time, overtime!
Working nine hours a day, six days a week,
While my friends are still out on the street.

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

10:15, the rat race is on,
Short break, we can't even use the phone.
Lunch time comes and goes real quick,
Gulp it down fast, and get on the stick.

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

1 o'clock, 4 hours to go,
You're working hard, but time goes slow.
5 o'clock! Time to stop!
Thank God it's all over, 'cause I'm 'bout to drop!

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

Home by 6, too tired to cook,
Pick up the kids, drop off a book.
Keeping busy, no time for the blues,
Fall asleep while watching the news.

We work! (2,3,4)
We work! (2,3,4)

Afternoons, midnights, or 9 to 5,
All God's children got to work to survive.
We're the muscle and brains that make America thrive,
We're the backbone of the nation and that's no jive!
Give me five!

We Work!

V.D.T.

Words and music by Tom Juravich, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

The musical score for 'V.D.T.' is written in 4/4 time and consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are: Well you don't know my name, but you sure know me. I work in New York, Boston and D.C. I used to be a typist, a secretary, but now I enter data on a V.D.T. I tell you it's not like they show on T.V. It's hell to earn a living on a V.D.T.

Well you don't know my name but you sure know me,
I work in New York, Boston, and D.C.
I used to be a typist, a secretary,
But now I enter data on a V.D.T.*
I tell you it's not like they show on T.V.
It's hell to earn a living on a V.D.T.

You won't hear me say that typing was fun,
But at least I could see the work that I'd done.
And the boss couldn't test my productivity
By punching up my number on his V.D.T.
I swear the screen is staring back at me,
It's hell to earn a living on a V.D.T.

My supervisor says it's safe for me,
She shows me a study done at M.I.T.†
You can see what its done to my eyes,
Heaven only knows what it's doing inside.
I tell you it's not like I thought it would be,
It's hell to earn a living on a V.D.T.

When you think of union what comes to your mind,
A guy driving a truck or working the line.
But if you ever spent hours behind a V.D.T.,
You know no one needs a union more than me.
My eyes are aching but now I can see,
It's hell to earn a living on a V.D.T.

*Video Display Terminal

†Massachusetts Institute of Technology

© 1989 Tom Juravich



Legal - Illegal

Words and music by Ewan MacColl, England.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Musical score for 'Legal - Illegal' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, C, F, F7, Bb, F, C, Eb, F, C7, F, Eb, F, C7, F, C7, F, Aml, C7, F. The lyrics are: It's il - le - gal to rip - off a pay - roll, it's il - le - gal to hold up a train, But it's le - gal to rip - off a mil - lion or two That comes from the la - bour that oth - er folk do, To plun - der the man - y on be - half of the few is a thing that's per - fect - ly le - gal. The twisters, the tak - ers, the con - men, the fak - ers the whole blood - y gang of ex - ploit - ers!

It's illegal to rip off a payroll, it's illegal to hold up a train,
But it's legal to rip off a million or two
That comes from the labour that other folk do,
To plunder the many on behalf of the few
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

It's illegal to kill off a landlord, or to trespass upon an estate;
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK,
To condemn two adults and three children to stay
In a hovel that's rotten with damp and decay,
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

If your job turns you into a zombie,
It is legal to feel some despair.
But don't be aggressive, that is if you are smart,
And for Christ's sake don't upset the old apple cart.
Remember the bosses have your interest at heart -
And it grieves them to see you unhappy.

It's illegal to carve up your missus
Or to put poison in your old man's tea,
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies,
And poison the mind of a nation with lies;
If it's done in the interest of FREE ENTERPRISE
Then it's proper and perfectly legal.

It's legal to join a trade union, and to picket is one of your rights
But don't be offensive when scabs cross the line,
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind:
To picket EFFECTIVELY, that is a crime,
Worse than if you had murdered your mother.

It's legal to sing on the telly, but they make bloody sure that you don't
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps.
And those who are selling us right up the creek,
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

The twisters, the takers, the con-men, the fakers,
The whole bloody gang of exploiters!!

© Ewan MacColl

Commonwealth of Toil

Words by Ralph Chaplin, U.S.A.
Tune: Nellie Gray.
First appearance, 14th edition, April 1918.

Musical score for 'Commonwealth of Toil' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, C7, F, C, G, C, C7, F, C, G7, C, Chorus, G7, F, G7, C, G7, C, C, G, G7, C, C7. The lyrics are: In the gloom of might - y ci - ties, 'Mid the roar of whir - ling wheels, we are toil - ing on like chat - tel slaves of old, And our mas - ters hope to keep us e - ver thus be - neath their heel and to coin our ve - ry life - blood in - to gold. But we have a glow - ing dream of how fair the world will seem, when we each can live our lives se - cure and free; When the earth is owned by la - bor and there's joy and peace for all, In the Com - mon - wealth of Toil that is to be.

In the gloom of mighty cities,
'Mid the roar of whirling wheels,
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
And our masters hope to keep us ever thus beneath their heels,
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

Chorus

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem,
When we each can live our lives 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.

They would keep us cowed and beaten,
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between the worker and the 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? [chorus]

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?

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.

This Little Scab

Words by Chicago Branch IWW and
Local 329, Service Employees Int'l, U.S.A.
Tune: This Old Man.
First appearance, 35th edition.

D G

This lit - tle scab, s/he plays one, s/he is scab - bing

A7 Chorus D

just for fun. With a knick-knack pad-dy whack throw a scab a stone.

A7 D

This lit - tle scab is go - ing home!

This little scab, s/he plays one,
S/he is scabbing just for fun.

Chorus

With a knick-knack paddy-whack
Throw a scab a stone.

This little scab is going home!

This little scab, s/he plays two,
Is there nothing s/he won't do?

This little scab, s/he plays three,
Scab on you and scab on me.

This little scab, s/he plays four,
Helps the boss keep workers poor.

This little scab, s/he plays five,
This time s/he gets out alive.

This little scab, s/he plays six,
Scabbing's how s/he gets her/his kicks.

This little scab, s/he plays seven,
This little scab won't go to heaven.

This little scab, s/he plays eight,
Hurry scab or you'll be late.

This little scab, s/he plays nine,
Walked across a picket line.

This little scab, s/he plays ten,
This little scab won't scab again.

This song was written on the Augustana Nursing Home picket line in Chicago, winter of 1975-76. At one point the cops were called in because the more artistic strikers were making snowpeople on the nursing home's front lawn that the scabs recognized as obscene caricatures of themselves.

I.U. 520



\$1.00
Vol. Ass.

A women's struggle is hard
Even with a union card,
She's got to stand on her own two feet,
And not be a servant of a male elite.
It's time to take a stand, keep working hand in hand.
There's a job that's got to be done and a fight that's got to be won.

Guthrie verses © 1963 TRO Ludlow Music.

Workingfolk Unite

Words: E.S. Nelson.
Music: "Red Wing".
First appearance, 1909 edition.

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury.
You workingfolk are poor --
Will be forevermore --
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!

Workingfolk, 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?
And serve your enemy?

Star-Spangled George Bush

Words by Albert Schatz.
Tune: Star-Spangled Banner.
First appearance, 36th edition.

O, say can you see,
By the dawn's early light,
The poor on the street
Where they spent the whole night?

Whose torn clothes and worn shoes,
Through the perilous night,
Let them freeze while the rich
Saw them gallantly dying.

And the street light's bright glare,
The cold snow in the air,
Gave proof through the night
That the rich do not care.

So you see the star-
Spangled banner now waves,
O'er land of the rich,
And the poor people's graves.

Additional verses appeared in the May 1992 issue of the *Industrial Worker*.

Wobbly Doxology

Words from the Australian IWW.
Music: "Doxology". First appearance,
35th edition, entitled "The Boss."

G EmI BmI C G EmI D G

Praise boss when morn - ing work - bells chime. Praise

EmI G D EmI AmI G D EmI D G D G

him for chunks of o - ver - time. Praise him whose blood - y

C D7 G D G EmI AmI G D G

wars we fight. Praise him, fat leech and par - a - site.

C G

Aw hell!

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime.
Praise him for chunks of overtime.
Praise him whose bloody wars we fight.
Praise him, fat leech and parasite. Aw hell!

Lumberjack's Prayer

Words by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta), USA.
Tune: Doxology.

I pray dear Lord for Jesus sake
Give us this day a T-Bone steak,
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,
And send us down some decent bread,*
Brown gravy and some German fried,
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,
And if thou havest custard pies,
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,
I quite forgot the quail on toast.
Let your kindly heart be stirred
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Oh, Lord, we know Your holy wish,
On Friday we must have a fish.
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs,"
These sausages of powdered logs;
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and pressed beef butts,
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;
The whitewash milk and oleorine,
I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Soul Stealers

Words & music by Kathleen Taylor, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

AmI G AmI G

They come to your cra - dle ear - ly, when you're still too young to

AmI G AmI G

fight, And they pull a - way the cov - ers and they take a - way the

AmI C G AmI C G

light. And they've put your Mum and Dad to sleep so it does no good to

AmI G AmI C G

yell. Soul Steal - ers come to steal your soul and cast you in - to

AmI Chorus C G AmI EmI AmI

hell. Soul Steal - ers! Soul Steal - ers! Catch you in their plan. Soul

C G AmI EmI AmI Last Time

Steal - ers! Soul Steal - ers! Re - sist them if you can. Re - sist them,

C AmI C AmI F EmI AmI

re - sist them, re - sist them if you can.

They come to your cradle early, when you're still too young to fight,
And they pull away the covers and they take away the light,
And they put your Mum and Dad to sleep so it does no good to yell.
Soul stealers come to steal your soul and cast you into hell.

They slip a black sack over your head and they whisper, "It's only a dream."
They paralyze your body so you can not run nor scream.
You're helpless and invisible; they carry you away
Right past your sleeping family just at the break of day.

Chorus

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Catch you in their plan.

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Resist them if you can.

Soul stealers' ways are many and hard to understand,
For they murmur words of comfort as they take you by the hand.
They'll show you the painted horses and they'll tell you what to feel,
And if you disagree with them, they'll break you on the wheel.

And when you've learned to agree with them and that struggle won't avail,
They'll teach you games to play with them, they'll teach you how to fail.
They'll slip cold shackles around your feet and they'll beat you in the race,
And they'll teach you that's your lot in life; they'll teach you that's your place.

Chorus

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Catch you in their plan.

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Resist them if you can.

They'll steal the light out of your eyes and the thoughts out of your brain.
They'll steal the songs right off your lips and the life blood from your veins.
They'll bend your back and they'll break your heart; they'll use you as they will.
They'll teach you how to work for them, and your soul they'll take and kill.

And now you know why your Daddy drank and why his hair turned gray,
And why your Mum so seldom laughed, and why they could not play,
And now you think that the Soul Stealers were a nightmare long ago,
But you're haunted by an emptiness that will not let you go.

Last Chorus

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Catch you in their plan.

Soul Stealers! Soul Stealers! Resist them if you can.

Resist them, resist them, resist them if you can.

© Kathleen Taylor

Stung Right

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A.
First appearance, 1913 edition.

When I was hik-ing 'round the town to find a job one day, I
saw a sign "A thou-sand fools are wan-ted right a-way, To
take a trip a-round the world in Un-cle Sam-my's fleet." I
signed my name a doz-zen times up-on a great big sheet. (Oh I was)
stung right, stung right. S - T - U - N - G. Stung right, stung right,
E - Z mark that's me; When my term is o-ver, and a-gain I'm
free, There will be no more trips a-round the world for me.

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
I saw a sign, "A thousand fools are wanted right away,
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet."
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

Chorus

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G.
Stung right, stung right, E-Z mark that's me;
When my term is over, and again I'm free
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The recruiter said, "The U.S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout.
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and out.
They slammed me right then in irons and said "You are a case."
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice;
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercises."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run
And with a packing on our back that weighed half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sammy had a war with Spain.
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though, not by any means;
The biggest part that died were by killed by Armour's Pork and Beans.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,
But if you won't, our Union will.
Put porkchops on the bill of fare
And starve no workers anywhere.

Answer to Prayer (Recitation)

I am happy to say that this prayer has been
Answered - by the "old man" himself.
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,
And that if I'm not getting mine
It's because I'm not organized
Sufficiently to force
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge
Of "dogs," pressed beef butts, etc.
And that they are probably
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that
The Capitalists are children of His'n
And that he absolutely refuses
To participate in any children's squabbles.
He believes in fighting it out along
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

-Yours in faith
T-Bone Slim

*meals, as in board and room

Fight Like Hell

Words by Mary (Mother) Jones, U.S.A.
Music and adaptation by Kristin Lems.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the liv-ing,
Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the liv-ing,
Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the liv-ing, we
got-ta keep giv-ing to the liv-ing, fight like hell!

Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living,
Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living,
Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living,
We gotta keep giving to the living, fight like hell!

Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the contract, (3 times)
We gotta keep givin' and livin', fight like hell!

Pray for the dead and keep on a-movin' and a-shakin', (3 times)
We gotta keep givin' to the livin', fight like hell!

Pray for the dead and keep on organizing, (3 times)
We gotta keep givin' to the livin', fight like hell!

Mary Jones was an early 20th century U.S. coal mine union organizer and crusader
against child labor.

Cotton Mill Girls

Words and music by Hedy West and traditional.
First appearance, 36th edition.

C F
I've worked in the cot-ton mill all of my life, and I
C G7 C
ain't got noth-in' but a Bar-low knife. It's hard times
F C G7 C
cot-ton mill girls, It's hard times ev-ry where. It's
Chorus C F C
hard times, cot-ton mill girls, it's hard times
G7 C F
cot-ton mill girls, It's hard times, cot-ton mill girls It's
C G7 C C
hard times ev-ry where. In where

I've worked in the cotton mill all of my life,
And I ain't got nothin' but a Barlow knife.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

Chorus

It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

In nineteen fifteen we heard it said,
"Move to the cotton country and get ahead."
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

Us kids work twelve hours a day
For fourteen cents of measly pay.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

Every morning just at five,
You gotta get up, dead or alive.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

Ain't it enough to break your heart?
Hafra work all day and at night it's dark.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

When I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol,
Hang me up on the spinning room wall-
It's hard times everywhere.

In the 20's and 30's, large numbers of southern U.S. hill farmers, adults and children, found work in the cotton mills. Malnutrition and bad working conditions caused 36% of the young mill workers to die before they were 25, usually from "brown lung" caused by breathing the lint filled air.

© 1962, Hedy West



Song of My Da

Words and music by Paul O'Brien, Ireland.
First appearance, 36th edition.

C
My fath-er, a car-ter on the dock-side in Dub-lin, when the
G7 C
ho-urs of work were from dawn un-til dark. His
G7 C
on-ly pleas-ures, the love of my moth-er, a pint on a Sun-day and a
C
stroll in the park.

My, father, a carter on the dockside in Dublin,
When the hours of work were dawn until dark.
His only pleasures, the love of my mother,
A pint on a Sunday and a stroll in the park.

The big man came then and he founded the Union,
My da agreed with him and stood on his side,
He shared Larkin's vision that all working people
Must never bow down, but stand up in pride.

They lived through those bad days, and Christ! They were sad days.
He often went home with a cut on his head;
My ma gave him comfort, attended his wounds
Saying, "We must stick it out or we're better off dead!"

When the bosses called on them to fight the Great War Game,
He answered, "We're fighting on here at home,
Your cause is profit, your weapons are guns,
But ours is the Union, our cause is our own."

They lived for the three score and a bit more,
Both are now dead their spirit's alive.
In the words they passed on that I tell you now, son:
"Demand what is yours or you'll never survive!"

The "big man" is James Larkin, founder of the Irish Transport and General Worker's Union, 1908; chief speaker at Joe Hill's funeral in Chicago; arrested in the 1919 Palmer Raids and imprisoned for three years in N.Y. on a "criminal anarchy" conviction before returning to Ireland.

© Paul O'Brien



Rise Again

Words and music by Tom Juravich, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Chorus D

I can feel the spi - rit build - ing,
soft as a whis - per but loud as a roar. I can
feel some - thing a - stir - ring, Like I nev - er
have be - fore. We've been qui - et too long,
my friends, but the work - ing folks of this coun - try will rise

A D

Chorus

I can feel the spirit building,
Soft as a whisper but loud as a roar.
I can feel something a stirring,
Like I never have before.
We've been quiet too long, my friends,

We've been quiet for thirty years now,
You had the work, and you gave us the pay;
But with hard times 'round the corner,
You think we've seen our better day.
But we're not going back to where we began
'Cause the working folks of this country will rise again.

Now, you say that you don't need me
And you lay me off; no work, you say.
You expect to see my head a-hanging
As I pack and walk away.
But with my brothers and sisters, so proudly we'll stand
As the working folks of this country rise again.

And I've heard tell of Big Bill Haywood*
And Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.†
They were old-time union warriors,
Gave no thought to giving in:
We will rekindle that spirit again
As the working folks of this country rise again.

* Early IWW official and orator
† Early IWW organizer and agitator

Down At The Picketline

Music: Down By The Riverside
First appearance, 36th edition

G C D7 G

I'm gon - na lay down my crescent wrench Down at the
D7 G D7 G
pick - et - line, Down at the pick - et - line, Down at the
D7 G C D7 G
pick - et - line, I'm gon - na lay down my cre - scent wrench Down at the
D7 G D7 G
pick - et - line, down at the pick - et - line. I ain't gon - na
C G
go to work to - day Un - less I work for Un - ion pay. I
D7 C D7 G C D
ain't gon - na go to work to - day, I ain't gon - na
C G
go to work to - day Un less I work for Un - ion pay; I
D7 G
ain't gon - na work to - day.

I'm gonna lay down my crescent wrench,
Down at the picketline, (repeat 2x's)

Chorus

I ain't gonna go to work today
Unless I work for Union pay.
I ain't gonna go to work today,
I ain't gonna go to work today
Unless I work for Union pay:
I ain't gonna work today.

I'm gonna pick up my union card
Down at the picketline....

I'm gonna fight for a decent wage
Down at the picketline....

I'm gonna stand for my union rights
Down at the picketline....

This song came out of the U.S. 1989 strike by machinists, flight attendants and pilots against Eastern Airlines. The airline went into bankruptcy as a union busting ploy, refused several union attempts to buy it and went out of business. The song was collected from Joanne Delaplaine.

Forget Me Not
(A Layoff Lament)
First appearance, 36th edition.

1 We're still talk-ing a-bout build-ing strong un-ions,
4 Un-ions that will stretch from sea to sea. With hightech and 6 and 5, how the
7 hell can we sur-vive? Look at me-I'm lin-ing up for U. I. C.† And I'm
Chorus 10 sing-ing Sol-i-dar-i-ty For-ev-er, try-ing hard to keep my un-ion spir-it
13 high. But my spir-it's al-most spent, and I can't pay the rent, have you
16 ev-er seen a un-ion mem-ber cry?

We're still talking about building strong unions,
Unions that will stretch from sea to sea.
With high tech and 6 and 5*,
How the hell can we survive?
Look at me - I'm lining up for U. I. C.†

Chorus
And I'm singing, Solidarity Forever,
Trying hard to keep my union spirit high.
But my spirit's almost spent,
And I can't pay the rent,
Have you ever seen a union member cry?

For twenty years I worked in this factory;
I thought that I had job security.
But the robots have arrived,
And the VDT's have thrived,
And there wasn't any room left there for me.

If ever I needed my union,
Lord knows I need it now.
But I lost my vote you see,
And they lost track of me,
And the union's strength is weaker 'cause I'm gone.

Oh, you can force me out of the union,
But you can't force the union out of me.
For twenty years I've paid my dues,
And I refuse to believe
My union isn't there for me.

Written in a workshop conducted by Arlene Mantel in 1983, Ontario, Canada.

*6 and 5 - wage controls

† U.I.C. - unemployment insurance compensation.

The Preacher and the Slave

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A.
Tune: In The Sweet Bye And Bye.
First appearance, 1911 Edition.

1 Long-haired preach-ers come out ev-'ry night, Try to
4 tell you what's wrong and what's right; But when asked a-bout
7 some-thing to eat, They will an-swer with voi-ces so
10 sweet: You will eat (you will eat) bye and bye (bye and
13 bye) In that glo-ri-ous land a-bove the sky (way up high). Work and
16 pray (work and pray), live on hay (live on hay). You'll get pie in the
19 sky when you die (that's a lie).

Long-haired preachers come out ev'ry 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 (you will eat) bye and bye (bye and bye),
In that glorious land above the sky (way up high).
Work and pray (work and pray), live on hay (live on hay),
You'll get pie in the sky when you die (that's a lie).

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

If you fight for the good things in life,
They will tell you to stop all the strife;
Be a sheep for the bosses, they say,
Or to hell you are sure on the way. *

Workingfolk 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;
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye. (That's no lie!)

* New verse, 35th edition

Potter Valley Mill

Words and music-Darryl Cherney & Judi Bari, U.S.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Now the mill in Pot-ter
Val-ley, it's been here fif-ty years, Mil-lin' all them
fir trees that used to grow 'round here. But now they're
run- nin' out of tim-ber and the mill is shut-tin' down They're
pack-ing up their band saws and they're mov- in' out of town. And they're
clos-ing down the mill at Pot-ter Val-ley, leav-ing all us
good folks in a bind. They're clos-ing down the mill at Pot-ter Val-
ley and I can't be-lieve the mess we'll leave be-hind Now
Now when they and I can't be-lieve the mess we'll leave be-
hind

Now the mill in Potter Valley,
It's been here fifty years,
Millin' all them fir trees
That used to grow 'round here.
But now they're runnin' out of timber
And the mill is shuttin' down.
They're packing up their band saws
And they're movin' out of town.

Chorus
And they're closing down the mill at Potter Valley,
Leaving all us good folk in a bind.
They're closing down the mill at Potter Valley
And I can't believe the mess we'll leave behind.

Now Ray says there's timber back there,
They'll haul it right past town.
Sam says they'll reopen
If another mill burns down.
The company says it's environmentalists
Crimpin' up their style.
But as I look out on the Mendocino Forest
I can't see a tree for miles.

Now when they doubled our shift five years ago,
I knew we soon would see this day.
And our property values are dropping,
I can't sell and I can't pay.
The machinery ought to stay right here,
To move it would be a crime.
We've kept it fixed and runnin' for fifty years,
We ought to fix it one more time.

Freedom Road

Words and music by Leslie Fish, U.S.A.
First appearance, 36th edition.

Did you think it was easy to change all of to-mor-row?
Did you think you'd nev-er meet time, de-feat and sor-row? Did you
think all the walls would crum-ble, and you'd nev-er lose a fight?
Get back up on your feet and do it right. Free-dom road is a long
haul. Free-dom road is a long haul
But it's worth the ride e-ven if you nev-er get there at all.

Did you think it was easy to change all of tomorrow?
Did you think you'd never meet time, defeat, and sorrow?
Did you think all the walls would crumble,
And you'd never lose a fight?
Get back up on your feet and do it right.

Chorus
Freedom road is a long haul,
Freedom road is a long haul,
But it's worth the ride,
Even if you never get there at all.

Did you think the first leader come preaching down the pike,
Could give you one big answer, as if we were all alike?
Well, there's no set salvation
You should've known all along
That Jesus, Marx, and your guru could be wrong.

This is the Lonesome Valley that you've got to walk yourself;
Go out and find the answers - you can't take-em off a shelf!
And you've got to make tomorrow
From just what you've got today
So get up off of your ass and find a way.

Time comes down like thunder, and you can ride or fall
And let the millstones grind you 'till nothing's left at all
But we've got just two choices,
One's to get home free;
And second best is nothing you want to see.

© 1976, Leslie Fish

Give Back My Factory To Me

Words by Lehigh Valley Branch, PA, U.S.A.

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean.

First appearance, 36th edition.

My fact - ory lies o - ver the o - cean,
 My fact - ory lies o - ver the sea. My
 fact - ory lies o - ver the bor - der, please
 give back my fact - ory to me. Give back, give
 back, oh give back my fact - ory to me, to me. Give
 back, give back, oh give back my fact - ory to me.

Chorus
 Give back, give back, oh give back my factory to me, to me.
 Give back, give back, oh give back my factory to me.

My factory lies over the ocean,
 My factory lies over the sea.
 My factory lies over the border,
 Please give back my factory to me.

Chorus

Give back, give back, oh give back my factory to me, to me.
 Give back, give back, oh give back my factory to me.

My boss didn't make enough money,
 Said his workers got too much pay.
 He moved his plant to Guatemala,
 Where workers get four bucks a day.

The bosses have snowballed the workers,
 With bullshit of "Us versus Them."
 Instead of you fighting us bosses,
 Fight fellow workers in Japan.

If we let the bosses divide us,
 We'll all end up getting the screw.
 So let's organize One Big Union,
 With us and the "foreigners" too.

So let's organize all the workers
 In one big world-wide union true.
 And then we can tell all the bosses,
 From now on it's "Us versus You."

This song was written in 1992 in solidarity with the workers at the Phillips-Van Heusen shirt-making plants in Guatemala who were struggling to unionize.

Popular Wobbly

Words by T-Bone Slim [V. Huhta], U.S.A.

Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me.

First appearance, 1920 Edition.

I'm as mild man - nered as I can
 be. And I've nev - er done them
 harm that I can see; Still on
 me they put a ban - and they threw me in the
 can. They go wild, sim - ply wild o - ver
 me.

I'm as mild mannered as I 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 rascality,
 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 could agree;
 So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
 He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh the jailer, he 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 bedbug and the flea;
 They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,
 They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me,
 When I'm gone into 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?

* bull: cop