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...of the working class to do away with
capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only
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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.

Baillie

SONGS OF THE WORKERS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Issued May, 1964

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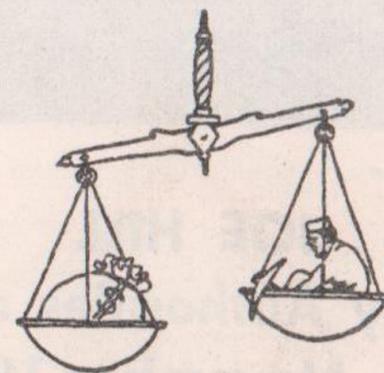
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
2422 N. Halsted Street Chicago, Ill. 60614



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JOE HILL
Murdered by Authorities of the State
of Utah, November 19, 1915

JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

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

**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 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.

JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,
November 19, 1915

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,
Into the night unending; why was it you?
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears;
Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,,
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue"
Into the night unending; why was it you?

THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

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

CHORUS:

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

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

—wlw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained
in popular sheet form from the I.W.W., 2422 N. Halsted
St., Chicago, Illinois.

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

BY JOE HILL

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

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land —
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of the blood of the lamb
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise,
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

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

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

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

CHORUS::

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

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

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

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

LAST CHORUS:

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

SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

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

But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

For the Union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his
might?

Is there anything left for us 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 rail-
road laid.

Now we stand outcasts and starving, 'mid the wonders we have
made;

But the Union makes us 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 the new world from the ashes of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

BY JOHN BRILL

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

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Are there lots of things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched 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 suffer,

You can end with one good whack —

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —

And dump the bosses off your back.

CHRISTIANS AT WAR

BY JOHN F. KENDRICK

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.
Pulpiteers 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! Eat and drink your fill;
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.
Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;
In Jehova's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,
Trampling 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 tyrant's tools:
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."

SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year
For guns and ammunition,
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear
To keep in good condition;
While millions live in misery
And millions die before us,
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"
But sing this little chorus:

CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;
Should the gun I ever shoulder,
It's to crush the tyrants' might.
Join the army of the toilers,
Men and women fall in line,
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!
Do your duty for the cause,
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,
Her love and pride must offer
On Mammon's altar in despair,
To fill the master's coffer.
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,
From tender youth he squeezes,
While brawny men must walk the street
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun
A thousand miles from ocean,
Where hostile fleet could never run —
Aint that a funny notion?
If you don't know the reason why
Just strike for better wages,
And then, my friends — if you don't die —
You'll sing this song for ages.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

Words and Music by Joe Hill

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

—wIw—

ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

BY G. G. ALLEN

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

—wIw—

You cannot be free while your C L A S S is enslaved.
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

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 each man can live his life secure and free;
When the earth is owned by Labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

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

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.

THE RED FLAG

BY JAMES CONNELL

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

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

—wIw—

THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

BY EUGENE POTTIER

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

REFRAIN:

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

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

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

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

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

THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide with Me")

BY J. E. SINCLAIR

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,
Sleep sweetly, on the sleep no waking knows;
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!



Wesley Everest

Murdered by the Lumber Trust

Centralia, Wash., November 11, 1919

THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

BY LOREN ROBERTS

One of the Centralia Victims

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with us still;
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

CHORUS:

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad farewell,
In memory of that fateful autumn day;
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land to roam,
Where the Old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will sing
once more,

In that valley we will settle down to stay,
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland shore—
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

—wIw—

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

SCISSOR BILL

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

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

He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill is down on everybody,
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

—wIw—

THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

CHORUS:

Woman, oh woman, leave your fetters in the past;
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power lies:
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice
Far across the hill top breaks the light of coming day,
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.

WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A

THOUSANDS YEARS

Poem — By An Unknown Proletarian

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.
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in full!

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

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, and our babies 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.

—wIw—

The working class will never be free until it can blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work. The IWW, through organization, can make this possible.

THE HARVEST WAR SONG

BY PAT BRENNAN

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your hay.
We have slept in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shouts;
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-about's?

CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;
For we're out for a winters stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun;
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

BY JOHN E. NORDQUIST

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,
They've filled his manly heart with lead;
But his brave spirit hovers near
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave!
The flag for which his life he gave;
The master class shall rue the day
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers shed no tear,
For Joe Hill died without fear;
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs
That pictured all the workers wrongs;
His mighty pen shall rust away,
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs:
While rebel workers press the fight
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,
And organize from coast to coast;
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see
Triumphant Labor's victory.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE

NOW AWAKING

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

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

The workers of the world are now awaking;
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.
The master class in fear now is quaking,
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.
The toilers in one union are uniting,
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,
The product of their labor to retain.

CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty
It's a union for you and for me;
It's the workers' own choice,
It's for the girls and for boys,
Who want freedom from wage slavery;
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—
Come and join in the fray,
Come and join us today,
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,
For long in bondage they have held us fast;
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making
Will make our chains a relic of the past.
Industrial Unionism now is calling,
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was
hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

CHORUS:

It's a long way down to the soupline,
It's a long way to go.

It's a long way down to the soupline
And the soup is thin I know.

Good bye, good old pork chops,
Farewell, beefsteak rare;

It's a long way down to the soupline,
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once
destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry
unemployed.

They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and
strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

CHORUS:

MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

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

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

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

—wIw—

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

THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: "The Marseillaise")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

—wIw—

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

BY E. S. NELSON

(Tune: "Red Wing")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

—wIw—

HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

—wIw—

The working class will never be free until it can blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work. The IWW, through organization, can make this possible.

WE WILL SING ONE SONG

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horny-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

CHORUS:

**Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers Commonwealth
Full of beauty, full of love and health.**

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of the toiler and slave,
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

THE PRISON SONG

BY WILLIAM WHALEN

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

When the 85 per cent
That they call the "working gent"
Organizes in a Union of its class.
We will then get what we're worth,
That will be the blooming earth.
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

BY T-BONE SLIM

I took a job on an extra gang,
Way up in the mountain,
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes
And the sweat was enough to blind me,
He didn't seem to like my pace,
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train
And around the country traveled,
The mysteries of a hobo's life
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west
And the "shacks" could never find me,
Next morning I was miles away
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"
Who were known as Industrial Workers.
They taught me how to be a man —
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch
And now in the ranks you'll find me,
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!
And the job I left behind me.

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

BY T-BONE SLIM

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

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

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

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

Then the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we never 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 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?

MR. BLOCK

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, 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 Mr. Block.
And Block he thinks he may
Be President some day.

CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. 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 fair,
But after the election he got an awful shock,
A great big Socialistic 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.

—wIw—

THE WHITE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

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

CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,
Don't sleep out in the cold,
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to
wear,

You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,
You'll make your fortune there.
Same little girl, no more a pearl,
Walks all alone 'long the river;
Five years have flown, her health is gone,
She would look at the water and shiver;
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,
She'd hear a voice call from the deep;
Girls in this way, fall every day,
And have been falling for ages,
Who is to blame? You know his name,
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptation calling everywhere.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

BY WALQUIST

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!
and crush the greedy tyrant's might.
The earth belongs to Labor,
Workers of the world, unite.

STAND UP! YE WORKERS

BY ETHEL COMER

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

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

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

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

A DREAM

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Holy City")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

THE HOPE OF THE AGES

BY E. NESBIT

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

—w|w—

FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

BY GERALD J. LIVELY

You've fought your fight, a long good night
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave birth
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,
You've burst the prison bars.

You gave your life in this our strife,
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



To Frank H. Little

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!
The papers said: "So far as known,
He made no outcry."
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,
All I. W. W.
You'd have died a thousand deaths
Before you'd have cried aloud
Or whimpered once to let them
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell.

CASEY JONES — THE UNION SCAB

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

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

CHORUS:

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

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win
this strike?"
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out
track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the
S. P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went
on strike;
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The Angels got together and they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

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

—w|w—

BOOM WENT THE BOOM

BY W. O. BLEE

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine
When everything was going fine.
I knew the pace was pretty fast,
But thought that it would always last.
When organizers came to town
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:
I thought the boss was my best friend
And he'd stick by me to the end.

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!
Ain't got a word to say.
He chiseled down my pay,
Then took my job away.
Boom, went the boom one day,
It made a noise that way.
I wish I had been wise,
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,
Not very much, a small amount,
Which to the savings bank I took
And all they gave me was a book.
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,
I hardly ever spent a cent.
My little savings grew and grew,
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
There went my hard-earned pay,
Saved for a rainy day.
I must have been a wick,
This soup-line makes me sick.
Where can that banker be?
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass
That all I had to eat was grass.
The wolf don't bother any more.
He starved to death right by my door.
With soup and gas and club and gun
They tried to make the system run.
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,
We'll make it like it was before."

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!
It busted up one day,
Those guys that stole my pay
Went flying every way.
All that I've got to say,
I hope they've gone to stay;
Each dog must have his day,—
Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!

—wIw—

ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

BY JOE FOLEY

(Tune: "Are You from Dixie")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.
You want what I want — well, that's liberty,
You're frowning face seems to tell it to me.
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,
So listen to what I say:

CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,
For the One Big Union beckons to you —
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;
Tell every slave you see along the line:
It makes no difference what your color,
Creed or sex or kind,
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in
and join.
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,
"How can we do it — when is the day?"
When all the ladies and all the babies
And every man who works for a wage
Gets in the Union — One Union Grand —
All hands together we'll make our demand;
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

—wIw—

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

THE TRAMP

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

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

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor,
'Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry —

Down the street he met a cop,
And the copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,
When he reached the pearly gate,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

—w|w—

I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't deceive you,
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will feed me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
—Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging
While the sun is high and warm,
It would cause me sundry dodging
Through the winter's cold and storm.
I must have the all that's in it—
In the labor that I sell;
For you cannot tell what minute
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—
As you count your wealth untold,
Would you have me save bologny—
'Gainst the day when I am old?
Now we understand each other,
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother"
I'm too old to be a scab.

FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

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

CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked
out as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

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

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man
for a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself,
Old Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore
Stand behind the man to win this bread and butter war.

—wIw—

THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

BY JOHN HEALY

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock;
The rattling alarm clock;
The dollar alarm clock
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.
If overly weary I take a tin bucket
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary
And says we are hauling too much of a load;
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

STUNG RIGHT

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
I saw a sign "A thousand men 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 man he 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 in irons then 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 exercise."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means,
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

BY LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

(Air: "Wabash Cannonball")

I stood by a city prison,
In the twilight's deepening gloom,
Where men and women languished
In a loathsome, living tomb.
They were singing! And their voices
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,
As the words came clear with meaning:
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,
And all thinkers of the past,
So with these Industrial Workers,
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.
In the bastiles of the nations,
They were bludgeoned, mugged and starved,
While upon their aching bodies
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

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

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

—wIw—

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

BY COVINGTON HALL

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

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

Might was Right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
In the selfsame crimson flood;

And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

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

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

Might is Right when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;
And Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

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

WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

CHORUS:

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

And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river
Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser
river flows.

So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's
fetching,

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil
spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river flows.

EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . ." — From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916.)

Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went; —
This be the token we bear of him, —
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night
Of poverty and injury and woe —
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light, —
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow.

They came, that none should trample Labor's right
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
Bare hands against the masters' armored might! —
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host, —
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng, —
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast, —
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

THE RED FEAST BY RALPH CHAPLIN

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife
And spill each other's guts upon the field,
Serve unto death the men you served in life
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
And give unto a war that is not yours
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill
You must not pause to question why nor where.
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead —
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
For there your dismal tasks are still undone
And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?
Once more beneath the lash you must distil.
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,
And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never set you free
From fettered thraldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name
And boundaries are things that don't exist;
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

—wIw—

THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

BY DUBLIN DAN

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly Cards,"
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was hit,
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,
And there and then decided a meeting they would call.
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting
in the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and early
Tuesday morn,
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of scorn,
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy," so they wrote him
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't
tolerate

You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his puny
fists.

'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing
right here.

You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're
doing here.

You dont' belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.

Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns you?

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at
the "law,"

He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as "Straw,"
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called
was "rails,"

I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these
yards,

And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,
'Cause we've all got red cards.

We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all
your law,
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind "Straw."
The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,
"One Twenty," that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker
was "Dirt."

He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,
Because we are all organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say, is an injury to all,
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,
For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and "Slim" belongs to
sticks.

Now "Blackie," he belongs to 'rails' and "Whitey" says
he's 'straw',
And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the
whole bunch loose,

Then "dirt" and "sticks" walked arm in arm, with "flirts"
and "skirts" and "rails,"

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying
from their tails.

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