

What is the IWW?

The Industrial Workers of the World is a union for all workers, a union dedicated to organizing on the job, in our industries and in our communities both to win better conditions today and to build a world without bosses, a world in which production and distribution are organized by workers ourselves to meet the needs of the entire population, not merely a handful of exploiters.

We are the Industrial Workers of the World because we organize industrially – that is to say, we organize all workers on the job into one union, rather than dividing workers by trade, so that we can pool our strength to fight the bosses together.

Since the IWW was founded in 1905, we have recognized the need to build a truly international workers' movement in order to confront the global power of the bosses and in order to strengthen workers' ability to stand in solidarity with our fellow workers no matter what part of the globe they happen to live on.

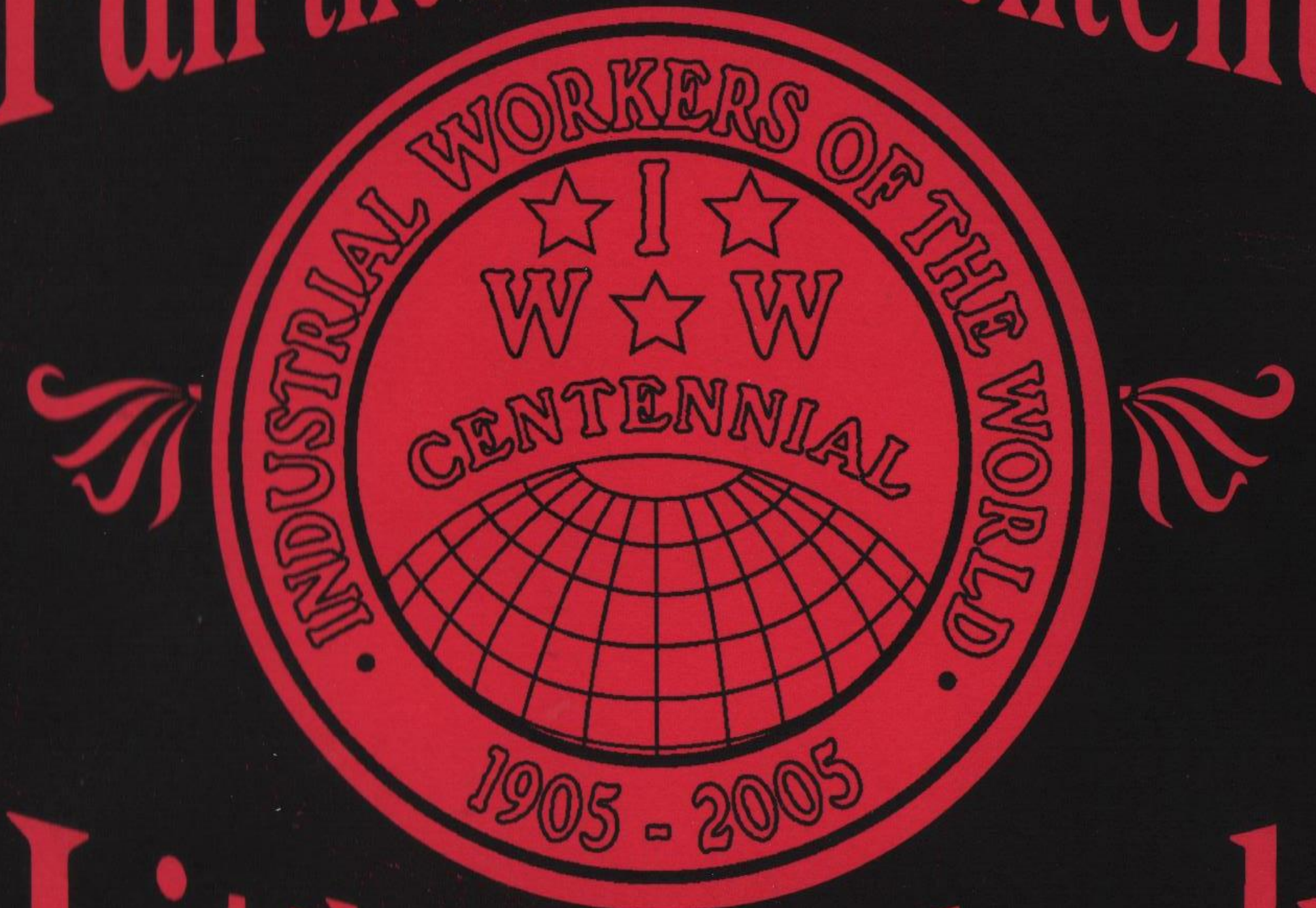
We are a union open to all workers, whether or not the IWW happens to have representation rights in your workplace. We organize the worker, not the job, recognizing that unionism is not about government certification or employer recognition but about workers coming together to address our common concerns.

Sometimes this means striking or signing a agreement. Sometimes it means refusing to work with an unsafe machine or following the bosses' orders so literally that nothing gets done. Sometimes it means agitating around particular issues or grievances in a specific workplace, or across an industry.

Because the IWW is a democratic, member-run union, decisions about what issues to address and what tactics to pursue are made by the workers directly involved.



SONGS OF THE WORKERS TO Fan the Flames of Discontent



Little Red Songbook

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Songs of the Workers To Fan the Flames of Discontent

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The Little Red Songbook

Limited Centenary Concert Edition • June 2005

Published by the

Industrial Workers of the World

PO Box 13476, Philadelphia PA 19101

www.iww.org

This is a special limited edition of the IWW's Little Red Songbook, a publishing tradition of our union which started in 1909.

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 to keep them topical and relevant.

These songs were written by and for the working class. Some have been copyrighted by the author, and are used with the permission of the copyright holder.

Today's IWW hopes this Little Red Songbook will help make workers' history, not just preserve it.

Solidarity Forever

Words by Ralph Chaplin, U.S.A. • Tune: John Brown's Body

*New verses by Steve Suffet, U.S.A. • **New verse as of 36th edition

First Appearance, 9th Edition, 1916.

^G When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,

^C There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;

For what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one? ^{B7} ^{Emi}

^C But the Union makes us strong. ^D ^G

^G ^C ^G
Solidarity forever, solidarity forever,

^G ^{B7} ^{Emi} ^C ^D ^G
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 or would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong. [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

It is we who wash the dishes, scrub the floor and chase the dirt,
Feed the kids and send them off to 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. ** [Chorus]

They say our day is over; they say our time is through,
They say you need no union if your collar isn't blue,
Well that is just another lie the boss is telling you,
For the Union makes us strong! * [Chorus]

They divide us by our color; they divide us by our tongue,
They divide us men and women; they divide us old and young,
But they'll tremble at our voices, when they hear these verses sung,
For the Union makes us strong! * [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

The Internationale

Words by Eugene Pottier, France • Music by Pierre DeGeyter, Belgium • U.S. translation by Charles Kerr

^G Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation, ^C arise, ye wretched of the earth: ^D

^G For justice thunders condemnation, ^C a better world's in birth. ^D

^D No more tradition's chains shall bind us, ^{A7} arise ye slaves no more in thrall; ^D

^D The earth shall rise on new foundations, ^G we have been naught, ^D we shall be all. ^{A7} ^D

^G 'Tis the final conflict, ^C let each stand in their place; ^D

^G The International Union shall be the human race. (repeat) ^{A7} ^D

We want no condescending saviors, To rule us from their judgment 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 obligation, 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 strongholds of the idle few;
In working for their restitution, we workers only claim our due.

Toilers from shops and fields united, Join hand in hand with 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.

French Debout, les damnés de la Terre, debout, les forcat de la faim!
La raison, tonne et son cratère; c'est l'éruption de la fin.
Du passé faisons table rase, foules d'esclaves, 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 syndical sera le genre humain.

Spanish Arriba, parias de la tierra! En pie, famélicia legión!
Los proletarios gritan; Guerra! Guerra hasta el fin de la opresión
Borrad el rastro del pasado! Arriba esclavos, todos in pié!
El mundo va a cambiar de base. Los nada de hoy todo had de ser.
Agrupémonos todos, en la lucha final
El género humano es el sindicato Internacional.

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 cancelled. Workers formed cooperatives and unions, and took over workshops abandoned by their owners. Night work at bakeries was ended because the bakery workers didn't like it. Municipal nurseries and soup kitchens were founded. Schools were secularized. By the start of the 20th century, the Internationale was sung 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. Billy Bragg sought to put the song's vision of communal freedom into new words to commemorate the students in China's Tiananmen Square in 1989 who sang the Internationale before they were massacred.

New version of *The Internationale* by Billy Bragg

© Billy Bragg

^G Stand up, all victims of oppression, for the tyrants fear your ^C might.
^G Don't cling so hard to your possessions for you have nothing if you have no
^G rights.
^D Let racist ignorance be ended, for respect makes the empires ^{A7} fall.
^D Freedom is merely privilege extended unless enjoyed by one and ^{A7} all.

^G So come brothers and sisters for the struggle carries ^C on.
^G The ^C Internationale unites the world in ^{A7} song.
^G So comrades come rally for this is the time and ^D place;
^G The international ideal unites the human ^C race.

Let no one build walls to divide us, walls of hatred or walls of stone.
Come greet the dawn and stand beside us; we'll live together or we'll die alone.
In our world poisoned by exploitation those who have taken, now they must give
And end the vanity of nations; we've but one Earth on which to live. **[Chorus]**

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. **[Chorus]**

Banks of Marble

Words & music by Les Rice, traditional, U.S.A. • First appearance, 35th edition.

^C I've traveled 'round this country, from shore to shining ^{G7} shore,
^C And it really made me wonder, all the things I heard and ^F saw.
^{G7} I saw the poor dirt farmer plowing sod and ^C loam.
^{G7} I heard the auction hammer just a knocking down his ^F home.

^C But the banks are made of marble, with a guard at every ^{G7} door
^F And the vaults are stuffed with silver that the (farmer) ^{G7} sweated for.

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

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

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

I saw the weary mother, working two jobs in one day;
Low wages at the workplace and at home she gets no pay. **[Chorus]**

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

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

*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.*



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.

D Are you cold, forlorn and hungry? **G** Are there lots of things you lack? **D** **A7**
D Is your life made up of mis'ry? **G** Then dump the bosses off your back! **D** **A7**
A7 Are your clothes all torn and tattered? **D** Are you living in a shack? **G** **D** **A7**
D Would you have your troubles scattered? **G** Then dump the bosses off your back! **D** **A7**

Are you almost spilt 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!

Do It For Liberty

Words and music by Patrick McGuire, Canada
First appearance, 2005 Centenary Concert edition.

A Tie a flag around your eyes until you cannot blink. **D** **A**
A Tie a flag around your brain until you cannot think. **D** **A**
A Tie a flag around your mouth till nothin' will come out; **D** **A**
A Tie it a little tighter that's what flags are all about. **D** **A**

D All good leaders love a flag, so sing a glad refrain; **A**
They're cheaper than machine guns, they're easier than chains. **D** **A** **E**
A So keep on waving flags and sayin', "I am free." **D** **A**
A Tie yourself up in a flag, do it for liberty. **D** **A**

Tie a flag around your heart until it cannot beat.
And if you start to stumble, then just tie one 'round your feet.
Tie a flag around your hands until you can't escape;
Tie it a little tighter, give your life up to the State.

Tie a flag around your school so its teachings are correct.
Tie one 'round your workplace, keep regular folk in check.
Now off to war keep waving flags, do you part be proud;
They'll tie one 'round your coffin as they lay you in the ground.

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 • New verses*

F
Why don't you work like other folks do?

C
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

F **C**
Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, bum again;

F **Bb** **C** **F**
Hallelujah, give us a handout to revive us again!

Well, I went to the bar and I asked for a drink,
They gave me a glass and they showed me the sink. **[Chorus]**

Oh, I went to the door and I asked for some bread,
The lady said, "Scram bum, the baker is dead." **[Chorus]**

Oh, why do you work eight hours or more?
There'd be jobs for us all if you'd only work four.* **[Chorus]**

Oh, why don't you save all the money you earn?
If I didn't eat I'd have money to burn. **[Chorus]**

Oh, why speed up work, till you're ready to fall?
If you'd only slow down there'd be work for us all.* **[Chorus]**

Whenever I get all the money I've earned,
The boss will be broke and to work he must turn. **[Chorus]**

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

Oh, I hate this company, I hate this job,
But I'm too proud to beg and too honest to rob.* **[Chorus]**

Oh, I like my boss - he's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving out on the breadline. **[Chorus]**

I can't buy a job, for I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car for I'm a hobo. **[Chorus]**

If you can't find a job and they won't give you bread,
Find a kind-hearted cop and he'll beat on your head.* **[Chorus]**

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

But don't you complain, don't open your eyes.
Don't talk revolution and don't organize*. **[Chorus]**



Wobbly Doxology

Words from the Australian IWW • Music: Doxology
First appearance, 35th edition

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!

Paint 'Er Red

Words by Ralph Chaplin, U.S.A. • Tune: Marching Through Georgia
First appearance, 10th edition

^A Come with us, you workingfolk, and join the rebel band -
^A Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,
^A We march against the parasites to drive them from the land,
^E With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

^A Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to paint 'er red!
^A Hurrah! Hurrah! The way is clear ahead -
^A We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread
^E With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,
We're on the job and know the way to win the hardest fight,
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into light,
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION. [Chorus]

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss with fears;
Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and tears -
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers
For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION. [Chorus]

"Slaves" they call us, "working plugs," inferior by birth,
But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their smiles of mirth -
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from the Earth -
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION [Chorus]

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up, but to build it all anew,
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're through,
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION [Chorus]

★ ★ ★

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

Casey Jones the Union Scab

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: Casey Jones

First appearance, 1912 edition.

C
The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
D7 **G7**
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
C
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.
D7 **G7** **C**

C **F**
Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
C **D7** **G7**
Casey Jones was working double time;
C **F**
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
C **D7** **G7** **C**
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 got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy who 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 the 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 sulfur –
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

★ ★ ★

"Compulsory arbitration is the boss's game.
Somehow, it conflicts with democracy and fits in with
autocracy (out-talkrracy)."

– T-Bone Slim

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

G We have fed you all for a thousand years, **C G D** And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar for all your wealth, **C G D** But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest, **C G** And you lie on crimson wool.
And if blood be the price of all your wealth, **C G D** 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!

Which Side Are You On?

Words by Florence Reese, U.S.A. • Tune: Lay the Lily Low

First appearance, 36th edition • *New verses by Dick Gaughan, Scotland

Bmi Come all of you good workers, **Emi** good news to you I'll tell, **Bmi**
Of how the good old Union has come in here to dwell. **Bmi**

Bmi **A** **Bmi** **Emi** **Bmi**
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?
A **Bmi** **F#7** **Bmi**
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner, and I'm a miner's son.
I'll stick by the union till every battle's won. **[Chorus]**

They say in Harlan County, there are no neutrals there;
You're either with the union or a thug for J.H. Blair. **[Chorus]**

O workers can you stand it? O tell me how you can?
Will you be a crummy scab or lend us all a hand? **[Chorus]**

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies.
Us working folk don't have a chance, unless we organize. **[Chorus]**

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. **[Chorus]**

So shoulder to shoulder, in union we will stand.
We'll beat the scabs and bosses with the One Big Union grand. **[Chorus]**

Come all of you good people, you women and you men.
 Once more our backs are to the wall, under attack again. * **[Chorus]**

We've fought a million battles, to defend our hard won rights.
 We're going to have to fight again, and I ask you here tonight: * **[Chorus]**

It's time for a decision and you really have to choose –
 Support the One Big Union or the next in line is you. * **[Chorus]**



The Preacher and the Slave

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: In the Sweet Bye and Bye
 First appearance, 1911 Edition.

^F Long-haired ^{Bb} preachers ^F come out ev'ry night,
^C Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
^F But when ^{Bb} asked ^F about something to eat,
^F They will ^C answer ^F in voices so sweet:

^F You will ^C eat (you will eat) ^F bye and bye (bye and bye),
^{C7} In that ^F glorious land in the sky (way up high).
^F Work and ^{Bb} pray (work and pray), live on ^F hay (live on hay),
^F You'll get ^C pie in the sky ^F 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'll tell you when you're on the bum: **[Chorus]**

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

And those slick politicians they play,
 And they lie and they rant and they pray,
 Till they get all your votes in the drum;
 Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum: **[Chorus]**

Workingfolk of all countries unite;
 Side by side we for freedom will fight.
 When the world and its wealth we have gained,
 To the bosses we'll sing this refrain: **[Chorus]**

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

Ain't Done Nothing if You Ain't Been Called a Red

Words and music by Elliot Keenan, U.S.A. • First appearance, 2005 Centenary edition

A When I was just a little thing I used to love parades,
D
E With banners, bands, red balloons and maybe lemonade.
A
D When I came home one May Day, my neighbor's father said,
E "Them marchers is all Commies. Tell me, kid are you a Red?" **A**

Well, I didn't know just what to say – my hair back then was brown;
Our house was plain red brick like most others in the town.
So I went and asked my momma why the neighbor called me red;
My mommy sat me on her knee and this is what she said:

A Oh, you ain't done nothing if you ain't been called a red;
D
E If you've marched or agitated, you're bound to hear it said.
A
D So, you might as well ignore it or love the word instead.
E 'Cuz you ain't been doing nothing if you ain't been called a red. **A**

When I was growing up, had my troubles I suppose;
When someone took exception to my face or to my clothes;
Or tried to cheat me on the job or hit me on the head;
When I organized to fight back, why, the stinkers called me "red." [Chorus]

When I was living on my own, in this apartment that I had;
Had a lousy, rotten landlord – let me tell you he was bad.
But when he tried to throw me out; I rubbed my hands and said:
"You haven't seen a struggle if you haven't fought a red!" [Chorus]

Well, I kept on agitating, 'cuz what else can you do?
You gonna to let those sons-of-bitches walk all over you?
My friends say, "You'll get fired hanging with that commie mob!"
I should be so lucky, buddy. I ain't got a job. [Chorus]

Well, I've been agitating now for fifty years or more;
For jobs, for equality and always against war.
And I'll keep on agitating as far as I can see;
And if that's what being "red" is, then it's good enough for me. [Chorus]



Read the Industrial Worker

Written by and for workers from around the world, the *Industrial Worker* covers labor's struggle for a better world. Articles and features each month include alternative approaches to organizing workers, news of rank-and-file movements, international labor struggles, shorter work hours, historical items, IWW activities, interesting book reviews, and lively cartoons.

Subscriptions are \$15 per year, free to IWW members. Send for a free sample! Other literature available includes the One Big Union and General Strike pamphlets, an annual labor history calendar, the history of the IWW, posters, IWW caps and buttons, and scores of books on labor struggles. Many are listed on the IWW web site, and selected titles are featured in each issue of the *Industrial Worker*.

Put It on the Ground

Words by Ray Glaser, U.S.A. • Music by Bill Wolff

First appearance, 35th edition.

^F Oh, if you want a raise in pay, ^{G7} all you have to do,
^{C7} Go and ask the boss for it, and ^F they will give it to you.
Yes, they will give it to you my friend, ^{G7} they will give it to you,
^C A raise in pay without delay, oh, they will give it to ^F you.

^{C7} ^F Oh, ^{G7} put it on the ground, spread it all around,
^{C7} Dig it with a hoe, it will make your ^{Bb} flowers ^F grow. ^C ^F

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 [Chorus]

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 [Chorus]

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 us working folk such fancy salaries. Ohh [Chorus]

Supply side Reaganomics, we'll all be rich some day;
We'll have to do our best to stay alive until that day.
Alive until that day, my friends, alive until that day;
Stick around – it'll trickle down – alive until that day. Ohh [Chorus]



Hold the Fort

Words by British Transport Workers Union.

First appearance, 8th edition, 1914.

^A We meet today in freedom's cause and ^D raise our voices ^A high; ^E
We'll ^A join our hands in union strong to ^D battle or to ^{B7} die. ^E

^A Hold the fort for we are coming, ^D Union hearts be ^E strong.
^A Side by side we ^D battle onward, ^E victory will ^A come.

Look my comrades see the union banner waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing, victory is nigh. [Chorus]

See our numbers still increasing; hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph over every foe. [Chorus]

Fierce and long the battle rages, but we will not fear.
Help will come whenever it's needed, cheer, my comrades, cheer. [Chorus]

All Used Up

Words and music by Utah Phillips, U.S.A.

First appearance, 35th edition.

F
I spent my whole life making somebody rich;

Bb **F** **C**
I busted my ass for that son-of-a-bitch

F **C** **Bb** **F**
And he left me to die like a dog in a ditch,

C **F**
And he told me I'm all used up.

Bb **F**
He used up my labor, he used up my time,

Bb **C**
He plundered my body and squandered my mind.

F **C** **Bb**
And he gave me a pension of handouts and wine

F **C** **F**
And he told me I'm all used up.

My kids are in hock to a God you call work,

Slaving their lives out for some other jerk;

My youngest in 'Frisco just made shipping clerk

And he don't know I'm all used up.

Young people reaching for power and gold

Don't have respect for anything old.

For pennies they're bought and for promises sold,

Someday they'll all be used up.

They use up the oil, they use up the trees,

They use up the air and they use up the sea;

Well how about you, friend, and how about me?

What's left when we're all used up?

I'll finish my life in this crummy hotel,

It's lousy with bugs and my God what a smell,

But my plumbing still works and I'm clear as a bell,

Don't tell me I'm all used up.

Outside my window the world passes me by,

It gives me a handout and spits in my eye,

And no one can tell me 'cause no one knows why

I'm livin' but I'm all used up.

Sometimes in my dreams I sit by a tree;

My life is a book of how things used to be,

And kids gather 'round and they listen to me,

And they don't think I'm all used up.

And there's songs and there's laughter and things I can do,

And all that I've learned I can give back to you;

I'd give my last breath just to make it come true –

No, I'm all used up.

They use up the oil and they use up the trees,

They use up the air and they use up the sea;

Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?

What's left when we're all used up?

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

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

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

What do workers hold in common with a labour bureaucrat,
Who's a class collaborationist and bosses' diplomat?
With the money from our paychecks he is sitting getting fat,
While the union keeps us down. [Chorus]

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 any more;
The union keeps us down. [Chorus]

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.

Solidarity forever, solidarity forever, solidarity forever, Again we will be strong.



You Gotta Go Down

Words by Woody Guthrie, U.S.A. • Tune: Lonesome Valley

First appearance, 36th edition. • 2nd Verse by Ray Elbourne, Australia.

^A
You gotta go down and join the union,
^{E7} ^A
You gotta go join it by yourself,
^D ^A
Nobody here can join it for you,
^{B7} ^A ^{E7} ^A
You gotta go down and join the union by yourself.

There is a road that leads to victory,
To shorter hours and higher pay;
Nobody here's gonna hand it to us,
We've got to fight for it every day. [Chorus]

And when the road gets rough and rocky,
And the hills get steep and high;
We can sing as we go marching,
And we'll win our One Big Union by and by. [Chorus]

Bread and Roses

Words by James Oppenheim, U.S.A. • Music by Caroline Kohlsaad
First appearance, 35th Edition.

^F As we come marching, ^{Bb} marching, ^{C7} in the ^F beauty of the day,
^{Bb} A million darkened ^{Dmi} kitchens, ^{Bb} a thousand ^{A7} mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
^{Bb} For the people ^F hear us singing, ^C "Bread and roses! ^{C7} Bread and roses!" ^F

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 while one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

Cotton Mill Girls

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

^C I've worked in the cotton mill all my life, ^F
^C And I ain't got nothin' but a Barlow knife. ^{G7}
^C It's hard times, ^F cotton mill girls,
^C It's hard times ^{G7} everywhere. ^C

^C It's hard times, ^F cotton mill girls,
^C It's hard times, ^{G7} cotton mill girls,
^C It's hard times, ^F cotton mill girls,
^C It's hard times ^{G7} everywhere. ^C

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

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. [Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

When I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

[Chorus]

General Strike

Words and music by Smokey Dymny, Canada

First appearance, 2005 Centenary edition

^G General strike! ^D General Strike!

That's the only 'general' working people ^A like.

^D We may not have an army but the ^G enemy's in our ^D sight,

And the way to bring them ^A down is ^D general strike.

You don't have to be an economist to know things don't add ^D up

And a lawyer and a judge can't fix your rights ^A

And the papers tell you stories to send you to bed at night ^D

But the way to turn things ^A 'round is ^D general strike.

You don't need to use a gun, you don't have to blow things up

You can't cast a ballot or give up your vote.

Don't talk to any clergy or debate in parliament

None of these have done a lot to rock the boat.

When a bunch of us stop working, we all watch who's gonna win

'Cause the outcome's often stacked against our side.

(But) when we all walk out at once, there's no ifs or ands or buts

The capitalists will all be petrified.

So don't bother with a Party or a platform they're a joke,

Just tell your fellow workers there's a date.

And when we shut down the system it'll be over in a wink

That's the day the workers start to legislate.



Legal - Illegal

Words and music by Ewan MacColl, England

First appearance, 36th edition.

^F It's illegal to rip off the payroll, ^C it's illegal to hold up a train, ^F

But it's legal to rip off a million or two ^{Eb}

That comes from the labour that other folks do, ^F

To plunder the many on behalf of the few ^{C7}

Is a thing that is perfectly legal. ^F

It's illegal to kill you 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's legal to feel some despair,

But don't be aggressive, that is if you're smart,

And for Christ's sake don't upset the old apple cart.

Remember the bosses have you interest at heart -
And it pains them to see you unhappy.

It's illegal to carve up your missus, or to put poison in you 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 form 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 thieves in high places who live off the weak,
And those who are selling us right up the creek.

F **Dmi** **F** **Ami**
The twisters, the takers the con-men, the fakers
C7 **F**
The whole bloody gang of exploiters!

A Las Barricadas!

Words and music by the CNT, Spain

English paraphrase by Jan Oosting and Carlos Cortez • First appearance, 36th edition.

Emi
Negras tormentas agitan los aires,
B7 **Emi**
Nubes oscuras impenden ver;

Aunque nos espere el dolor y la muerte,
B7 **Emi**
contra el enemigo nos llama el deber.

G **D7**
E bien maspreciado es la Libertád,
Emi
Luchemos per ella con fe y valor,
B7
Alta la bandera revolucionaria que llevara
Emi
el pueblo a la emancipación. (repeat)

En pie el pueblo obrero, a la batalla,
Hay que derrocar a la reacción.
A las barricadas, a las barricadas, por el
triunfo de la Confederación! (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 Confedera-
tion! (repeat)

Larimer Street

Words and music by U. Utah Phillips, U.S.A.

First appearance, 34th edition • New Verses for the 2005 Centenary edition*

^C Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,
^C The iron ball swings and ^{D7} knocks it all down.
^C You knocked down my flophouse, you ^F knocked down my bars,
And you ^C blacktopped it all over to ^{G7} park all your ^{D7} cars.

^C And where will I go? And where can I ^F stay?
^C You ^{D7} knocked down the skid row and ^{G7} hauled it away.
^C I'll ^F flag a fast rattler and ride in on down, friends,
^{G7} They're ^C 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 harbor light,
And the old Chinese café that was open all night. **[Chorus]**

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. **[Chorus]**

So we took us a building on Overdale Ave.
A house and a home for the street kids to have
But an eviction was served and just like '88
We had to fight back like hell 'gainst the cops and the state.* **[Chorus]**

So we went out to Whitby to show you the door
You put us in jail but we been there before
You declared war on us and you'll get that and more
When we show you again what our fists were made for.* **[Chorus]**

Then the Pope came on over in silk robe and gown
Mel Lastman said "To hell with the bums in this town!"
So we opened the pope squat, won't you please come on in
'Cause when OCAP fights back we fight back to win!* **[Chorus]**

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war;
It's the 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. **[Chorus]**

Verse 4 references the struggles for housing on a Montreal street; the first was in 1988 when residents fought the police, many chaining themselves to their doors. They successfully kept away the bulldozers that were supposed to be making way for a parking garage. In 2002 housing activists tried to take back a vacant building on the street only to be met by a violent battle with the police. Verse 5 is about when OCAP (Ontario Coalition Against Poverty) evicted the Finance Minister Jim Flaherty from his office in 2002, showing him how it felt to be a victim of his policies. The repression after the action was incredibly heavy-handed and put many activists in jail. Verse 6 tells the story of how the pope visited Toronto in 2003 and the mayor Mel Lastman "cleaned up the city" for the event, ticketing and harassing homeless people more than ever. OCAP responded by opening the Pope Squat, doing what the government refused to do – house people.

Mister Block

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight
First appearance, 1913 Edition. • *New verses, Morgan F. P. Andrews, U.S.A.

^C Please give your attention, and I'll introduce to you,
^F A man who is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";
^C His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
^{D7} He is a common worker and his name is Mister Block.
^{G7} And Block, he thinks he may be President some day.

^C Oh, Mister Block, you were born by mistake,
^G You take the cake, you make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake;
^{D7} Kindly do that for ^GLiberty's ^Csake.

Well Block had a job slinging hash for \$4.50 an hour;
He slung it fast, he was the best, in work he found his power;
The boss then said, "Good worker, we're giving you a treat,
Here's your Xmas bonus, all the hash that you can eat."
But Block cried, "No more hash, what I need is cash!"* [Chorus]

Well Block found work as a migrant, picking fruit from trees,
The sharks got fifty dollars for job and fare and fees,
They shipped him to a desert, and dumped him with his stuff,
And when he tried to find his job, his luck was awful tough.

Block shouted, "That's too raw, I'll fix him with the law."* [Chorus]

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
He said, "I'll join the union, AFL-CIO."

He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
He said, "I'll see John Sweeney and he'll fix that manager right."
John Sweeney said, "You see, you've got our sympathy." [Chorus]

Crime panic swept the nation, so Block cried "Build more jails;
Lock 'em up and make 'em work, that tactic never fails."
Slave labor pushed two million in this free land of ours,
Why hire a Block for minimum wage when it's cheaper behind bars?
Block said, "That's just fine, I'll go commit a crime!"* [Chorus]

Block joined an organization called Clean Up Our Neighborhood
They did away with panhandlers and made the streets look good.
Property values skyrocketed and developers had their way,
And come the first of January Block's rent he could not pay.
His landlord said, "Deadbeat, you're sleeping on the street."* [Chorus]

Election day Block shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The "comrade" got elected and he happy was for fair.
But after the election, he got an awful shock;
A great big Socialistic pig did rap him on the block.
And Comrade Block did sob, "I helped him get his job." [Chorus]

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." [Chorus]

Popular Wobbly

Words by T-Bone Slim, U.S.A. • Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me.

First appearance, 1920 edition.

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 that we never could agree;

So I let that 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've 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?



Roll the Union On

Words and music by John Handcox and Lee Hayes, U.S.A.

First appearance, 36th edition.

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

We're gonna roll right over them, we're going to 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.

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...

Stung Right

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

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

^D Stung right, stung right, ^{A7} S-T-U-N-G.

Stung right, stung right, ^D E-Z mark that's me;

^G When my term is over, and again I'm free ^D

There will be no more trips around the world for me. ^{A7} ^D

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. [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

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. [Chorus]

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 killed by Armour's Pork and Beans. [Chorus]

The Mysteries of a Hobo's Life

Words by T-Bone Slim, U.S.A. • Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me

First appearance, 17th edition

^G I took a job on an extra gang, way up in the mountain,
^G I paid my fee and the shark shipped me and the ties I soon was counting
^C The boss he sent me driving spikes and the sweat was enough to blind me,
^G 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 'round the country traveled,
And the mysteries of a hobo's life were soon to me unraveled.
I traveled east and 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" known as the Industrial Workers,
And they taught me how to lend a hand – 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 Rebel Girl

Words and Music by Joe Hill, U.S.A.

First appearance, 9th Edition, 1916 • *New words and verse, 2005 Centenary edition

^A There are women of many descriptions
^D In this queer world as everyone ^A knows,
^D Some are living in beautiful mansions,
^E And are wearing the finest of ^{E7} clothes.
^A There are blue blooded ^D queens and ^A princesses,
^D Who have charms made of diamonds and ^A pearls;
^D But the only and thoroughbred lady
^{A E A} Is the Rebel Girl.

^A That's the Rebel Girl, that's the ^D Rebel Girl!
^E To the working class she's a precious ^A pearl,
^E She brings courage, pride and joy
^A She fights beside the Rebel Boy.* (Alternate: She don't need no Rebel Boy)
^A We've had fun before, but we need ^E some more
^{G#} In the Industrial Workers of the ^A World.
^D For it's great to fight for ^A freedom
^{E A} With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,
And her dress might not be very fine;
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the bosses in terror will tremble,
When her rage and defiance she'll hurl;
She's a real and thoroughbred lady
She's a Rebel Girl. [Chorus]

We've had problems with male domination
Straight folks who don't get it at all
That when we talk about real liberation
We mean freedom and justice for all
We are dykes and dancers and trannies
And we'll fight till this system will fall
We are real and thoroughbred ladies,
We are rebel girls...* [Chorus]

★ ★ ★

"The shorter work day requires no extended remarks: just come in later
and go out earlier – no labor board or other lumber required."
– T-Bone Slim

The Red Flag

Words by James Connell, Ireland • Tune: O Tannenbaum
First appearance, 16th edition.

^DThe workers' flag is deepest red,
^{A7}It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And 'ere their limbs grow stiff and cold
^{A7}Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

^GThen raise the scarlet standard high;
^DBeneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors

sneer,
^{A7}We'll keep the red flag flying here.

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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!

[Chorus]

Where the Fraser River Flows

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows"
First appearance 1912

^CFellow workers pay attention to what I'm going to mention,
^FFor it is the clear contention of the Workers of the World.
^CThat we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,
^GTo rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

^FWhere the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,
^{D7}They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.
^CAnd we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and better pay, boys,
^GAnd we're going to win the day, boys; where the Fraser River flows.

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

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

The Tramp

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching
First appearance, 1913 edition

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

^G
Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,

^{A7} ^D
Nothing doing here for you;

^G
If I catch you 'round again,

^C ^G
You will wear the ball and chain,

^D ^G
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. [Chorus]

'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: [Chorus]

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." [Chorus]

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

There is Power in the Union

Words by Joe Hill, U.S.A. • Tune: There Is Power In The Blood

First appearance, 1913 edition.

^A Would you have freedom from wage slavery? ^D

^{E7} Then join in the grand Industrial band; ^A

^D Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free?

^{E7} Then come do your share, lend a ^A hand.

^A There is pow'r, there is pow'r in a ^D band of working folk, ^A

^{E7} When they stand (when they stand) hand in ^A hand (hand in hand)

^D That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r that must rule in every land; ^A

^D One Industrial Union Grand. ^{E7} ^A

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? **[Chorus]**

If you've had 'nuf 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, lend a hand. **[Chorus]**

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. **[Chorus]**

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. Lend a hand. **[Chorus]**

The World Turned Upside Down

Words and music by Leon Rosselson, England.

First appearance, 36th edition.

^D In sixteen-forty-nine, to St. George's Hill, ^A

^G A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will. ^D

They defied the landlords, they defied the ^A laws,

They were the ^G dispossessed, ^D reclaiming what was ^A theirs. ^D

"We come in peace," they said, "to dig and sow,

We come to work the land in common and to make the waste ground grow,

This earth divided, we will make whole,

So it will be a common treasury for all."

"The sin of property we do disdain,
The rich have no right to buy and sell the earth for private gain,
By theft and murder, they took the land,
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command."

"They make the laws to chain us well,
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell,
We will not worship the god they serve,
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve."

"We work, we eat together, we need no swords,
We will not bow down to the masters, nor pay rent to the lords,
Still we are free, though we are poor,
You Diggers all stand up for glory, stand up now."

From the lords of property, the orders came,
They sent their hirelings and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claim,
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn,
They were dispersed – but still their vision lingers on;

"You poor take courage, you rich take care,
This earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share,
All things in common, all people one,
We come in peace" – the orders came to cut them down.

Have You Been To Jail For Justice?

Words and Music by Anne Feeney, U.S.A.
First appearance, 2005 Centenary edition

Was it Cesar Chavez? Maybe it was Dorothy Day?
Some will say Dr. King or Gandhi set them on their way.
No matter who your mentors are, it's pretty plain to see,
If you've been to jail for justice, you're in good company.

*Have you been to jail for justice? I want to shake your hand.
'Cause sitting in and lyin' down are ways to take a stand.
Have you sung a song for freedom? Or marched that picket line?
Have you been to jail for justice? Then you're a friend of mine.*

You law-abiding citizens, come listen to this song.
'Cause laws were made by people, and people can be wrong.
Once unions were against the law, but slavery was fine.
Women were denied the vote and children worked the mine.
The more you study history, the less you can deny it;
A rotten law stays on the books 'til folks with guts defy it. **[Chorus]**

The law's supposed to serve us and so are the police.
And when the system fails, it's up to us to speak our peace.
We must be ever vigilant for justice to prevail,
So, get courage from your convictions, let them haul you off to jail! **[Chorus]**

There Is Power In A Union

Words by Billy Bragg, England • Tune: The Union Forever

© Billy Bragg

First appearance, 36th edition • New verses for the 2005 Centenary edition*

^G There's power in a fac'try, ^C power in the land,
^G Power in the hands of every worker; ^{D7}
^G But it all amounts to nothin' if together we don't stand; ^C
^G There is power in a union. ^{D7 G}

Now the lessons of the past have all been learned with workers' 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.

^G The union forever, defending our rights,
^{D7} Down with the blackleg, all workers unite.
^G With our brothers and our sisters in many far off lands; ^C
^G There is power in a union. ^{D7 G}

Now I am just a young one, but I've learned their game;
They'll do nothing without profit as the outcome.
There's still murder in their hearts and there's blood upon their hands;
As they union-bust and market us as slaves to kill the land.* [Chorus]

Though they've killed the movements past with prisons, cops and spies,
We still fight with all the strength our forbearers gave us.
We work the streets, we work the phones, we work the dirty sweatshop lines
And we'll fight this war till freedom comes to greet us!* [Chorus]

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?

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

*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.*

★ ★ ★

“What we need is organization enough to have the company searched
to find out if it is carrying home any parts of our wages.”

– T-Bone Slim

Union Maid

Words by Woody Guthrie, 3rd Verse by Nancy Katz • Tune: Red Wing
First appearance, 34th edition.

^D There once was a union maid,
^G Who never was afraid of the goons and the ginks and company finks ^D
^{E7} And the deputy sheriff who made the raid. ^{A7}
^D She'd go to the union hall
^G When the meeting it was called, ^D
^{A7} And when the comp'ny boys came 'round she always stood her ground. ^{E7} ^{A7} ^D

^G Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union, ^D
^{A7} I'm stickin' to the union, I'm stickin' to the union. ^D
^G Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union. ^D
^{A7} I'm stickin' to the union, till the day I die. ^D

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of the company spies;
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,
She'd always organize the guys.
She'd always get her way when she struck for higher pay,
She'd show her card to the National Guard and this is what she'd say: **[Chorus]**

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 the 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. **[Chorus]**



Soup Song

Words by Maurice Sugar • Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
First appearance, 2005 Centenary edition

^G I'm spending my nights at the flop-house; ^C I saved fifteen bucks with my banker, ^G
^G I'm spending my days on the street; ^C To buy me a car and a yacht. ^D
^G I'm looking for work but I find none; ^C I went down to draw out my fortune, ^G
^G I wish I had something to eat. ^D But this is the answer I got... **[Chorus]**

^G ^C ^D ^G
Soup, Soup, They give me a bowl of soup.
^G ^C ^D ^G
Soup, Soup, They give me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the fac'try,
I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and faithful,
But even before I get old... **[Chorus]**

I fought in a war for my country,
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply... **[Chorus]**

When I die and I get up to heaven,
St. Peter will let me right in.
He can tell by the soup I was fed on,
I was unable to sin. **[Chorus]**

Are You A Scabby?

Words by Colby Peters & Dave Bostock, Canada • Tune: Are You From Dixie?

First appearance, Canadian I.W.W. Songbook 1990

G Hello there stranger, how do you do? I've got something to say to you.
D Don't be surprised, I recognized, I know a scab by the look in his eyes.
G We've been out walking this picket line, We all need a job but you're doin' mine.
D The boss he is laughin', the injunction is read. If there was any justice, you'd all be dead.

G Are you a scabby? I said a scabby. **C** Do you lick the bottom of management's shoes?
G Are you a scabby? I said a scabby. **C** Do you wear knee pads when the boss calls on you?
G Will you wash the floor and scrub the toilet with your tongue?
C And beg for more when all the dirty work is done?
G Are you a scabby? Then listen scabby, 'cause the Union's gunning for you. **D** **G**

You've got the boss but we've got the might. You've got the law but we've got the right.

First we were locked out, some of us knocked out, but you blackleg scum you were only bought out.

Go back to work - get down on your knees, The boss is coming, he's hard to please.

You fawn and caress him, you bow and you stoop, You're enough, by God, to make a maggot puke. **[Chorus]**

Preamble to the Constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World

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 interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its 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 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.