

The Big Question.
(Tune: God Save the Queen)

My job is now no more
The boss has slammed the door;
What can we do?
Maybe my end is near,
My guts feel very queer —
Where do we go from here?
What can we do?

No, I've not lost a leg,
Why must I starve or beg?
What can we do?
Where can the answer be?
How can we all be free
Of this misery?
What can we do?

I can not stand alone,
Bosses have laid me prone,
What shall I do?
Why can't we hand in hand
Reclaim our right to stand
Unhorse the sleek brigand?
This we can do.

(Same tune — the crawlers verse)

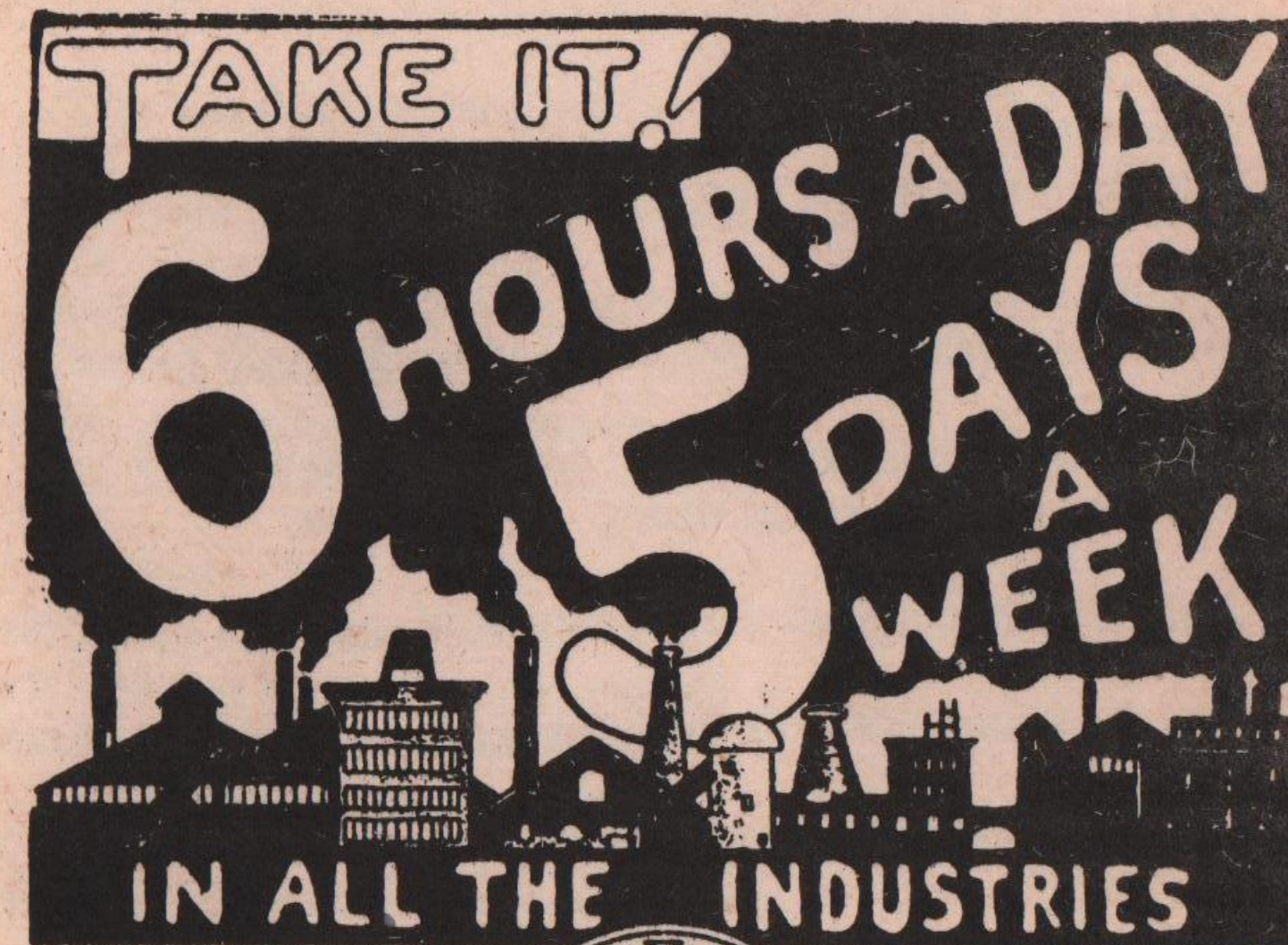
Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tannas Siam
Ova tannas.
Sucha tammas Siam
Ino kan giffa dam
Osucha nas Siam
Osucha nas!

The I.W.W. welcomes into membership all wage workers, except those whose job it is to fight us. If you understand that labours hope is One Big Union, and are prepared to help building that union, then you belong in the I.W.W.

The following literature is available from the O.B.U. Centre, 294 Middleton Road, Oldham, Lancs. Price includes postage.

Little Red Songbook	30p
General Strike for Industrial Freedom	30p
One Big Union — the basic idea explained	15p
World Labour Needs A Union	15p
Sample copy of the magazine Industrial Unionist . .	10p
Rulebook (Constitution and Bylaws)	15p

SONGS
of unemployment



The One Big Union Centre
294 Middleton Road,
Oldham, Lancashire.

September 17th 1977.

Solidarity Forever

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

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

There can be no greater power anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

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

Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

It is we who ploughed 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]

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 Old Workers Message.

(Tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold.)

"Darling I am growing old" —
So the toiler told his wife —
"Father Time the days has tolled —
Of my usefulness in life.
Just tonight the boss has told me
He can't use me anymore.
So my darling, do not blame me,
When the wolf comes to our door."

Chorus:

To the scrap heap we are going
When we're overworked and old —
When our weary heads are showing
Silver threads among the gold.

"Darling, I am growing old —"
he once more his wife did tell —
"All my labour power is sold,
I have nothing more to sell.
Though I'm dying from stagnation
I shall shout with all my might
To the growing generation,
I shall shout with all my might —

(Repeat chorus.)

Its A Long Way Down to the Soupline.

(Tune: Its a Long Way to 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.

Bailiffs were always chasing him, and bankers kept the dough,
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

(Chorus)

Its a long way down to the soupline,
It

(Chorus)

It's a long way down to the soupline,
It's a long way to go. (Without a penny).
It's a long way down to the soupline,
And the soup is thin I know.
Goodbye, good old pork chops,
Farewell beefsteak rare;
It's a long way down to the soupline,
But my soup is there.

So two million unemployed responded to the call,
To force the hours of labour down and thus make jobs for all.
They picketed the industries and won the six hour day
And organized a General Strike so no-one has to say: (Ch.)

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: (Ch.)

WHAT IS A BOSS?

When the body was first created, there was a row
among the different parts as to who was going to be the
boss.

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

The feet said: "Since I carry all the bleeding weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said: "Since I've got to do all the manual labour and earn the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said: "Well I have to look out for you all and let you know when danger lurks, so I should be the boss."

And so it went on with the heart, the lungs and all the other parts putting their claim in, till there was nothing left but the arse. All the others laughed when it made its bid for boss, for whoever heard of an arse being boss of anything? But this reaction upset the arse so much that with an angry sound it cut itself off completely, and refused to work anymore.

Soon the brain was feverish; the eyes ached and crossed; the feet felt too weak to carry the load; the hands hung limply at their sides, and the heart, the lungs, and all the other parts struggled to try and keep going. Finally they all gave in to the arse, and it became the boss.

And while they all did the work, the arse just sat back and let out a lot of hot air.

And the point of this tale is that if we can all learn to work together in harmony, we don't need to make arses of ourselves!

One Big Industrial Union
(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

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

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we're going to paint it red!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the way is clear ahead —
We're after shop democracy and liberty and bread
With One Big Industrial Union.

Come with us you workers, and join the rebel band,
Come you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,
We march against the parasites to drive them from the land,
With One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the truth will make you free.
Hurrah! Hurrah! when will you others see?
The only way we'll gain our economic liberty,
Is with One Big Industrial Union.

Slaves they call us, working mugs, inferior by birth,
But when we hit their wallets, 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 much as any mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're through,
Is One Big Industrial Union.

(Chorus.)

Hold The Fort

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

Chorus:

*Hold the fort for we are coming —
Union men be strong.
Side by side we'll 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 its needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

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

*(And if you don't know the tune, try finding one of the
thousands who sang it while marching to shut the Saltley
Coke depot from Coventry during the miners strike of 1972.)*