I.W.W. SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

PLAINTIFF'S
EXHIBIT
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7488

JOE HILL
MEMORIAL EDITION

PUBLISHED BY
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U. S. A.

THE PREAMBLE

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 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 earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the 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 the every-day 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.

SONGS

OF THE WORKERS

ON THE ROAD
IN THE JUNGLES AND
IN THE SHOPS

TENTH EDITION

CHICAGO
I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU
FEBRUARY, 1917

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Yours for the O.B.U.
Joe Hill

JOE HILL

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

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 were 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?

RALPH CHAPLIN.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

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,
  We'll have freedom, love and health.
When the grand red flag is flying
  In the Workers' Commonwealth.

THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

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 chants 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!

THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

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

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 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 systems drain our 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 BANNER OF LABOR

(Tune: "The Star Spangled Banner")

Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near,
The call now resounding: "Come all ye who labor?"
The Industrial band, throughout all the land
Bid toilers, remember each toiler his neighbor.
Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.
We call, you come forth in your manhood and might.

CHORUS

And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave
  O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.
And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave
  O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.

The blood and the lives of children and wives
Are ground into dollars for parasites' pleasure;
The children now slave, till they sink in their grave—
That robbers may fatten and add to their treasure.
Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?
Arise! Be ye men! See, the battle draws nigh!

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes;
While Poverty gaunt, Desolation and Want
Have dwelt in the bowels of earth's toiling masses.
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,
INDUSTRIAL UNION, the wage slave now cheers.

THE WORKERS' 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!
  Th' 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!

You starving member of the unemployed. Why starve? We have produced enough. The warehouses are overflowing with the things we need. WHY STARVE?

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 died 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 tyrant's 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—
  Ain't 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.

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 out in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shout;
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-abouts?

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.
Up goes machine or wages, and the hours must come down;
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what 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 must rave and shout,
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-abouts.

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.

Every worker should have an ambition to live to be a healthy old man or woman and hear the whistle blow for the bosses to go to work.

WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize
Into a great big union grand
And when we all united stand
The world for workers we'll demand
If the working class could only see and realize
What mighty power labor has
Then the exploiting master class
It would soon fade away.

CHORUS

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,
Come from every land,
Join the fighting band,
In one union grand,
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a paradise
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,
And all the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep
We want the man that's slinging hash,
The child that works for little cash
In one union grand.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chambermaid,
We want the man that spikes on soles,
We want the man that's digging holes,
We want the man that's climbing poles,
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man
And all the factory girls and clerks,
Yes, we want every one that works,
In one union grand.

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 forevermore,—
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

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 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 capitalist tool,
And serve your enemy?

Our Country? The country of millions of hunted, homeless, hungry slaves! The country of Colorado, Louisiana, Texas, Michigan, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and all the other innumerable scenes of labor's shambles? Not OUR country.

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 upon the desert, he is on 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 only could think.
And Scissor Bill, he says: "This country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede."
He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.

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.

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 gets rewarded 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 goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he 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 in the neck.

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.

All workers, "The Army of Production," in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color or sex, is invincible.

Labor is entitled to all it produces. An injury to one is an injury to all.

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.

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:

WE COME

(Air: "Toreador Song")

Workers, the World!
The Masters call in vain.
Though ground down pitiless,
We rise again;
And to the call of millions crying from the depths,
We shout our message to man—
And from the hearts of all the land
Comes loud and clear
The answering call,
"We Come."

Workers, be brave;
Through nights of toil and pain,
Oppression and slavery,
Priest, gun and chain,
Law and the bribings of a cruel, despotic class,
We march and sing our refrain—
Singing hopes of a million slaves:
"Workers, unite
Unite."

Workers, be strong;
They offer bribes in vain,
Promise and trick us,
Keep us enchained;
But to humanity's call we answering come,
Chanting our far flung refrain—
And from the hearts of all the land
Comes loud and clear
The answer to us,
Workers, unite,
"We Come."

Workers, the World!
Though Masters call in vain,
Grind us down pitiless,
We'll rise again.
And to the call of millions crying from the depths
We fling our challenge for right—
And from the hearts of all the land
Comes loud and clear
The answering call,
"We Come!"

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'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,
And they holler, they jump and they shout.
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,
"He will cure all diseases today."

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.

THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "San Antonio")

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;
  They're known throughout the land.
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,
  From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;
  Upon them the soldiers were hurled.
Their organization is known to the nation
  As the Industrial Workers of the World.
    Then hail to this fighting band!
    Good luck to their union grand!

CHORUS

They're all fighters from the word go,
  And to the master
  They'll bring disaster.
And if you'll join them
They'll let you know
  Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns
  In defense of their natural rights;
They proved themselves to be labor's sons
  In all of the workers' fights;
They have been hounded by power unbounded
  Of capitalists throughout the land,
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded
  For we still remain a union grand.
    Then hail to this fighting band!
    Good luck to their union grand!

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;
  The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;
  The Boss lives in the palace you make.
You face starvation, hunger, privation,
  But the Boss is always well fed.
Though of low station, you've built this nation—
  Built it upon your dead.
    Then when will you ever get wise;
    When will you open your eyes?

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.

"Why should one man's belly be empty when ten men can produce enough to feed a hundred?"

TA-RA-RA BOMM DE-AY

By Joe Hill

I had a job once threshing wheat, worked sixteen hours
with hands and feet.
And when the moon was shining bright, they kept me
working all the night.
One moonlight night, I hate to tell, I "accidentally" slipped
and fell.
My pitchfork went right in between some cog wheels of
that thresh-machine.

CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
And wheels and bolts and hay,
Went flying every way.
That stingy rube said, "Well!
A thousand gone to hell."
But I did sleep that night,
I needed it all right.

Next day that stingy rube did say, "I'll bring my eggs to
town today;
You grease my wagon up, you mutt, and don't forget to
screw the nut."
I greased his wagon all right, but I plumb forgot to
screw the nut,
And when he started on that trip, the wheel slipped off
and broke his hip.

SECOND CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
That rube was sure a sight,
And mad enough to fight;
His whiskers and his legs
Were full of scrambled eggs:
I told him, "That's too bad—
I'm feeling very sad."

And then that farmer said, "You turk! I bet you are an I-Won't Work."
He paid me off right there, By Gum! So I went home and told my chum.
Next day when threshing did commence, my chum was Johnny on the fence;
And 'pon my word, that awkward kid, he dropped his pitchfork, like I did.

THIRD CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
And part of that machine
Hit Reuben on the bean.
He cried, "Oh me, oh my;
I nearly lost my eye."
My partner said, "You're right—
It's bedtime now, good night."

But still that rube was pretty wise, these things did open up his eyes.
He said, "There must be something wrong; I think I work my men too long."
He cut the hours and raised the pay, gave ham and eggs for every day,
Now gets his men from union hall, and has no "accidents" at all.

FOURTH CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
That rube is feeling gay;
He learned his lesson quick,
Just through a simple trick.
For fixing rotten jobs
And fixing greedy slobs,
This is the only way,
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

Education is ammunition. Organization the weapon. Aim true and keep your powder dry.

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 bugle blow.
By our union we shall triumph
  Over every foe.

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

THE NINETY AND NINE

By Rose Elizabeth Smith

(Tune: "Ninety and Nine")

There are ninety and nine that work and die,
  In hunger and want and cold,
That one may revel in luxury,
  And be lapped in the silken fold.
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
  And the forest before them falls;

Their labor has builded humble homes,
  And cities with lofty halls;
And the one owns cities and houses and lands
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long,
  At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victor's song
  Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own."

THE ROAD TO EMANCIPATION

By Lone Wolf

(Tune: "Tipperary")

Now, workingmen, you know you live a life of misery,
So join the union of your class, determined to be free.
Don't let the master gouge your lives for many years to come,
But organize upon the job and put him on the bum.

CHORUS

It's the road to Emancipation, it's the right way to go;
For the toilers to run the nation and the world, both high and low.
Kick in, and do your duty; for it's up to you and me—
It's the One Big Union of the Workers that will bring prosperity.

Don't be a meek and lowly slave like lots of those you meet;
Don't be a servile scissor bill and lick the bosses' feet.
Don't let them starve you off the earth, don't fear their prison cell,
Make your laws in the union hall—the rest can go to hell.

Now, workingmen, the masters they have no more jobs to give;
You must form the taking habit if you ever wish to live.
Postponing meals is suicide on the installment plan,
So organize to get the goods, and take them like a man.

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 on a rock to 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 sharks 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."

The money kings in Cuba blew up the gunboat Maine,
But Block got awful angry and blamed it all on Spain.
He went right in the battle and there he lost his leg,
And now he's peddling shoestrings and is walking on a peg.
He shouts, "Remember Maine,
Hurrah! To hell with Spain!"

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. Rockefell."
Old Pete said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below."

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.

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 farmer's 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 Jehovah'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 pirates' tools;
History will say of you: "That pack of G—— d—— fools."

WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?
Think of the wrongs ye bear,
Think on the rags ye wear,
Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;
Toiling in snow and rain,
Rearing up heaps of grain,
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;
Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.
Why, then, like cowards stand,
Using not brain or hand,
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?
What right have they to take
Things that ye toil to make?
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;
Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,
Over their acres all,
Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,
Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoiler's trade;
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

"War is Hell" for the workers. Let us make the Class War a nightmare for the masters.

"The poor—is any country his? What are to me your glories and your industries—they are not mine."

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

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

CHORUS

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

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left 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 railroad laid.
Now we stand, outcast 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 skywards, stone by stone.
It is ours, and 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.

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 here 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:

CHORUS

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
Temptations calling everywhere.

CHORUS

OVERALLS AND SNUFF

(Tune: "Wearing of the Green")

One day as I was walking along the railroad track,
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back,
He was an old-time hop picker, I'd seen his face before,
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.
By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.

He took his blankets off his back and sat down on the rail
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail.
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike,
Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,
They're putting men in prison, just for going out on strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in the pen,
If they catch a wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and then.
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.
We can always get some more, we can always get some more,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.

Oh, Horst and Durst are mad as hell, they don't know what to do.
And the rest of those hop barons are all feeling mighty blue.
Oh, we've tied up all their hop fields, and the scabs refuse to come,
And we're going to keep on striking till we put them on the bum.
Till we put them on the bum, till we put them on the bum,
We're going to keep on striking till we put them on the bum.

Now we've got to stick together, boys, and strive with all
our might,
We must free Ford and Suhr, boys, we're got to win this
fight.
From these scissor bill hop barons we are taking no more
bluff,
We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls and
snuff,
For our overalls and snuff, for our overalls and snuff,
We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls
and snuff.

DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(*Written just before his execution*)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the
sea,
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father
she's always be—
But then one day the great war broke out and the father
was told to go;
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

CHORUS.

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there
all alone.
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was
gone.
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father
went to the war.
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the
cannon's roar.
Greater a soldier was never born, but his brave heart was
pierced one day;
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,
A girl's voice from far away:

CHORUS.

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 downcast;
For your efforts but add to the torrent,
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

CHORUS.

For our banner is rais'd 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,
Our 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.

STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
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'll 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.

THE OPTIMISTIC LABORITES

By John F. Kendrick

(Tune: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls")

We'll sing the praise of future days,
  The happy times to be,
When every man shall guard the plan
  That every man be free.
We have no ties beyond the skies,
  Our loves and hopes are here;
No holy fool can make us drool
  The dismal hymns of fear.

With ready hand we take our stand
  To hope and work and fight;
And while we live, our strength we'll give
  For liberty and right.
We make all wealth, conserve all health,
  By cunning craft and trade;
We bring all joys, for we're the boys
  Of hammer, brush and spade.

Then live the part that warms the heart,
  And wakens manhood's pride:
All Nature's laws confirm the cause
  For which our comrades died.
Some day we'll own the fields we've sown,
  When hunger's rule is past;
No child shall slave to feed a knave,
  When man is free at last.

THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

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 some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the 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 Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

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

IT IS THE UNION

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "We Have a Navy")

Sing a song in praise of toiling masses,
  Sing a song about our sons of toil;
Sing of wrongs done to the working classes,
  Wrongs that make our hearts boil.
We have always borne the blows and lashes—
  No more we'll patient stand,
But on every hand, throughout this splendid land,
  We sons of toil will make our stand.
Then in our glory will we tower,
What will be the secret of our power?

CHORUS.

It is the Union, the Industrial Union—
  Our banner is unfurled.
We will unite in all our splendid might
  In the Industrial Workers of the World.
We have a union, a fighting union,
And our masters know that, too.
It will keep them in their place
When they know they have to face
  Our union of workingmen that's true.

For countless years and ages we've been enslaved
  Beneath the capitalistic rule;
We, the strong, cringing to those men depraved.
  In whose hands we have ever been a tool.
But the day of liberty is dawning—
  Freedom now draws nigh.
We must unite to win the fight—
  Wage slavery then will die.
Then in our glory will we tower;
Great will be the workers' power.

An eight-hour day for all employed workers would put thousands of the unemployed to work.

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 horn-handed son of the toil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits from 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! Oh, 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 brow.
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 the 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.

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 diamonds 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 is beating
  That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are trembling
  When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
For the only and thoroughbred lady
  Is the Rebel Girl.

WE'RE READY

(Air: "Soldier's Song")

Courage and honor to him who's jailed;
Our hearts shall cheer him and cry "All Hail!"
Our hands shall help to win the fight—
We're ready to fight, we're ready to die
For Liberty.

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet from by applying to I. W. W. Publishing Bureau. Price, 25 cents.

WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer sun,
We have seen his children needy when the harvesting was done,
We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,
While their flag went marching on.

CHORUS.

Wage workers, come join the union!
Wage workers, come join the union!
Wage workers, come join the union!
Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city street—
We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths and Vandals meet;
We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their feet,
But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is sold,
Where the dealer's fatal hammer wakes the clink of leaping gold,
But the slavers of the present more relentless powers hold,
Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing wheel,
We will free the weary women from their bondage under steel;
In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man shall feel
That his cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear,
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the river's voice is near;
Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland will be here
As we go marching on.

THE PARASITES

By John E. Nordquist

(Tune: "Annie Laurie")

Parasites in this fair country, lice from honest labor's sweat;
There are some who never labor, yet labor's product get;
They never starve or freeze, nor face the wintry breeze;
They are well fed, clothed and sheltered,
And they do whate'er they please.

These parasites are living, in luxury and state;
While millions starve and shiver, and moan their wretched fate;
They know not why they die, nor do they ever try
Their lot in life to better;
They only mourn and sigh.

These parasites would vanish and leave this grand old world,
If the workers fought together, and the scarlet flag unfurled;
When in One Union grand, the working class shall stand,
The parasites will vanish.
And the workers rule the land.

UP FROM YOUR KNEES!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!
What have ye gained by whines and tears?
Rise! they can never break our spirits
Though they should try a thousand years.

CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.
  Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—
  Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—
  Greater the task when triumph nears.
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—
  Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.
  Out of the gloom the light appears.
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—
  Bought with your blood a thousand years.

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.

The I. W. W. hits the boss in the latitude of his hip where he carries his greenware.

HARK! THE BATTLE-CRY IS RINGING!

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!
Hope within our bosoms springing,
Bids us journey forward, singing—
Death to tyrants' might!
Tho' we wield not spear nor sabre,
We the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping every man his neighbor,
Shirk not from the fight!
See our homes before us;
Wives and babes implore us;
So firm we stand in heart and hand,
And swell the dauntless chorus:

CHORUS

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
Of the rich man's spite;
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
Often shines the fairest morrow
After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning,
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

If you would be informed of the every-day struggles, the theory and ultimate aim of the Revolutionary Labor Movement, you must read SOLIDARITY.

EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Everybody's Doin' It")

Fellow workers, can't you hear,
There is something in the air.
Everywhere you walk, everybody talk
'Bout the I. W. W.
They have got a way to strike
That the master doesn't like—
Everybody stick, that's the only trick,
All are joining it now.

CHORUS.

Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
One Big Union; that's the workers' choice,
One Big Union; that's the only noise,
One Big Union; shout with all your voice;
Make a noise, make a noise, make a noise, boys,
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!
Joining in this union grand,
Boys and girls in every land;
All the workers hand in hand—
Everybody's joining it now.

Th' Boss is feeling mighty blue,
He don't know just what to do.
We have got his goat, got him by the throat,
Soon he'll work or go starving.
Join I. W. W.,
Don't let bosses trouble you,
Come and join with us—everybody does—
You've got nothing to lose.

Will the One Big Union grow?
Mister Bonehead wants to know.
Well! What do you think, of that funny gink
Asking such foolish questions?
Will it grow? Well! Look a here,
Brand new unions everywhere,
Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,
Fight for Freedom and Right.

A. F. OF L. SYMPATHY

By B. L. Weber

(Tune: "All I Got Was Sympathy")

Bill Brown was a worker in a great big shop,
  Where there worked two thousand others;
They all belonged to the A. F. of L.,
  And they called each other "brothers."
One day Bill Brown's union went out on strike,
  And they went out for higher pay;
All the other crafts remained on the job,
  And Bill Brown did sadly say:

CHORUS

All we got was sympathy;
  So we were bound to lose, you see;
All the others had craft autonomy,
  Or else they would have struck with glee,
But I got good and hungry,
  And no craft unions go for me.
Gee! Ain't it hell, in the A. F. of L.
  All you get is sympathy.

Bill Brown was a thinker, and he was not a fool,
  And fools there are many, we know.
So he decided the A. F. of L.
  And its craft divisions must go.
Industrial Unions are just the thing,
  Where the workers can all join the fight;
So now on the soap box boldly he stands,
  A singing with all of his might:

CHORUS

There are but two nations, a nation of Masters and a nation of Slaves.

One active agitating worker in the industry, is worth a dozen in the jungle.

One Big Union, One Enemy—The Boss.

JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk With Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more to eat
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he thought,
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

CHORUS

A little talk with Golden
Makes it right, all right;
He'll settle any strike,
If there's coin in sight;
Just take him up to dine
And everything is fine—
A little talk with Golden
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand in hand,
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by Uncle Sam;
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."
He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.
But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,
In one big solid union they were organized.

CHORUS OF LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not
Make it right, all right;
In spite of all his schemes
The strikers won the fight.
When all the workers stand
United hand in hand,
The world with all its wealth
Will be at their command.

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's millions like me wandering,
Who are deeply pondering,
Oh, what must we do to live?
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'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 belong to toilers,
And not to the spoilers,
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.
The earth belongs to Labor,
Workers of the World, unite.

DON'T FORGET that you have been up against it this winter. How about next winter?

LABOR'S DIXIE

By Charles M. Robinson

Work away down South in the land of cotton,
"Citizen's Leagues" and all that's rotten,
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land the children toil
And the mothers moil in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

CHORUS

Work away, work away, away, away,
Away down South in Dixie!
In Dixie land let's take our stand
And live and die for Dixie!

In Dixie land is the Democratic party,
Organized to make the darkie
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land it grinds and grabs
And burns and stabs in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

In Dixie land is the thief land-holder—
Used to be bold, but he's now grown bolder,
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, nary pay,
In Dixie land he drags white "tramps"
Off to his camps in Dixie land,
Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.

But in Dixie land we're organizing,
Soon results will be surprising,
Work away, day by day, it will pay, Dixie land;
Work away, day by day, it will pay down South in Dixie.
Work away down South in Dixie,
Work away, it will pay,
For in Dixie land we'll strike the blow—
The boss must go from Dixie land—

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 shakin' with their mighty tread.
The master class in great fear now are 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 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 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 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 they are falling,
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

DON'T FORGET that eight hours a day would put thousands to work.

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go together?

PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band;
Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,
We march against the parasite to drive him from the land.
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—
We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread
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!

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!

"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!

We hate their rotten system more than 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!

GONE ARE THE DAYS

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

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

CHORUS

For we're going, we're going to take an eight hour day.
We surely will surprise the Boss some first of May.

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

SABOTAGE

Make it too expensive for the boss to take the lives and liberty of the workers. Stop the endless court trials by using the Wooden Shoe on the job.

Secure a bundle order of Solidarity each week for distribution, one and one-half cents per copy.

"War is Hell." Let the capitalists go to war to protect their own property.

THE WORKERS' BATTLE CRY FOR FREEDOM

By Geo. G. Allen

(Air: "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom")

Yes, we'll rally from the mines, boys, and fields of waving grain,
To shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.
And we'll rally from the workshops where millions have been slain,
To shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.

CHORUS

One Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah!
Down with Tradition! Let's raise the Wooden Claw.
Then we'll rally from the sweat shops, from brush to Poor Man's Lane,
To shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.

We shall rally to the call, boys, on every sea and shore.
To shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.
We shall stand with folded arms and for Masters slave no more,
And shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.

CHORUS

When the world is standing still and the Master cries for peace,
Let's shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.
When he dons the overalls then the working class will cease
To shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.

SECOND CHORUS

One Union forever! Hurrah, boys, Hurrah!
Down with the Gunmen! Let's raise the Wooden Paw.
When we've gathered in the Camp, in the Jungle, on the Train,
Let's shout the Workers' battle cry for freedom.

COME JOIN THE ONE BIG UNION, DO

(Tune: "My Hula Hula Love")

By Richard Brazier

Down in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where we held the
Woolen Trust at bay
And won a shorter day, and a big increase in pay;
Where the workers showed the shirkers just what they
could do.
In Little Falls, too, they won the day.

CHORUS

Workers, oh workers, let's show this gang of shirkers
What we can do with One Union true.
For you our Union is fighting, for you your wrongs we're
righting;
Come join the One Big Union, do.

Down in Louisiana, where the fighting lumberjacks do
dwell,
Their labor power sell, in Kirby's peon hell;
Where the masters met disaster, when they met these
workingmen who knew
That One Big Union true, could win the fray.
The women in the sweatshops, and the children working
in the mills;
The stockyard's man who kills, the miner in the hills;
Must stick together, in all weather; in One Big Union
they must fight
Against the master's might, they must unite.

DON'T FORGET that our fight is your fight. So let's fight together.

Organize yourself and fellow workers on the job for higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions.

DON'T FORGET that a short work day, and big pay, always go together.

WALKING ON THE GRASS

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green")

In this blessed land of freedom where King Mammon
wears the crown,
There are many ways illegal now to hold the people down.
When the dudes of state militia are slow to come to time,
The law upholding Pinkertons are gathered from the slime.
There are wisely framed injunctions that you must not
leave your job,
And a peaceable assemblage is declared to be a mob,
And Congress passed a measure framed by some consum-
mate ass,
So they are clubbing men and women just for walking on
the grass.

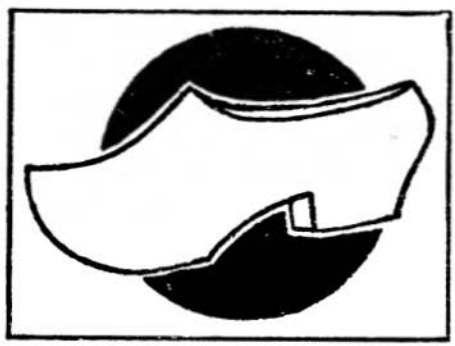
In this year of slow starvation, when a fellow looks for
work,
The chances are a cop will grab his collar with a jerk;
He will run him in for vagrancy, he is branded as a tramp,
And all the well-to-do will shout: "It serves him right, the
scamp!"
So we let the ruling class maintain the dignity of law,
When the court decides against us we are filled with whole-
some awe,
But we cannot stand the outrage without a little sauce
When they're clubbing men and women just for walking
on the grass.

The papers said the union men were all but anarchist,
So the job trust promised work for all who wouldn't enlist;
But the next day when the hungry horde surrounded city
hall,
He hedged and said he didn't promise anything at all.
So the powers that be are acting very queer to say the
least—
They should go and read their Bible and all about Bel-
shazzar's feast,
And when mene tekel at length shall come to pass,
They'll stop clubbing men and women just for walking on
the grass.

LIBERTY FOREVER

(Air: "Anvil Chorus")

We broke the yoke of a pitiless class,
And we burst all asunder our bonds and chains;
Our organization will win when it strikes,
And no more shall a king or a crown remain—
United fast are we with bonds that naught can sever;
Long, loud and clear and far our battle cry rings ever—
Liberty for aye and aye!
Liberty for ever!
Liberty for ever!
Shall be our battle cry.



If Freedom's road seems rough and hard,
And strewn with rocks and thorns,
Then put your wooden shoes on, pard,
And you won't hurt your corns,
To organize and teach, no doubt,
Is very good—that's true,
But still we can't succeed without
The Good Old Wooden Shoe.

J. Hill.

UNION SCABS

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card.

THE BONEHEAD WORKING MAN

Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, listen to the call,
Of the brave to the brave; take the world for all.
Now you need the light and might to free all homeless
working men,
Look around, all around and see,
Hear the pound, hear the sound of machinery.
How the owners fool you, how they rule you.
Just hear the bosses blow.

CHORUS

Hurry up! Hurry up! on my new machine.
Man, you're slow, boss is losing money.
It displaces seventy men. If you cannot speed up
you're fired then.
Go and look, go and look for another master.
Good or bad, you sure will make him wealthy.
It's God darned hard to wake you up.
YOU'RE A BONEHEAD WORKING MAN.

Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, hear the union grand.
It's a wave, it's a wave rolling through the land.
This the masters fear we are here to free our class from
slavery.
Get a book, get a book, read the word of light,
Take a look, take a look, join the band of might.
Come and be a wobbly, then you'll probably
Not let the bosses cry:

CHORUS

I. W. W. PENNANTS

Full size red felt pennants with large I. W. W. label and the wording, One Big Union. With the design and wording in three colors this makes an attractive appearance for demonstrations, and for decorating halls, etc. Price 25 cents each, postpaid.

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 fixed intention of the Workers of the World.
And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,
To gather 'round our standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

CHORUS

Where the Fraser 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 they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser river flows.

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.

Why should any worker be without the necessities of life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

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

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

How the masters holler when they hear the dreadful sound
Of sabotage and direct action spread the world around;
They's getting ready to vamoose with ears close to the ground,
From One Big Industrial Union.

Now the harvest String Trust they would move to Germany.
The Silk Bosses of Paterson, they also want to flee
From strikes and labor troubles, but they cannot get away
From 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.

CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray! Let's set the wage slave free.
Hooray! Hooray! With every victory
We'll hum the workers' anthem till you finally must be
In One Big Industrial Union.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

By John E. Nordquist

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

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 brave 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 angry sabs shall prowl the night
To 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.

"Military preparedness" is a part of the "preparedness of the capitalist class" for larger and more intensive exploitation of labor. One Big Union of the working class will be sufficient "preparedness" to enable the working class to overcome their enemy—ON ANY FIELD.

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 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.

"I have lived like an artist; I shall die like an artist."
—Joe Hill.

"Don't waste any time mourning—ORGANIZE!"—Joe Hill.

WORDS AND MUSIC

IN

POPULAR SHEET FORM

OF

the following songs written by Joe Hill:
"The Rebel Girl."
"Don't Take My Papa Away from Me."
"Workers of the World, Awaken."
Single copies, 25c, 5 for $1.00, 60 for $10.00.

I .W. W. Publishing Bureau.

HOW TO JOIN THE I. W. W.

Any wage worker wishing to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, may proceed in the following manner:

1. If you live in a locality where there is a union of your industry already in exisence, apply to the secretary of that union. He will furnish you with an application blank containing the Preamble to the I. W. W. Constitution and the two questions which each candidate must answer in the affirmative. The questions are as follows:

"Do you agree to abide by the constitution and regulations of this organization?"

"Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?"

The initiation fee is fixed by the union, but cannot be more than $5.00 in any instance, and is usually $2.00. The monthly dues cannot exceed $1.00 and are in most unions 50 cents.

2. If there is no union of the I. W. W. in your vicinity, you may become a Member of the General Recruiting Union by making application to the General Secretary, whose address is given below. You will be required to answer affirmatively the two above questions, and pay an initiation fee of $2.00. The monthly dues are 50c for membership.

3. Better still, write to the General Secretary for a Charter Application Blank. Get no less than TWENTY signatures thereon, of bona fide wage workers in any one industry and send the charter application with the names to the General Secretary, with the $10.00 charter fee. Supplies, constitutions and instructions will then be sent you, and you can proceed to organize the union.

Join the I. W. W. Do it now!

The address of the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W. is, Wm. D. Haywood, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

STICK 'EM UP!

STICKERETTES

I. W. W.

Silent Agitators

ONE BIG UNION Propaganda with the hot-air taken out and a KICK added. Designed especially for use on the job and on the road. Publicity agents that work everywhere and all the time.

Just the thing to wise up the slave, jolt the Scissor Bill and throw the fear of the O. B. U. into the boss.

Eleven different designs printed in black and red.

Price. One envelope containing 150 STICKERETTES 25c. or one box of 10 envelopes (1,500 STICKERETTES) $1.50 Postpaid.

I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU

1001 W. Madison Street CHICAGO, ILL.

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Too great a number of titles of books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., are now furnished by the Publishing Bureau to allow their listing here in limited space. In nearly every town there are either Local Organizations of the I. W. W. or Newsdealers who carry a complete stock of the literature on this subject.

An Introductory Package of literature the regular value of which is $1.00 is offered to those wishing to make a preliminary study of this subject and the I. W. W. at 75c postpaid. The package contains one each of eleven pamphlets and also a copy of the Song Book.

A complete list and prices of both the reading matter and other special mediums of propaganda such as I. W. W. Pennants, special designs in Stickers, Pictures, Sheet Music, Photographs and Post Cards will be sent free to any address on receipt of request.

I. W. W. Publishing Bureau

1001 W. Madison Street CHICAGO, ILL.

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