

# I.W.W. SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF  
DISCONTENT

We Are  
In Here  
For YOU



You Are  
Out There  
For US

*Remember!*

GENERAL DEFENSE EDITION

▼  
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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 lock-out 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

FILED

No. A 200  
Pltf. Exhibit B 30

Admitted.



No. A 199  
Pltf. Exhibit A 23

Admitted.

FOURTEENTH EDITION

GENERAL DEFENSE

CHICAGO  
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JOE HILL



## **“REMEMBER”**

(Tune: “Hold the Fort”)

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### **CHORUS**

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.  
Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobblie true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend a knee,  
Come on you workers, organize  
And fight for Liberty.

HARRISON GEORGE,  
Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917.

# 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.

### **MAKING THE CAMPS LIKE HOME**

(Tune: "Way Down Upon the Swanee River")

By Richard Brazier

Way down upon the Kootenai River, out West away  
There's where the lumberjacks are working  
Only eight hours a day.  
There's where the boss am most unhappy, as sadly they  
roam  
For they see how the Loggers' One Big Union  
Am making the Camps just like home.

### **CHORUS**

Now the days are short and happy—eight hours we work  
then roam  
Oh! loggers our lives no more are dreary  
For we're making the camps just like home.

Think of the rotten camps so filthy, where we lived long;  
Of dollars spent on jobs and whiskey.  
Christ! how we "Jacks" were stung.  
Now, since the "Jacks" have got' together, no more we  
will roam.  
We'll fight to make our jobs still better,  
And make all the camps like home.

## 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!

---

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



## I. W. W. PRISON SONG

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

By Ralph Chaplin

The pale and dismal daylight falls  
Through iron bars on prison walls.  
In chains we came from far and near,  
And in dark cells they hold us here.

### CHORUS

Defiant 'neath the Iron Heel;  
Their walls of stone and bars of steel!  
For though all hell at us is hurled,  
We and our kind shall rule the world!

At us the blood-hounds are let loose,  
The lynch-mobs with the knotted noose;  
In legal sanctioned mask and gown  
The new Black Hundreds hunt us down.

To all brave comrades o'er the sea,  
In chains for human liberty,  
And all jailed rebels everywhere  
We say: be bold to do and dare!

By all the graves of Labor's dead,  
By Labor's deathless flag of red,  
We make a solemn vow to you,—  
We'll keep the faith; we will be true.

For Freedom laughs at prison bars  
Her voice re-echoes from the stars;  
Proclaiming with the tempest's breath  
A Cause beyond the reach of death!

Cell 28,  
Cook County Jail,  
March 5, 1918.

## 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-about's?

### CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a 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-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

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

# 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 **para-**  
dise  
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 chamber-  
maid,  
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 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?

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

## 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 go! durn  
Swede."

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

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 coffe 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.

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 it 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:

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shrikers, 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.



## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

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

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

### CHORUS

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

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

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

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

Finally came 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:

## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes  
at Me For?")

By Joe Foley

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellows when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop,  
Packing a hod of mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy;"  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

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

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

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.



## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

By John Healy

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

### CHORUS

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

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

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

## TIE 'EM UP!

(Words and music by G. G. Allen)

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you use your reason with the facts we have  
to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't yo see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill away,  
And you'll be among the common slaves upon some  
fateful day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about.—

So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win.  
Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.  
Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their like;  
What you need is One Big Union and the One Big Strike.

Why do you make agreements that divide you when you  
fight

And let the bosses bluff you with the contracts "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You all must stick together, don't you know.

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war

You can join the biggest tie-up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into one  
Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall run.



## **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 BOSSES WILL IN SLAVERY HOLD YOU

(Air: "Old Negro Melody")

By "El Gato Rojo"

The bosses will in slavery hold you,  
The bosses will in slavery hold you—(one of these days)  
The bosses will in slavery hold you,  
If you don't join the union one of these days.

For Solidarity will help you,  
For Solidarity will help you,—(get a big raise)  
For Solidarity will help you,  
If you will join the union one of these days.

So join with us in One Big Union,  
So join with us in One Big Union—(do it today)  
So join with us in One Big Union,  
For the One Big Union is the only way.

We'll give the boss a pick and shovel,  
We'll give the boss a pick and shovel—(one of these days)  
We'll give the boss a pick and shovel,  
We'll make him earn his living one of these days.

## 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 ot the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
    right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

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



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

**FAREWELL JOE**  
(Tune: "Farewell To Thee")  
By Richard Brazier.

Proudly went out Joe unto his death  
With smiling lips and fearless eyes  
This message gave with his last breath  
"Don't mourn for me, but ORGANIZE."

**CHORUS**

Farewell to you, thou rebel true  
Whose singing heart has charmed our weary hours  
Those last brave words, before you did depart  
Shall live forever in our hearts.

Though they stilled your rebel heart with lead  
And sealed with death your lips, our Joe,  
Those words, the last you ever said  
Will bring to the masters ruin and woe.

We have shed no bitter tears for thee  
Nor have we sighed the mournful sigh.  
We have fought the fight to make men free  
In the cause for which you had to die.

The wind sighs gladly o'er your grave  
A requiem joyfully for thee.  
It seems to sing, the life you gave  
Will hasten that day of liberty.

**CHORUS TO LAST STANZA**

Farewell, Joe, you had to go.  
The masters had declared that you should die, Joe,  
But although you're gone into that great unknown  
Your memory long with us, shall live.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—by Rudolf von Liebich, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

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

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

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

## 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.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

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One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.



## 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 para-  
site

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 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:

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.

## 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.  
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 c n 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've 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'd 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:

## DIXIE

(Tune: "They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise And  
Called It Dixie Land")

By Raymond Corder

Oh the master class and the scissor-bill  
They rave of Dixieland  
But still it's hell for darkies there  
And the migratory working man  
The plutes say Angels built Dixie  
But I think they told a fib  
If the Angels did build Dixie land  
Then I'll tell you what the Angels did.

### CHORUS

They built some built some big stockades,  
And they called it Dixie land  
Where justice is God only knows  
Far away in Dixie land  
They built the vilest place I've known  
To keep the slaves from doing harm  
Nothing was forgotten  
Where every thing is rotten  
When they built the county farm.  
And then they took a devil from the pit  
And they gave him a thirty-eight  
They taught him to be a convict quard  
And all worikngmen to hate  
It's a crime to organize down there  
But we'll show them as we've shown the Master  
Class elsewhere  
We'll make it twice as nice as paradise  
When we conquer Dixie land.

Oh the workers slave in this land so bright  
Where flowers ever bloom  
And democrats use laws and might  
To turn the light to gloom  
Oh working class of Dixie,  
Wake up and take your due  
Then the flowers will bloom for us again  
When finally we are through.

(Houston, Tex.)  
(January, 1917.)

**THE MESSAGE FROM O'ER THE SEA**  
(Tune: "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You")

One day as I sat pining  
A message of cheer came to me,  
A light of revolt was shining  
On a country far over the sea,  
The forces of rulers to sever  
And the flag of the earth to unfold  
To secure our freedom forever  
And a world of beauty untold.

**CHORUS**

All hail to the Bolsheviki!  
We will fight for our Class and be free,  
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are  
You're nothing of interest to me;  
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,  
If you don't like the spirit so true,  
Then just be like the cur in the story  
And lick the hand that's robbing you.

We have lived in meek submission  
Thru ages of toil and despair,  
To comply with the plutes' ambition  
With never a thought nor a care.  
An echo from Russia is sounding  
'Tis the chimes of a True Liberty,  
Its a message for millions resounding  
To throw off your chains and be free.

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial Freedom.

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YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



## WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;  
He said "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in one  
band  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

### CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.  
They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."  
The "Wobbly" said "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt  
If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.  
If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty  
You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free.

## 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."

## THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

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

By Wm. Whalen

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

### CHORUS

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

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

When McRea, and Veitch, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the wobs still hold the fort  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the working gent  
Organizes in a Union of its class  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming' earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.



## 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.

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Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form 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 makes the clink of leap-  
ing 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 dear,  
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, live 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 wretch-  
ed 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 un-  
furled;

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.

---

One Big Union tactics are simply the efficiency system  
applied to the class struggle.

# **HARK! THE BATTLE-CRY IS RINGING!**

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March on 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!



## 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

Here's hoping that the day is not far distant when  
we can open up the Bastiles of the Thieves of Industry  
and set our fellow workers free. Here's hoping that the  
gallows, dungeons, slave-pens and slaughter-fields of the  
master class are cheated of their prey.

---

Labor can be gouged only to the extent that it is willing to be gouged; it is willing only to the extent that it is unawakened. All workers who are not asleep should ORGANIZE. Join the I. W. W. and help arouse the Sleeping Giant to a realization of his own irresistible power.



## 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 Men, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

## 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 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.

---

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  
or 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, 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.

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,

---

### The I. W. W.; "Most Hated and Most Loved."

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended.—Helen Keller.

## ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

(Tune: "Are You from Dixie?")

By Joe Foley

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

### CHORUS

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

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

---

"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.



# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

By Ralph Chaplin

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

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace of all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

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

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

## 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  
wholesome 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 bands 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.

---

## **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 purpose of the I. W. W. is to organize the workers in all the world's industries into One Big Union, gaining gradual control of these industries by enforcing demands for more favorable hours wages and conditions until such time as the producers develop the necessary power and discipline to take over the ownership and management of the industries and run them for the benefit of the entire human race.

---

It is infinitely better to be in jail laying the foundation for freedom than to be free laying the foundation for jails.

---

The capitalist has had his day; he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Future belongs to Labor, and no power on earth can make it otherwise. The sky is already bright with the Red Morning of Emancipation. !



## MAY DAY SONG

Music by Rudolf von Liebig

Words by Ralph Chaplin

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

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

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

---

### 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 the gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to sitck 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?

---

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

# 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.

Now the harvest String Trust they would move to Ger-  
many.  
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.

---

Words and music of "We have Fed You All For a  
Thousand Years" can be obtained in attractive sheet  
form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing Bureau, Price  
25 cents.



## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;

For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.

### CHORUS

One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee. For goodness  
sake, "get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.  
Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.

Tap the bell for eight hours work; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.  
Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

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

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.  
"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay,



They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

### 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.

---

"Don't waste any time in mourning—Organize.  
D G G B D D D D D D D D

The capital letters under the last line are the notes for  
that line. It is the ascending scale and the first "D" is  
the "D" below middle "C" on the piano. The whole line  
should be rendered with spirit and "Organize" fortissimo.

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The I. W. W. is opposed to ALL kinds of despotism,  
but it is fighting, first, last and all the time to bring  
Democracy on to the JOB—into the daily lives of the  
workers.

---

Labor is entitled to all it can take. Join the I. W. W.  
and fight on the job for the full product of your labor.

## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Air: "Russian 'ПОХОРОННЫЙ МАРШ'—Funeral March.

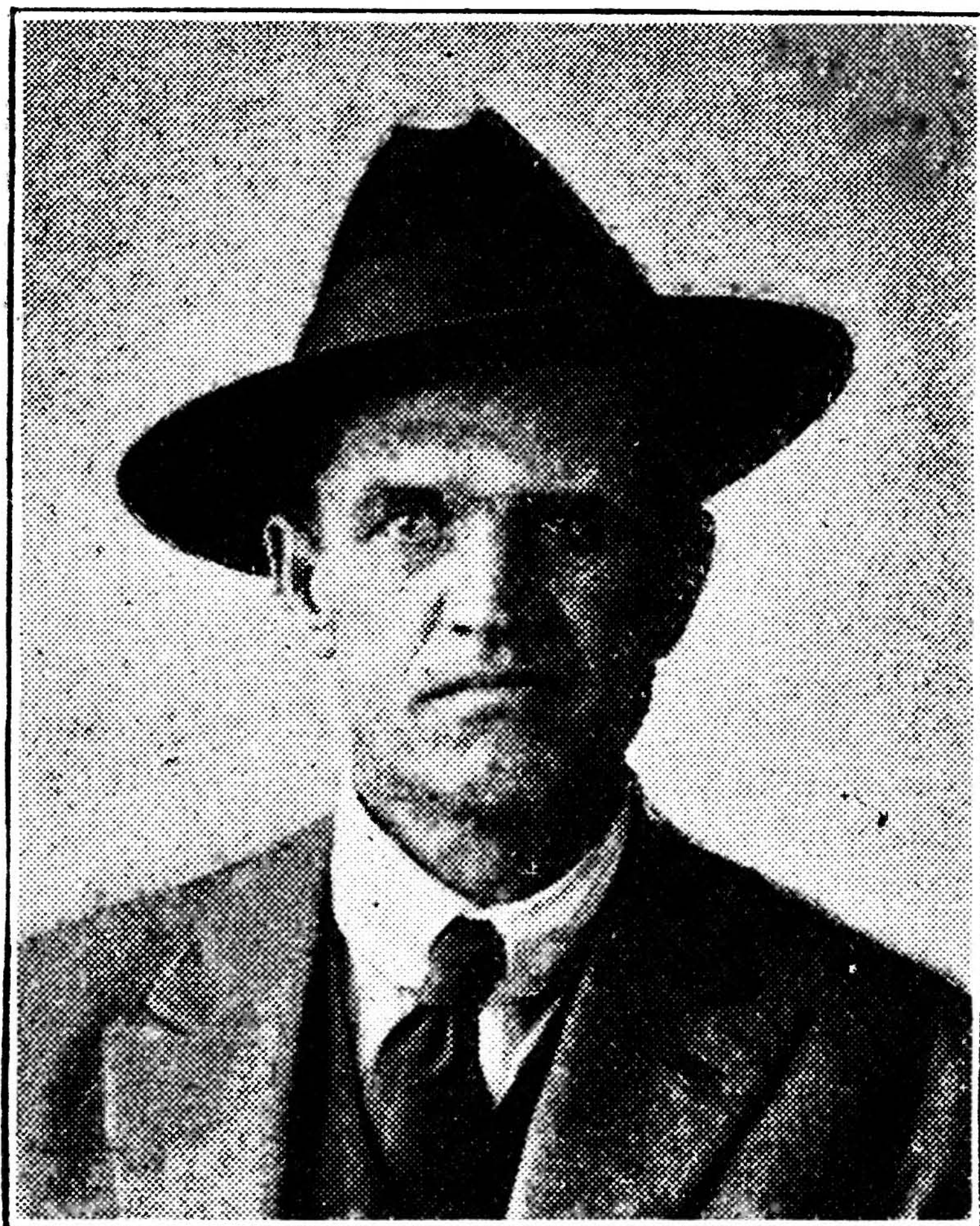
Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all,  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheer-  
ful and brave—  
Defying chains and jails you marched upon your way.

Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell  
In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph, trusting no promise—Heaven or  
Hell;  
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now we workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold—  
We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.

Farewell true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;  
As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,  
And Labor soon will prove that none have died in vain  
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)





### FAREWELL FRANK

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

By Gerard J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



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