



I. W. W.



SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF
DISCONTENT

PLAINTIFF'S EXHIBIT

"J 34"



PUBLISHED BY

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

1001 W. MADISON ST.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

: PRICE TEN CENTS :

SONGS

OF THE

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD



There have been repeated requests for the I. W. W. SONGS WITH MUSIC in a more popular form. The following are the songs now ready, or on the press. This list will be added to from time to time.

Each song is neatly printed on high grade paper in the form of a unique and very artistic pamphlet. The covers are of durable stock, of various shades of color. On each cover is an appropriate and stirring drawing representing the spirit of the song.

We Have Fed You All for a Thousand Years—

Words by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music by Rudolph von Liebig.

Funeral Song of a Russian Revolutionist—

Translation by Douglas and music by Rudolph von Liebig.

The Advancing Proletaire—

Words by Douglas. Music by Rudolph von Liebig.

Don't Take My Papa Away from Me—

Words and music by Joe Hill.

The Rebel Girl—

Words and Music by Joe Hill.

Workers of the World, Awaken!—

Words and music by Joe Hill.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH



INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

1001 W. MADISON STREET

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

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.

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.

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*



FIFTEENTH EDITION

CHICAGO
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
OCTOBER, 1919

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JOE HILL

"R E M E M B E R"

(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 worker, 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 Worker's Commonwealth.

THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The worker's 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 self and place;
To crouch 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 dungeous 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 equal 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 noisesome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight will stay.

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

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?

Our whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Our 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!

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 hut 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 wour 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 want 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.

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 chambermaid,
We want the man with 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.

CHORUS

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

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
It 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?

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 walk.
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 darn
Swede."

He says that evedy 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 coffee and 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.

ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Penit.)

Now the final battle rages;
Tyrants quake with fear.
Rulers of the New Dark Ages
Know THEIR end is near.

CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;
All is ours by right!
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!
Crush the Parasite!

With a world—wide revolution
Bring them to your feet!
They of crime and persecution—
They must work to eat!

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

Down with Greed and Exploitation;
Tyranny must fall!
Hail to Toils' Emancipation;
Labor shall be 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 to 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?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;
Working' 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.

"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."

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.

IN MEMORY

(Air: "The Memory of the Dead")

By James J. Ferriter

The long, long wished for hour has come
But come, I hope, not in vain,
When workingmen in One Union Grand
Will Liberty proclaim.
We've fought on many a battle field
Our Cause to maintain,
And here today we stand as one—
True Wobblies once again.

It was in the year of seventeen,
On August the first day,
The tyrant dogs of the master class
Our hero bold did slay;
We do not fear their lynching threats,
Their gunmen nor their jails,
And here today we stand as one—
Our Union never fails.

Oh, cruel was this martyrdom
Suffered by our patriot bold,
When dragged upon the rough paved streets,
All for the greed of gold;
Sure, Christ himself, when on this earth
Suffered on the Cross of Calvary
His life for freedom gave.

Here's to your Memory Frank Little,
Though dead and in your grave;
For the worker's Cause you fought so hard
And your precious life you gave.

But though you've gone your're not forgot—
Your work lives just the some,
For since you left we've organized
In honor of your name!

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 you 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 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.

HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Worker's 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.

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 in 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'll 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 worker's 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.

THE DREAM OF A MILLIONAIRE

By John E. Nordquist.

(Tune: "The Dream of a Soldier Boy")

In every jail on "democracy's" trail,
The wobblies were doing their bit;
A parasite lay dreaming
Who said their doom was fit.
When the darkness had taken to flight,
Then he told of his dream in the night;

CHORUS

"We have crushed the Industrial Union,
We have killed all their active men;
We have smeared them with tar and we've beat them
with clubs,
And scared away the working dubs.
There's no chance for their organization—
ONE BIG UNION has turned to air,
And back are the toilers to slav'ry again:"
'Twas the dream of a millionaire.

From every cell does the grand message swell;
"The toilers must organize!
Put down your tyrant masters,
Accept no compromise,
And the dream of your slavery's night
Shall come true in the real freedom's light:

Second CHORUS

When the Industrial Workers shall triumph,

All the masters must go to work;
And our mothers and babes shall have homes that day,
And work-worn children then shall play.
Every mortal shall live by his labor
And the old folks shall have good care;
The earth to a paradise will be transformed—
But a dream is the millionaire.

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!

But 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;

For 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 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.

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

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;
And 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.

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

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 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, Hurst 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 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 tought him to be a convict quard
And all workingmen 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.)

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.

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 rules 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.

**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 yet a job a-scabbing any time you like."

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

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angel's 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 excepted 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 worker's 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 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 on esong 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,
Its coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

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.

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial Freedom.

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 beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothers.
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 fight for freedof
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may 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 throughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

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 slaver's 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 fell

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 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

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

By John Brill

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.

EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT!

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Everybody's Doing 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 worker's 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 the 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? Look a here,
Brand new unions everywhere,
Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,
Fight for Freedom and Right.

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, misery 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.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

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

The Workers of the World are now awaking;
The earth is shaking' with their mighty tread.
The master class in 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's 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.

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 built it all anew,
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're
through,
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!**

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

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 Worker's 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 your arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

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

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!

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.

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 stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser
river flows.
New 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?

ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led,
With the Free Society
Shining out ahead!
Freedom, our one master,
Leads against the foe.

Forward unto battle
We, the workers go.
Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led,
With the Free Society
Shining out ahead!

War and wrong shall perish
Poverty shall cease.
Hatred, wrath, and slavery
Yield to joy and peace.

(REFRAIN)

Gates of jails can never
Gainst our will prevail.
We've the world's one power;
And we cannot fail.

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.
Horray! Horrory! 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' an them till you finally must be
In One Big Industrial Union.

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

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 the'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

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

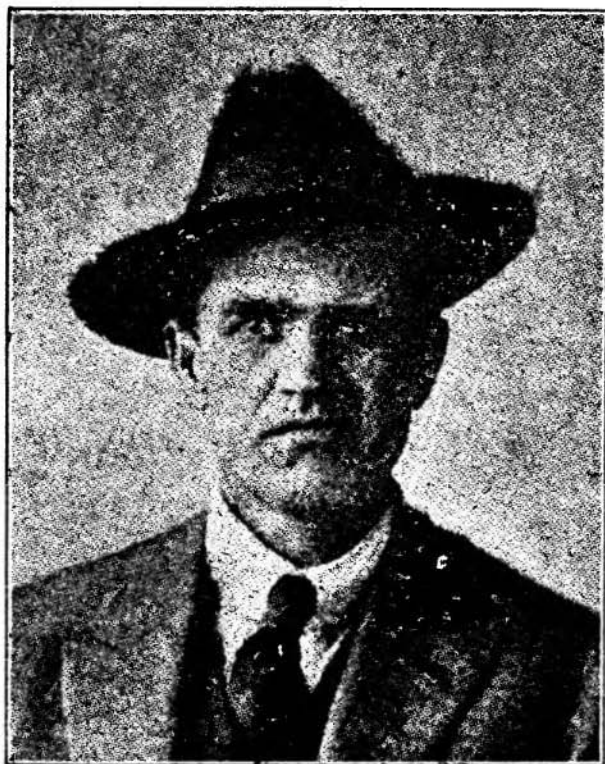
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;

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.**

ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen
And fight for Freedom's cause,
For you are bound, both hand and foot,
By capitalistic laws;
Your voices you can raise no more,
Your lips you now must seal,
For if you rise to speak a word
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,
And fight the common foe;
The rustling card with all its faults
This time must surely go.
The "seven days" and "safety first,"
Alas, they are no more,
So now's your time to fall in line
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,
Red wealth he has galore,
And all good things that Labor brings,
He's locked up in his store;
But if, like men, you'll organize,
His reign will be no more,
And he will go where he belongs
A shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six hour day
Must be our first demand;
For miners from our ranks each day
From death receive a call;

The miner's "con" you soon will see
Will lose its deadly pall,
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot
For the workers, one and all.

A CALL TO ACTION

(Tune: "Smiles")

Workers, now I know, what will make the union grow
Agitation, education, will defeat the foe.
Workers don't you see you must make your own selves
free,
Do get wise and organize and strike for liberty.

CHORUS

We'll no longer work for wages, we'll just take all we
produce
We have been wage slaves all through the ages
We ourselves must break the fetters loose
Then we will no longer heed the masters
Our defiance at them we will hurl
And we'll bid good bye to all wage slavery
And the red flag we will unfurl.

Masters boast in vain Bolshevism is on the wane
But the shirkers will be workers under Labors reign,
Toilers don't despair; we have but to do our share,
Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.

FELLOW WORKERS:

On the industrial battlefield of America there rages today one of the most sanguinary struggles that the world of labor has ever known. It is the age long struggle between the workers and the masters, quickened and intensified by awakening labor and the desire of the masters to crush forever, organized efforts of the workers to better their conditions.

Our previous appeals you have responded to generously, but perhaps you do not realize the stupendous task that confronts us. In Leavenworth we have more than a hundred members confined. In Omaha we have fifty or more to go to trial. In Kansas City, Kansas, thirty-six are to be tried. In Los Angeles the masters are demanding that fifteen more be sent to prison. In Sacramento and vicinity we have about a hundred, and there are hundreds more scattered throughout the country, all of whom must be defended.

Every dollar spent in the defense of these class war prisoners is a step toward Industrial Democracy. We are putting our case, our principles and our program before the workers of the world. The result will be beneficial to us. Let us make this the last time that it will be necessary to appeal for funds to fight our battle in the courts. We can do it. The powers that are crying for the blood of our fellow workers are the enemies of all workers.

We call upon you to do your utmost to help us raise funds. Protect yourself by protecting those who fight for you. Put your own name down for as large an amount as possible. Get your friends to contribute. Do not wait until it is too late. Do it today!

Contributors will receive receipt for each remittance. Make all Money Orders and Checks payable to William D. Haywood, Secretary, General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.