



SONGS

To Fan the Flames of Discontent

PRICE TEN CENTS

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 the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for 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.



I. W. W. SONGS

SONGS OF LIFE—from the
mine, mill, factory and shop

TWENTY-SECOND EDITION
1926

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WESLEY EVEREST

(Mutilated and murdered at Centralia, Washington,
Nov. 11, 1919, by a mob of "respectable"
business men)

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,
Wounded he faced you as he stood at bay;
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed . . .
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,
Tortured and killed . . . and silently slunk away
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.

Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how
You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride—
You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified . . .
A rebel unto Caesar—then as now
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in his side!

THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts
(A Centralia Victim, now in Walla Walla Penitentiary)

(TUNE: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with
us still;
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad
farewell,
In memory of that fateful autumn day;
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land
to roam,
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.
The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will
sing once more,
In that valley we will settle down to stay,
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland
shore—
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

—wIw—

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

THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin
(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

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 for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

II

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

III

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?

IV

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.

THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier
(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye priseners 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.

—wIw—

THE BANNER OF LABOR

(TUNE: "The Star Spangled Banner")

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

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

—wIw—

SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

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

CHORUS:

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

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy
parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us
with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where
they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles
of railroad laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders
we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and
ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward
stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled
to earn.
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel
can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom
when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-
fold.
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes
of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Rainbow")

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

CHORUS:

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

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,
And all the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and the stoker 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.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

There's a new day of liberty dawning
When sunbeams of Freedom shine true
And the emblem of love, floats gently above.
Hark! the message is calling to you.

CHORUS:

Sons of toil! awake to liberty
Wield thy sword of Solidarity.
Strike from bondage to be free.
Take the world for all who labor.
Dawn is breaking through the gloomy night
Spreading rays of liberty and light
That the wrong way may be made right in this world
so fair.

I can see in the light of the morning
A new social era draws near;
Its glories sublime, in all hearts will shine
When there's no beastly rulers to fear.

Rally on with the banner of freedom
No longer to sweat in despair;
And the Heavens shall know we have conquered the foe
When the Red Flag is thrown to the air.

—wIw—

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.

THE CALIFORNIA PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

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

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 the 85 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.

—wIw—

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

MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
Or else he is bumming a ride.

CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
He's on the head end of an overland train—
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see.
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
To strike many blows for his country he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will—
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
His money is "out of sight."
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

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 a rock on 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 shark 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 fore-
man 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."

—wIw—

THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble-Down Shack In Athalone")

I have worked like a jack,
For that tumble-down shack,
That you see standing up on the hill;
I have worked like a hoss,
For the very same boss,
That you see every day at the mill.
When I walk down the track
To the tumble-down shack,
I have visions of prosperity,
Of rebuilding that shack,
When the boss pays me back,
All the money he swindled from me.

When you're all organized,
You will then be surprised,
At the changes we'll have at the mill.
All the strikes will be won
When we go out as one,
Our demands will be granted at will,
Then you'll walk down the track,
And tear down that old shack,
That is standing 'way up on the hill.
With the money paid back,
We can build a new shack,
From the money we made at the mill.

ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

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, than 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.

—wIw—

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

I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't deceive you,
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will feed me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
—Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,
I must e'er disdain to moan
And although I'm awful hungry,
I would leave "your work" alone.
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—
And I know just how you feel;
But you see, if I'm to marry
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging
While the sun is high and warm,
It would cause me sundry dodging
Through the winter's cold and storm.
I must have the all that's in it—
In the labor that I sell;
For you cannot tell what minute
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—
As you count your wealth untold
Would you have me save bologny—
'Gainst the day when I am old?
Now we understand each other
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother"
I'm too old to be a scab.

WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

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.

—wIw—

A shorter workday 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?
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!

—wIw—

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



JOE HILL

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

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what Life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue,"
Into the night unending; why was it you?

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.

—wIw—

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 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.

—wIw—

"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 go 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.

SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year
For guns and ammunition,
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear
To keep in good condition;
While millions live in misery
And millions die before us,
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"
But sing this little chorus:

CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;
Should the gun I ever shoulder,
It's to crush the tyrant's might.
Join the army of the toilers,
Men and women fall in line,
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!
Do your duty for the cause,
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,
Her love and pride must offer
On Mammon's altar in despair,
To fill the master's coffer.
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,
From tender youth he squeezes,
While brawny men must walk the street
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun
A thousand miles from ocean,
Where hostile fleet could never run—
Ain't that a funny notion?
If you don't know the reason why
Just strike for better wages,
And then, my friends—if you don't die—
You'll sing this song for ages.

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 diamond 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.

—wIw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained
in popular sheet form from the I. W. W.- 3333 Belmont
Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—
At your peril and cost let it be;
That river must seawards despite you—
'Twill break down your dams and be free;
And we heed not the pitiful barriers
That you in its way have down cast;
For your efforts but add to the torrent,
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages—
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces
That strengthen the flood they oppose;
For the harder oppression the fiercer
The current will be when it flows.
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,
In bitterest stress of the strife;
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of changelessly commonplace life,
One hope we have ever before us,
Our aim to attain and fulfill.
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
One kindred and brotherhood still.

..hat matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When a hundred have bravely been beaten
The hundred and first wins success.
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,
Our cry is the cry of the ages,
Our hope is the hope of the world.

—wiw—

ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

Down with Greed and Exploitation;
Tyranny must fall!
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;
Labor shall be all.

HARVESTERS !

(Tune: "Maryland")

You harvest workers of this land,
Organize, oh, organize.
Its bulwark evermore to stand,
Organize, oh, organize.

For with the flag of right unfurled,
In spite of darts against you hurled,
You still must feed this hungry world:
Organize, oh, organize.

If you would come into your own,
Organize, oh, organize.
Or be forever overthrown,
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere, throughout the land;
Together in one union stand; and
And be a firm united band,
Organize, oh, organize.

Firmly to stand against each wrong,
Organize, oh, organize.
Your only hope is union strong
Organize, oh, organize.

To break the bands of slavery
That bind you now from sea to sea
And from oppression set you free,
Organize, oh, organize.

Your calling was the first on earth,
Organize, oh, organize.
And now's the time to prove its worth
Organize, oh, organize.

Then come you workers, good and true
With good of all the world in view,
The die is cast, it's up to you:
Organize, oh, organize.

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

CHORUS:

**There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land—
One Industrial Union Grand.**

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

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

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

—wIw—

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

THE 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 shouts;
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's 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 rave
and shout,
And call us tramps and hobo's, 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 hobo's are coming back to stay.

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 on the desert, he is upon 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: "The country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn
Swede."

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

CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill is down on everybody
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.
Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get in the neck.

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.

—wIw—

THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

U. S. CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

—wIw—

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 skys;
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 tell you when you are 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.

—wIw—

STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

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

CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for
slaves,
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the
waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my
snooze,
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him
down and out;
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are
a case."
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-
thing nice,
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some
exercise."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half
a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with
Spain,
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any
means,
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

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.

—wIw—

Why do a shorter workday and a long pay always go
together?

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.

HARK! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING!

By H. S. Salt

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

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!
Hope within our bosoms springing,
Bids us journey forward, singing—
Death to tyrants' might!
Though 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, disdainful 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!

—wiw—

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

TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)



We'll remember you, Frank Little!
They couldn't still your voice,
So they strangled it;
They couldn't chill your heart,
So they stopped it;
They couldn't dam your life blood,
So they spilled it.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!
They didn't come in the broad of day
And warn you that in a world
Being made safe for democracy
There was no safety for you.
In the dead of night they came
And pounced on you,
Dragged you out as if you were an animal
Without daring to let you put your clothes on
Or bind up your broken leg.
They spared you no indignity,
They withheld from you no shame;
Afterward, no doubt, they washed their hands
With the air of men who've done their bit
In the cause of freedom.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!
The papers said: "So far as known,
He made no outcry."
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,
All I. W. W.
You'd have died a thousand deaths
Before you'd have cried aloud
Or whimpered once to let them
Enjoy your pain.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!
Long after the workers have made the world
Safe for Labor,
We'll repeat your name
And remember that you died for us.
The red flag that you dropped
A million hands will carry on;
The cause that you loved
A million tongues will voice.
Good bye, Frank Little!
Indian, white man, Wobbly true,
Valiant soldier of the great Red Army,
We'll remember you!

.. —Phillips Russell.

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
leaping gold,

But the slavers of the present more relentless powers
hold,

Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing
wheel,

We will free the weary women from their bondage under
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man
shall feel

That the 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.

FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(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.

CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some
increase in pay."

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out
as one;

They say they'll will the strike or put the bosses on the
bum."

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

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; 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.

—wIw—

DAN MCGANN

By Dublin Dan

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man,

Who sat with him on a bench:

"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,

He flourished a Stillson wrench,

"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie,

Don't open your lips to speak

Of the socialist or the anarchist,

Don't mention the bolshevik.

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff,

I'm as sick as a man can be

Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,

That this is the land for me;

If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,

And boast of its field of blue,

Boast of the dead whose blood was shed

For the peace of the likes of you.

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more

His wrench, in a forceful way,

"Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,

But I stand for the U. S. A.

I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads,

Don't flourish your flag so red,

Where I can see—or at night there'll be

Tall candles around your head.

"So tip your hat to a flag like that

Thank God for its stripes and stars,

Thank God you are here, where the roads are clear,

Away from the kings and czars,

And don't you speak of the bolshevik,

I'm sick of that stuff, I am—

One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag,

I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

REPLY

The "foreign" man looked at Dan McGann,

And in perfect English, said:

"I cannot see, for the life of me,

What you have got in your head.

You boast and brag 'bout the grand old flag

And the foes you put to rout,

When you haven't a pot in which to spit,

Or a window to throw it out.

You howl and kick about the bolshevik,

The anarchist and Wob—

You defend this rotten system when

You don't even own your job.

"Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you

If they kept out the Russian Finn,

The German Jew, and the Frenchman too,

And just let the Irish in;

You're full of that religious bunk

And the priest on your life has a lease—

You're not even blest, like some of the rest,

With the sense that God gave geese;

You're a rank disgrace to the human race,

You're one of those grand mistakes,

Who came from the land, from which I understand,

St. Patrick drove the snakes.

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,

And I guess it is at that,

That your head is a place on the top of your face,

Which is meant to hold your hat.

If a thought ever entered your ivory dome—

Which I am inclined to doubt—
You would not rest till you'd done your best
To drive the 'foreigner' out.
You kick about the strangers here,
But you give no reason why—
And without these so-called 'foreigners,'
How would you get by?

"You're working for an Englishman,
Your room with a French Canuck,
You board in a Swedish restaurant
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck;
You buy your clothes from a German Jew,
Your shoes from a Russian Pole,
And you place your hope in a dago pope,
To save your Irish soul.
You're an 18-carat scissorbill,
You're a regular brainless gem—
But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand
For the things you now condemn.

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,
You booster for Uncle Sam,
For the language you use, when you're full of booze,
Doesn't scare me worth a damn—
Go fight and be damned, for your glorious flag,
And the boss who is robbing you;
One Union Grand, that's where I stand;
I'm boosting the O. B. U."

—wIw—

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.

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 horror of the bull-pen,
From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;
Upon them 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 why 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 get wise;
When will you open your eyes?

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 our hardest fight,

For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into light,

Is **ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!**

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss with fears;

Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and tears—

We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers

For **ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!**

"Slaves" they call us "working plugs," inferior by birth,

But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their smiles of mirth—

We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from the earth—

With **ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!**

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,

And what we'll have for government, when finally we're through,

Is **ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!**

THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

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.

—wIw—

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

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

By Lambert

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning—

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed;

For the hardest thing of all is to hear the master call:

"You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning."

Some day I'm not going to answer.

Some day I'm going to remain in bed.

I'll telephone up to the boss and ask him if "he'll come across—"

If not—I'll never get out of bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning—

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed;

When I think about the pay that he gives me every day,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up in the morning.

Some day I'm not a-going to answer.

Some day I'm going to remain in bed—

I'll send him out an S. O. S., and tell him I'm going to rest,

And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,

Oh, how I love to remain in bed—

When I think about my job, and the boss, the great big slob,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up this morning.

Some day I'm going to forget all my troubles,

And stay in bed every day till ten—

I'll tell the boss I am a Wob—and if he wants to take my job,

Well, then I'll never get out of bed!

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 fear now is 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 Big Union now they all are fighting,

The product of their labor to retain.

CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty

It's a union for you and for me;

It's the workers' own choice,

It's for the 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 have 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 falling,

By their principles to stand or fall and die.

—wIw—

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

"MIGHT IS RIGHT"

By Covington Hall

Might was right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was right when Gracchus bled,
Upon the stones of Rome;
And Might was Right when Danton fell,
When Emmet passed away—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the Commune perished
In the selfsame crimson flood;
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,
When Ferrer followed him,
When Cole's young life was beaten out
In Spokane's dungeon grim;
And Might was Right when Pettibone
Went stagg'ring down death's way—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Morgan builds
A hell 'round every hearth;
Might is Right when Kirby starves
His peons off the earth;
And Might was Right when Dietz became
Wolf Weyerhauser's prey—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;
And Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,
The One and Only Right;
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!
O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,
'Tis Freedom's only way—
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of today."

—wlv—

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 one big union's on the wane,
But the shirkers will be workers under Labor's reign;
Toilers don't despair, we have but to do our share,
Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.

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 horny-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits of 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! O, 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 RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife
And spill each other's guts upon the field;
Serve unto death the men you served in life
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
And give unto a war that is not yours;
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill
You must not pause to question why nor where.
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
For there your dismal tasks are still undone
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?
Once more beneath the lash you must distil
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,
And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never set you free
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name
And boundaries are things that don't exist;
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

—wIw—

WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Connell

(Air: "Lillibulero")

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 of the rags ye wear.

Think of 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 braves 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 you 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,
Onward 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.

—wIw—

HARVEST LAND

By T-D and H.

(Air: "Beulah Land")

The harvest drive is on again,
John Farmer needs a lot of men;
To work beneath the Kansas heat
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

CHORUS:

Oh, Farmer John—poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is overdrawn.
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage—
"Bull Durham" will not buy our Brawn—
You're out of luck—poor Farmer Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,
"Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw."
Nebraska calls, "Don't be misled,"
"We'll furnish you a feather bed!"

Then South Dakota "lets a roar,"
"We need ten thousand men—or more;"
Our grain is turning—prices drop!
For God's sake save our bumper crop."

In North Dakota—(I'll be darn)
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosier's" barn
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

CHORUS:

Oh, Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if it's going to rain—
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,
That I will not be here again.

—wIw—

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 Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey 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."

—wIw—

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 for evermore—
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,
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?

—wIw—

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 her 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.

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.

—wIw—

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see,
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty
But I can't see why they always pick on me,
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,
And he held his gun where everyone could see,
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we never could agree,
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,
And he locked me up and threw away the key—
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to hell,"
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

—wIw—

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.

—wIw—

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

ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

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

CHORUS:

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

—wIw—

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.

—wIw—

THE "BLANKET STIFF"

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

—wIw—

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 RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

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.

Workers- Unite!

Workers of the world: you know these songs. There is not a land where capitalism exists into which I. W. W. songs have not found their way. There is not a strike of class-conscious workers anywhere in which they are not heard. Workers are united in feeling, even as they unite their voices in the singing of songs "To Fan The Flames of Discontent."

Now make this unity real, and make your discontent heeded by uniting your power on the job as you have united your wishes and aspirations in "Solidarity Forever." Make "The Internationale" a reality; make the industrial union actually the whole human race. Make all prison songs unnecessary. It can only be done if we all come together, organized, ready to put an end to capitalism and make the world something worth singing about.

If you are not already in the Industrial Workers of the World, get in. If you are a member now, bring your fellow workman into it; make him a real Fellow Worker, building the "Commonwealth of Toil That Is To Be." You can do it. So do it.

Address Industrial Workers of the World,
3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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