It was Napoleon who said that if he could write a country's songs he would not care who wrote its laws.

— *I.W.W. Songs*

Edited and Compiled by:

Jackie Garcia  
Ryan Grooms  
Michelle Brown  
Ashley Eiman  
Jene Koenig  
Madison Furrh

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Table of Contents

Worker’s Complaints: Coal, Conflict and Why it Matters..............................................4

- “Busted”
- “Blue Monday”
- “A Coal Miner’s Goodbye”
- “Poor Miner’s Farewell”
- “Dark As a Dungeon”
- “Dogs at Midnight”
- “Miner’s Lifeguard”
- “Miner’s Lullaby”
- “The Mountain”
- “The Blind Fiddler”
- “The Coal Owner and the Poor Pitman’s Wife”
- “We Shall Not be Moved”
- “Two Cent Coal”
- “Old King Coal”
- “The Preacher and the Slave”
- “Casey Jones: The Union Scab”
- “Eight Hours”
- “16 Tons”
- “Dump the Bosses off your Back”
- “The Ninety and the Nine”

Unity through Song........................................................................................................66

- “They’ll Never Beat the Miners”
- “Solidarity Forever”
- “This What the Union Done”
- “Down On the Picket Line”
- “The Internationale”
- “The Industrial Workers of the World”
- “The Workers of the World are Now Awaking”
- “Which Side Are You On?”
- “The Popular Wobbly”
- “We Will Sing One Song”
- “Workingmen, Unite!”
- “Union Burying Ground”
- “The Red Flag”
- “There is Power in a Union”
The Women of the Strike ........................................................................................................103

- “The Death of Mother Jones”
- “Union Maid”
- “Sprinkle Coal Dust on My Grave”
- “The Young Lady who Married a Mule Driver”
- “The Hem of Her Apron”
- “The Woman’s Fight”
- “The White Slave”

The Music of Ludlow .......................................................................................................124

- “Bloody Ludlow”
- “We’re Coming Colorado”
- “Our Cause is Marching On”
- “The Ludlow Massacre”
- “Louis Tikas, Ludlow Martyr”

Woody Guthrie ..............................................................................................................139

- “All You Fascists”
- “Christ For President”
- “Dying Miner”
- “Ease My Revolutionary Mind”
- “Jesus Christ”
- “Miner’s Song”
- “1913 Massacre”
- “This Land is Your Land”
- “Union Prayer”
- “The Unwelcome Guest”

The Lessons of Ludlow ................................................................................................168

- “De Colores”
- “Which Side are you On?”
- “Stand Up”

Works Cited ..................................................................................................................183
Workers Complaints:

Coal, Conflict, and Why It Matters

The men, women and children of Ludlow, Colorado built their lives on coal, the energy source on which the modern Colorado economy relies. The long grinding hours for little pay stands in stark contrast to the industrialized economy and vast wealth their labor created. Meanwhile, the miners and their families worked, slept, played and breathed coal. It was their livelihood, their means of survival, their only source of income. By standing against Rockefeller, they stood for fair pay, safe working conditions and equality for all. And their plight became the catalyst for the fight against the evils of industry. A fight hundreds of thousands continue to fight today.
“Busted”

Harlan Howard

1962

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v9w-yUwqbA4&list=PLCF909DA14CE415DF&index=12
“Busted”

Well, the bills are all due and the babies need shoes.
We’re busted.

We’ve had a hard time since they closed down the mines.
We’re busted.

Got a cow that’s gone dry and a hen that won’t lay,
A big stack of bills that gets bigger each day.
Tomorrow they’ll haul our belongings away.
We’re busted.

Well, our friends are all leaving this ol’ mining town.
They’re heading up North where there’s work to be found.
And trusted.
Lord, I hate to give up this acre of land.
It’s been in the family since mining began.
But babies get hungry, they don’t understand
We’re busted.

We’re heading up North and we ain’t coming back.
Yes, we’re busted.

I called brother John, thought I’d ask for a loan.
We was busted.
Lord, I hate to beg like a dog for a bone
But we’re busted.

Brother John lost his job and his rent’s overdue.
His wife and his kids are all down with the flu.
He said, “I was thinkin' of callin' on you.
I'm busted.”
Lord, my old man’s no thief, but a good man turns bad
When he’s busted.
My babies ain’t well and it’s drivin' me mad
Cause we’re busted.
Gonna sell that 'ol Guernsey and give up this shack.
Come on now children, help mama get packed.
We’re headin up North and we ain’t comin' back.
We’re busted.

We’re busted...
“Blue Monday”

Michael F. Barry

http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk/song-midis/midi/BLUMNDAY.midi
“Blue Monday”

I went uptown last Saturday night,  
Intending to get one drink,  
The boys were all standing in front of the bar  
Telling what they could think.  
Their entries they were driving,  
Rooms and pillars too;  
I never saw such a mess of coal  
As around that barroom flew.

CHORUS
But it’s always the same blue Monday,  
Blue Monday after pay.  
Your shots are bad and your buddy is mad,  
And the shaft will work all day.  
Now I’ll have no more blue Mondays  
To make my hair turn gray;  
I’ll join the White Ribbon and then I’ll be givin’  
Me wife the whole of me pay.

The track layers and the drivers,  
Machine men and loaders too,  
They were all sitting around the tables  
Telling what they could do.  
But if they would only stay at home  
Their dollars and dimes to save,  
When a strike come on they could sing this song,  
“Operator, your work we don’t need.”
“A Coal Miner’s Goodbye”

Rev. Archie Conway

Date: 1938
"A Coal Miner’s Goodbye"

For years I have been a coal miner,
I worked day by day in the mine;
But no longer am I a coal miner,
I have come to the end of the line.

I toiled ‘neath the ground like the others,
Of hard knocks I have had quite a few.
Now my prayers as you labor, my brothers
Is that God will be watching o’er you.

May He throw His great arm round about you,
From harm keep everyone free;
I guess I’ll be lonesome with you,
Since it’s quitting time forever for me.

My tools are all rusty, I reckon,
I last saw them stacked up inside,
No longer to me do they beckon,
Since I started that last fatal ride.

Some day I’ll be absent forever,
Then be true to your union, I pray,
I’ll deposit my transfer in heaven
Where no slate fall will come night or day.

We will have a good local in heaven,
Up there where the password is, “Rest,"
Where the business is praising our Father,
And no scabs every mar or molest.

Our Savior is on the committee,
He is pleading our cases alone,
For ages He’s been on committee,
Pleading daily to God on the throne.

The Bible up there is the journal,
And the members all know it is true;
The contract up there is eternal—
It was written for me and for you.

No strikes every happen in heaven,
The boss loves the men, I declare,
The house is in order in heaven—
I hope I shall see you up there.
“Poor Miner’s Farewell”

Mary Magdalene “Aunt Molly” Jackson (union activist and composer)

Date: 1932
“Poor Miner’s Farewell”

Poor hard working miners, their troubles are great,
So often while mining they meet their sad fate.
Killed by some accident, there's no one can tell,
Their mining's all over, poor miners farewell!

CHORUS

Only a miner, killed under the ground,
Only a miner, but one more is gone.
Only a miner but one more is gone,
Leaving his wife and dear children alone.

They leave their dear wives and little ones, too,
To earn them a living as miners all do.
Killed by some accident, there's no one can tell,
Their mining's all over, poor miners farewell!

Leaving his children thrown out on the street,
Barefoot and ragged and nothing to eat,
Mother is jobless, my father is dead,
I am a poor orphan, begging for bread.

When I am in Kentucky so often I meet,
Poor coal miners' children out on the street.
"What are you doing?" to them I have said,
We are hungry, Aunt Molly, and we're begging for bread."

"Will you please help us to get something to eat?
We are ragged and hungry, thrown out on the street."
"Yes, I will help you," to them I have said,
"To beg food and clothing, I will help you to get bread."
“Dark as a Dungeon”

Merle Travis

1946
“Dark as a Dungeon”

Artist: Merle Travis

.. A .............................................. D ............ E7

Come and listen you fellows, so young and so fine,

........ A ........................................ D ............ A

And seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mines.

........................................ D ...................... E7

It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,

............... A ................................. D ............ A

'Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

..... E7 ................................. A

It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,

............ E7................................. A

Where danger is double and pleasures are few,

......................................................... D............ E7

Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines

...... A ........................................ D ............ A

It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

It's a-many a man I have seen in my day,

Who lived just to labor his whole life away.

Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,

A man will have lust for the lure of the mines.
I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of day,
Is the same to the miner who labors away.
Where the demons of death often come by surprise,
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.
“Dogs at Midnight”

Tom Paxton

1970
“Dogs at Midnight”
Artist: Tom Paxton

D
You might hear dogs at midnight,
G .......................... A7
High up a treeless hill,

Workin' their own graveyard shift,
........ D
And howlin' out their fill,

While down below in Coal Town,
..... G ............... A7
A woman lies awake,

And hears her sleeping husband fight,
...... D
For every breath he takes.

............... A7 .................... D
Oh, the rockslide may not get you, the fire might pass you by.
............... A7
When the gas goes up, it might not be your time to die;
..... D ......................... G ............... A7
But every year gets harder to draw a simple breath
.............................................................................. D

When the black lung gets you, that's the kiss of death.

You might see old men waiting,
On the county courthouse green.
Tellin' tales at noontime,
Of the bitter sights they've seen.
It makes a postcard picture there,
Beside the courthouse door,
Unless you know just why they're waitin',
And what they're waitin' for.
“Miner’s Lifeguard”

Lyrics: Unknown

Charles Davies Tillman

1890
“Miner’s Lifeguard”

Artist: Charles Davies Tillman

Miner’s life is like a sailor’s, Board a ship to cross the wave. Every day his life’s in danger, Still he ventures being brave; Watch the rocks, they’re falling daily. Careless miners always fail. Keep your hand upon the dollar, And your eye upon the scale. Union miners stand together. Heed no operator’s tale; Keep your hand upon the dollar, And your eye upon the scale.
Miner's life is like a sailor's.
'Board a ship to cross the waves.
Ev'ry day his life's in danger,
Still he ventures being brave.
Watch the rocks, they're falling daily.
Careless miners always fail.
Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.

chorus: Union miners stand together,
Heed no operator's tale,
Keep your hand upon the dollar,
And your eye upon the scale.

Soon this trouble will be ended,
Union men will have their rights.
After many years of bondage
Digging days and digging nights;
Then by honest weight we labor
Union workers never fail.
Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.

Let no union man be weakened
By newspapers' false reports,
Be like sailors on the ocean
Trusting in their safe lifeboats.
Let your lifeboat be Jehovah
Those who trust Him never fail.
Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.

You've been docked and docked, my boys,
You've been loading two to one;
What have you to show for working
Since this mining has begun?
Overalls and cans for rockers,
In your shanties, sleep on rails.
Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.

In conclusion, bear in memory,
Keep the password in your mind:
God provides for every nation
When in union they combine.
Stand like men and linked together,
Victory for you'll prevail,
Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.
“Miner's Lullaby”

James Low

2004
“Miner's Lullaby”

Artist: James Low

Am ..................................... Em ............ Am
Sing little bird, sing for the skies and your freedom
........................................................ Em .......... Am
Cause it’s dark in this hole and our bodies are bonded
.................... Em .... Dm ........ Am
Yours to the miner, mine to the coal

........................................ Dm ........... Am
I came from a cradle of clear southern pine

You from across the wide ocean
........................................ Dm .......... Am
Do you remember of your former life?
.............................. Em ...... Am
I've heard it's a Garden of Eden
Now they say in the mountains we’re made for this life
God made these hands just for workin’
Did God make your wings to be caged in a mine?
To ease my poor mind with your singing?

Now sing little bird, sing for the skies and your freedom
Cause it’s dark in this hole and our bodies are bonded
Yours to the miner, mine to the coal

Now sleep little bird, dream of your skies and your freedom
Cause it's dark in this hole and I'm too tired to shovel...
“The Mountain”
Steve Earle
1999
“The Mountain”
Artist: Steve Earle
C ........................................................... Am
I was born on this mountain a long time ago
C ............................................ Dm .............. F ................. Am
Before they knocked down the timber and strip-mined the coal
C ........................................................... Am
When you rose in the mornin' before it was light
C .............. Dm ....................... F ..... Am G
To go down in that dark hole and come back up at night
I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home
And she holds me and keeps me from worry and woe
Well, they took everything that she gave, now they're gone
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

I was young on this mountain, now I am old
And I knew every holler, every cool swimmin' hole
‘Til one night I lay down and woke up to find
That my childhood was over, I went down in the mine.

There's a hole in this mountain, it's dark and it's deep
And God only knows all the secrets it keeps
There's a chill in the air only miners can feel
And there's ghosts in the tunnels that the company sealed.
“The Blind Fiddler”
Traditional Mining Song
Rewritten Eric Anderson
Date Unknown
“The Blind Fiddler”
Rewritten by: Eric Anderson

Am ....................................................... Dm ....... Am
I lost my eyes in the Harlan pits in the year of fifty-six
.................................. Em ....... Am ........... Em
While pulling a faulty drill chain that was out of fix
... Am ...................... Em ....... C ...... Am ........... Em
It bounded from the wheel and there it sealed my doom
.. Am .......................... Dm .......... Am
I am a blind fiddler and far from my home.
I went up into Louisville to visit Dr. Lane
He operated on one of my eyes; still it is the same
The Blue Ridge can't support me; it just ain't got the room.
Would a wealthy colliery owner like to hear a fiddler's tune?

With politics and threatening tones the owners can control
And the unions have all left us a long, long time ago
Machinery lying scattered, no drill sounds in the mine
For all the good a collier is, he might as well be blind.

Was a time I worked a long fourteen for a short eight bucks a day
You're lucky if you're mining, that's what the owners say
And if you've got complaining, you'd better aim to keep it low
How come they took my food stamps, does anybody know?

My father was a miner's son, a miner still is he
But his eyes have took a fever, and there's a shaking in his knee
The holes are closing rapidly, he cannot understand
Machine's got a bigger arm than him or any other man.

Plastic for the windows, cardboard for the door
The baby's mouth is twisting, it'll twist a little more
“They need welders in Chicago!” falls hollow to the floor.
How many miners made that trip a thousand times or more.

The lights are burning bright, there's laughter in the town
But the streets are dark and empty, there ain't a miner to be found.
They're in some lonesome hollow, where the sun refuse to shine
And the baby's screams are muffled in the sweetness of the wine.

With a wife and four young children depending now on me
Whatever can I serve them with? My God, I cannot see.
Through the Blue Ridge Mountains I am content to roam
I am a blind fiddler, and far from my home
Yes, I am a blind fiddler, and far from my home.

Songwriter: Traditional mining song rewritten by Eric Anderson
Unknown date of origin, possibly as early as 1850
“The Coal Owner and the Poor Pitman’s Wife

William Hornsby

1844
“The Coal Owner and the Poor Pitman’s Wife”
Artist: William Hornsby
Am ......................... Dm ....... Am
A dialogue I'll tell you as true as my life
........................................ Em ........... Am
Between a coal-owner and a poor pitman's wife.
........................................ Dm ........... Am
As she was a-travelling all on the highway

She met a coal owner and this she did say.
........................................ Em ........... Am
Derry down down down derry down
“Good morning, Lord Firedamp,” this woman she said  
“I'll do you no harm, sir, don't be afraid  
If you'd been where I've been for most of my life  
You wouldn't turn pale at a poor pitman's wife.”

“Then where have you been?” the owner he cried  
“I've been in hell,” the poor woman replied.  
“If you come from hell then tell me quite plain  
How you contrived to get out again.”

“Aye, the way I got out, the truth I will tell  
They're turning the poor folk all out of hell.  
This is to make room for the rich wicked race  
For there is a great number of them in that place.

And the coal owners is the next on command  
To arrive in hell, as I understand  
For I heard the old devil say as I came out  
The coal-owners all had received their rout.”

“How does the devil behave in that place?  
Sir, he is cruel to the rich wicked race  
He is far more cruel than you can suppose.  
Like a mad bull with a ring through his nose.

If you be an owner, sir, take my advice  
Agree with your men and give them a fair price,  
For if and you do not, I know very well  
You'll be in great danger of going to hell.”

For all you coal owners great fortunes has made  
By those jovial men that works in the coal trade  
Now how can you think for to prosper and thrive  
By wanting to starve your poor workmen alive.

“Good woman,” says he, “I must bid you farewell  
You give me a dismal account about hell.  
If this be all true that you say unto me  
I'll be home like a whippet, with my poor men agree.”

So come ye poor pitmen and join heart and hand  
For when you're off work all trade's at a stand.  
In the town of Newcastle all cry out amain  
Oh, gin that the pits were at work once again.

Well, the pitgates are locked, little more I've to say,
I was turned out of my house on the thirteenth of May,
But it's now to conclude and I'll finish my song;
I hope you'll relieve me and let me carry on.
“We Shall Not Be Moved”

Joe Glazer

Date Unknown
Glo-ry hal-le - la - jah, We shall not be moved; An-cho red in Je-ho - vah, We shall not be moved, Just like a
tree that’s plan - ted by the ri - ver, We shall not be moved.
We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
The union is behind us,
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
We're fighting for our children,
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
We'll building a mighty union,
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Black and white together,
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Young and old together,
We shall not be moved
“Two-Cent Coal”
Artist Unknown
Lyrics Unknown
1876
“Two-Cent Coal”

Oh, the bos-ses’ tricks of ’sev-en-ty six, They met with some suc-cess. Un-til the hand of

God came down and made them do with less, They robbed the ho-nest mi-ner lad And

drunk his flow-ing bowl, Through-po-ver-ty we were com-plied to dig them two-cent coal.
“Two-Cent Coal”

Oh the bosses’ tricks of ‘76
They met with some success,
Until the hand of God came down
And made them do with less.
They robbed the honest miner lad
And drunk his flowin’ bowl
Through poverty we were compelled
To dig them two-cent coal.

But the river it bein’ frozen—
Of course, the poor might starve;
What did those tyrant bosses say?
“It’s just what they deserve.”
For God who always aids the just,
All things He does control,
He brought the ice and He sent it down
And sunk the two-cent coal.

Their tipples, too, fled from our view,
And down the river went.
They seemed to cry as they passed by:
“You tyrants, now repent!
For while you rob the miner lad,
Remember, you’ve a soul.
For your soul is sinkin’ deeper
Than the ice sunk your two-cent coal.”

It’s to conclude and finish,
Let us help our fellow man,
And if our brother’s in distress,
Assist him if you can.
To keep the wolf all from his door,
And shelter him from the cold,
That he never again shall commit the crime
Of diggin’ two-cent coal.
“Old King Coal”

E.W. Foster

1873
“Old King Coal”

Old King Coal, was a merry old soul,
I’ll move the world, quoth he,
My country’s high and rich and great,
But greater she shall be,
And he call’d for a pick,
And he call’d for a spade,
And he call’d for the miners bold,
And it’s dig, says he, in the deep, deep earth,
You’ll find my treasures better worth,
You’ll find my treasures better worth,
Than miners of Indian gold.

Old King Coal, was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he,
He said I’ve found what I desired,
Though ‘tis but one in three,
And for water he call’d, and he call’d for fire,
For the smith’s and the workmen true,
Come build me engines great and strong,
We’ll have, quoth he, a change ere long,
We’ll have, quoth he, a change ere long,
We’ll try what steam can do.

Old King Coal, a merry old soul,
Tis fairly done quoth he,
When he saw the myriad wheels at work,
O’er all the land and sea,
They spar’d the bones and strength of men
They hammered, wore and spun,
There’s naught too great, too mean, or small,
The giant steam has power for all,
His task is never done.

Old King Coal, a merry old soul,
Quoth he, we travel slow,
I should like to roam the wide world round,
As fast as the wild winds blow,
And he called for his skillful engineers
And soon through hills and dales,
O’er rivers wide through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning passed,
On the ribs of the might rails.

Old King Coal, a merry old soul,
A merry soul is he,
May he never fall in the land we love
Who has made us great and free
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
Our name, our fame, our might and right,
In front of the world shall stand.
“The Preacher and the Slave”

Joe Hill

1911

Score to “In the Sweet By and By”

http://www.hymnary.org/media/fetch/146887
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:

Main 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 tell you when you are on the bum:
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.
“Casey Jones, The Union Scab”

Joe Hill

1911
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.

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 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 driver's 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.
(Chorus)
Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones turned into an angel,
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."
(Chorus)
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 Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.
(Chorus)
Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulfur
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."
“Eight Hours”

Rev. Jesse H. Jones (Music)

I.G. Blanchard (Lyrics)

1897
We mean to make things o- ver We are tired of toil for naught, With but bare e- nough to
live up- on And ne’er an hour for thought; We want to feel the sun- shine, And we
want to smell the flow’rs, We are sure that God has willed it, And we mean to have eight
hours. We’re sum- mo- ning our for- ces from the ship- yard, shop and mill,
Eight hours for work, Eight hours for rest, Eight hours for what we will.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, Eight hours for what we will.
We mean to make things over,
We are tired of toil for naught
With but bare enough to live upon
And ne'er an hour for thought.
We want to feel the sunshine
And we want to smell the flow'rs
We are sure that God has willed it
And we mean to have eight hours;
We're summoning our forces
From the shipyard, shop and mill

Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will.

The beasts that graze the hillside,
And the birds that wander free,
In the life that God has meted,
Have a better life than we.
Oh, hands and hearts are weary,
And homes are heavy with dole;
If our life's to be filled with drudg'ry,
What need of a human soul.
Shout, shout the lusty rally,
From shipyard, shop, and mill.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will.

The voice of God within us
Is calling us to stand
Erect as is becoming
To the work of His right hand.
Should he, to whom the Maker
His glorious image gave,
The meanest of His creatures crouch,
A bread-and-butter slave?
Let the shout ring down the valleys
And echo from every hill.
Ye deem they're feeble voices
That are raised in labor's cause,
But bethink ye of the torrent,
And the wild tornado's laws.
We say not toil's uprising
In terror's shape will come,
Yet the world were wise to listen
To the monetary hum.
Soon, soon the deep toned rally
Shall all the nations thrill.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will.

From factories and workshops
In long and weary lines,
From all the sweltering forges,
And from out the sunless mines,
Wherever toil is wasting
The force of life to live
There the bent and battered armies
Come to claim what God doth give
And the blazon on the banner
Doth with hope the nation fill:

Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will.

Hurrah, hurrah for labor,
For it shall arise in might
It has filled the world with plenty,
It shall fill the world with light
Hurrah, hurrah for labor,
It is mustering all its powers
And shall march along to victory
With the banner of Eight Hours.
Shout, shout the echoing rally
Till all the welkin thrill.
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest
Eight hours for what we will.
“16 Tons”

Merle Travis

1946
Some people say a man is made outa mud
A poor man's made outa muscle 'n blood...
Muscle an' blood an' skin an' bone
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

Am F E
cho: You load sixteen tons an' whaddya get?

Am F E
Another day older an' deeper in debt
Am F E
Saint Peter doncha call me 'cause I can't go
Am E Am
I owe my soul to the company sto'

Am F E
If ya hear me a-comin' ya better step aside
Am F E
A lotta men din't an' a lotta men died
Am F E
With one fist of iron an' the other of steel
Am F E
If the right one don' getcha then the left one will.

Am F E
I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
Am F E
Picked up my shovel and I went to the mine
Am F E
Loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
Am F E
And the strawboss said, "Well, Bless my soul!"

Am F E
I was born one morning in the drizzlin' rain
Am F E
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
Am F E
I was raised in the canebreak by an' ol' mama hound
Am F E
Ain't no high-tone woman gonna push me around.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jIfu2A0ezq0
“Dump The Bosses Off Your Back”

John Brill

Score to: “Take it to the Lord in Prayer”

Date Unknown
What a friend we have in Jesus! All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry, Every thing to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we oft-en forfeit! Oh what need-less pain we bear.

All because we do not carry Every thing to God 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 yr back
Are your clothes all torn 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 ear jack
Boob why don't you buck like thunder
And dump the bosses off your back
All the agonies you suffer
You could end with one good whack
Stiffen up you ornery duffer
And dump the bosses off your back
“The Ninety and Nine”

Lyrics by Elizabeth C. Clephane (1868)

Music by Ian R. Sankey (1874)
E.C. CLEPHANE

The Ninety And Nine

IRA D. SANKEY

Andante

1. There were ninety and nine, that safely lay in the shelter of the field, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine, Are they not enough for Thee?

2. "But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold. But the Shepherd made answer: This of mine has wandered away from me.

A way on the mountains wild and bare, A way from the tender go to the desert to Shepherds care.

And al though the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep!"
Lyrics:

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay
   In the shelter of the fold;
   But one was out on the hills away,
   Far off from the gates of gold.
   Away on the mountains wild and bare;
   Away from the tender Shepherd’s care.

2. “Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
   Are they not enough for Thee?”
   But the Shepherd made answer: “This of Mine
   Has wandered away from Me.
   And although the road be rough and steep,
   I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

3. But none of the ransomed ever knew
   How deep were the waters crossed;
   Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
   Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
   Out in the desert He heard its cry;
   ’Twas sick and helpless and ready to die.

4. “Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
   That mark out the mountain’s track?”
   “They were shed for one who had gone astray
   Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”
   “Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?”
   “They’re pierced tonight by many a thorn.”

5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riv’n,
   And up from the rocky steep,
   There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav’n,
   “Rejoice! I have found My sheep!”
   And the angels echoed around the throne,
   “Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!”
Unity through Song

Music allows for a sense of unity. Amongst the striking workers of Ludlow this unity through music allowed for a motley ensemble of workers from different cultures and who spoke different languages, to transform their simple labor strike into a revolution. Despite the hiring practices of CF&I which were employed to divide workers, it was the power of song that allowed workers to transcend cultural differences and to effectively unite. The following songs illustrate the schism that occurred between labor unions and industrialists, and while the incident at Ludlow may seem concentrated, the fact of the matter is that Ludlow is a microcosm of our national history and the continued conflict between capital and labor that define in large measure 20th century American politics. These songs stand mostly forgotten now, our collective national memory covered in blood.
“They’ll Never Beat the Miners”

Artist Unknown, 1984-85

Covered by: Ed Pickford

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lTy1xSqv-Ao&list=PLCF909DA14CE415DF&index=69
“They’ll Never Beat the Miners”

C
They'll never beat the miners,
F
Never beat the miners,
................ C
They'll never beat the miners
........ G .................. G7
No matter what they do.
................ C
They can curse them and deride them,
........... F
Try to starve them, try to bribe them,
............... C
But they'll never beat the miners
........ G7 ................ C
No matter what they do.

The Tories are mistaken if they think that folks are quaking
And shaking in their boots at facing them and all their clan.
The miners are not hiding; they're busy organising.
Together they will win because together they will stand.

Their wives are right behind them feeding and supporting.
Every meal they're making is buying them more time.
Did you ever see such women, who only think of winning,
Survive on next to nothing and stand on the picket line.

Maggie are you listening? You'll never beat these people.
They're facing this together and each one plays their part.
As long as there's one breathing, yo'll never see one yielding.
Maybe you can break their heads but you'll never break their hearts.
“Solidarity Forever”

Ralph Chaplin (organizer for Industrial Workers of the World)

Date: January 17, 1915
“Solidarity Forver” (Sung to tune of “Battle Hymn of the Republic”)

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

CHORUS:
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
For the union makes us strong.

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

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

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 a new world from the ashes of the old
For the union makes us strong.
“This What the Union Done”

Uncle George Jones

1940

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_5bJD0FA5HQ&list=PL83BB0B0232B7C2A6&index=4
“This What the Union Done”

In nineteen hundred an’ thirty-three
When Mr. Roosevelt took his seat,
He said to President John L. Lewis,
“In union we must be,
Come, let us work together,
Ask God to lead the plan,
By this time another year
We’ll have the union back again.”

CHORUS
Hooray! Hooray!
For the union we must stan’,
It’s the only organization
Protect the living man.
Boys, it makes the women happy,
Our children clap their hands,
To see the beefsteak an’ the good po’k chops,
Steamin’ in those fryin’ pans.

When the President and John L. Lewis
Had signed their decree
They called for Mitch an’ Raney—
Dalrymple make the three:
“Go down in Alabama,
Organize ev’ry living man,
Spread the news all over the lan’:
We got the union back again!”

There’s one law [of] President Roosevelt,
That made the operators mad:
Gave all the men the right to organize,
Join the union of their choice.
When the President had passed this law,
We all did shout for joy,
When he said no operator, sherriff or boss,
Shouldn’t bother the union boys.

In nineteen hundred an’ thirty-two
We was sometimes sad an’ blue,
Traveling round from place to place,
Trying to find some work to do.
If we’re successful to find a job,
The wages was so small,
We could scarcely live in the summertime—
Almost starved in the fall.

Befo’ we got our union back,
It’s very sad to say,
Old blue shirts an’ overalls
Were the topic of the day.
They was so full of patches
An’ so badly torn,
Our wives had to sew for ‘bout an hour
Befo’ they could be worn.

Now when our union men walks out,
Got the good clothes on their backs,
Crepe de chine and the fine silk shirts,
And bran’ new Miller block hats;
Fine silk shoes an’ the Florsheim shoes
They’re glitterin’ ‘gainst the sun,
Got dollars in their pockets, smokin’ good cigars—
Boys, this what the union done.

Befo’ we got our union back,
Our wives was always mad.
When they went out to church,
A print dress was all they had.
But since we got our union back,
They’re happier all the while,
Silk an’ satin of every kind,
To meet with ev’ry style.
“Down On The Picket Line”

Sarah Ogan Gunning

Transcribed by Manfred Helfert

1960s
“Down On the Picket Line”
Artist: Sarah Ogan Gunning

E
Come on, friends, an' let's go down,
A               E
Let's go down, let's go down,
E                  B
Come on, friends, an' let's go down,
E              B               E
Down on the picket line.

E
As we went down on the picket line
B         E               A
To keep the scabs out of the mine,
E                         A         E
Who's goin' to win the strike,
B       A              E
Come on an' we'll show you the way.

We went out one mornin' before daylight,
A         B
An' I was sure we'd have a fight,
E               B
But the scabs us carely [cowardly?] ran away,
E
We went back the very next day.

Come on, friends, an' let's go down,
A         E
Let's go down, let's go down,
E
Come on, friends, an' let's go down,
E         B             E
Down on the picket line.

As we went down on the picket line
To keep the scabs out of the mine,
Who's goin' to win the fight,
Come on an' we'll show you the way.

We all went out on the railroad track
To meet them scabs an' turn 'em back.
We went there strike, I'm glad to say,
Come on an' we'll show you the way.
The Internationale

Eugene Pottier

Translated by Charles H. Kerr

Music by Pierre Degeyter

Notes: This song was the former anthem of the Soviet Union
The Internationale
Lyrics: Eugene Pottier
Music: Pierre Degeyter
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.

Chorus: 
‘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 hit 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 the plundered toil? 
Fruits of the workers’ toil are buried in the strong coffers of few; 
In working for their restitution the men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united, the union we of all who work; 
The earth belongs to us, the workers, no room here for the shirk. 
How many on our flesh have fattened! But if the noisome birds of prey 
Shall vanish from the sky some morning, the blessed sunlight still will stay.
The Industrial Workers of the World
Lyrics by Laura Payne Emerson
Music by J.A. Roff
circa 1882
The Industrial Workers of the World
(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,
In the twilight's deepening gloom,
Where men and women languished
In a loathsome, living tomb.
They were singing! And their voices
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,
As the words came clear with meaning:
“Workers of the World, unite!”

As it was with Galileo,
And all thinkers of the past,
So with these Industrial Workers,
Tyrants’ shackles hold them fast.
In the bastilles of the nations,
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,
While upon their aching bodies
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken
And with hope for future years
They are calling to their fellows:
“Come, arise! And dry your tears.
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,
Break your bonds, exert your might —
You can make this hell a heaven,
Workers of the World, unite!”

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,
Vanguard of the coming day,
When labor’s hosts shall cease to cringe
And shall dash their chains away.
How the masters dread you, hate you,
Their uncompromising foe;
For they see in you a menace,
Threatening soon their overthrow.
The Workers of the World Are Now Awaking
Lyrics by Richard Brazier
Music by Harry Williams and Egbert Van Alstyne
1905
The Workers of the World Are Now Awaking
(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 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 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 on and join in the fray, 
Come on 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.
“Which Side Are You On?”

Florence Reese

1946
Come all of you good workers, good news to you I'll tell, of how the good old
union has come in here to dwell. Which side are you on? Which side are you
on? Which side are you on? Which side are you on?
Which Side Are You on?
(Florence Reese, 1946)

Come all of you good workers,
    Good news to you I'll tell,
Of how that good old union
Has come in here to dwell.

cho: Which side are you on?
    Which side are you on?
    Which side are you on?
    Which side are you on?

    My daddy was a miner,
        And I'm a miner's son,
    And I'll stick with the union,
        Till every battle's won.

They say in Harlan County,
    There are no neutrals there.
You'll either be a union man,
    Or a thug for J.H. Blair.

Oh, workers can you stand it?
    Oh, tell me how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab,
    Or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses,
    Don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance,
    Unless we organize.
“The Popular Wobbly”

Lyrics by T-Bone Slim

Scored to: "They Go Wild Over Me" by Joseph McCarthy and Fred Fisher (1917)

1920
Respectfully Dedicated to Our Pal Ed. Morton

They Go Wild, Simply Wild over Me

Words by
Joe McCarthy

Music by
Fred Fisher

Allegretto

hate to talk a - bout my - self, But here’s one time I must, Your con - fi - dence I’ll

get so man - y pret - ty girls, I give a few a - way, They both - er me each

trust, I have to speak or bust, It’s fun - ny how I get the girls, I
day, They’re lead - ing me a - stray, There’s lots of fel - lows go with girl, And

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

They accuse me of rascality,
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.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone into 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?

Well, then God, he went wild over me,
When I knelt beside the throne on bended knee.
When the angels heard me yell, they shot me down to Hell,
They went wild, simply wild, over me.
“We Will Sing One Song”

Joe Hill

Score to “My Old Kentucky Home”
We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horn-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

CHORUS:
Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth,
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."
Then we 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.
“Workingmen, Unite!”

E.S. Nelson

Score to “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?
“Union Burying Ground”

Woody Guthrie

1941
I see they're low'ring a right new coffin,
I see they're letting down a right new coffin,
Way over in that union burying ground.

And the new dirt's a falling on a right new coffin,
The new dirt's a falling on a right new coffin,
Way over in that union burying ground.

Oh, tell me, who's that they're letting down, down?
Tell me, who's that they're letting down, down?
Way over in that union burying ground.

Another union organizer,
Another union organizer,
Way over in that union burying ground.

A union brother and a union sister,
A union brother and a union sister,
Way over in that union burying ground.

A union father and a union mother,
A union father and a union mother,
Way over in that union burying ground.

Well, I'm a gonna sleep in a union coffin,
I'm a gonna sleep in a union coffin,
Way over in that union burying ground.

Every new grave brings a thousand new ones,
Every new grave brings a thousand members,
Way over in that union burying ground.

Every new grave brings a thousand brothers,
And every new grave brings a thousand sisters
To the union in that union burying ground.
“The Red Flag”

James O’Connell

1899
The worker's flag is deepest red, It shrouded oft our martyred dead. And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold, Their blood had dyed its ev'ry fold. 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.
Lyrics:

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their hearts' blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Within its shade 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 the surging throng.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Within its shade we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Within its shade we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Within its shade we'll live and die,
“There is Power in a Union”

Joe Hill

1913

Score to “There is Power in the Blood”
There Is Power in the Blood

While attending a camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, Lewis E. Jones was inspired to write the words and music for this great hymn. The manuscript was then sold to Dr. H. E. Gilmore, who was the first to publish it in a hymnal called Songs of Praise and Victory, in 1899.

I have arranged the simple fingerstyle arrangement over an alternating country bass pattern. The advanced arrangement was masterfully arranged by Ernie Smith. Ernie says that he first played this hymn while he was performing in an Assembly of God church orchestra as a child. He liked the song because of the story of salvation it tells. He arranged it in a rhythmic, up-tempo style.

Word and Music by
L. E. Jones

Arranged for the Guitar
by Gerard Garbo

Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Chorus:

would you over civil victory win? There's wondrous pow'r in the blood. There is

pow'r, pow'r, wondrous pow'r in the blood of the Lamb. There is

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Lyrics:

There is power in a factory, power in the LINE
Power in the hands of a worker
But it all amounts to nothing if together we don't stand
There is power in a Union

Now the lessons of the past were all learned with workers’ blood
The mistakes of the bosses we must pay for
From the cities and the farmlands to trenches full of mud
War has always been the bosses' way, sir

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters from many far off lands
There is power in a Union

Now I long for the morning that they realise
Brutality and unjust laws can not defeat us
But who'll defend the workers who cannot organise
When the bosses send their lackies out to cheat us?

Money speaks for money, the Devil for his own
Who comes to speak for the skin and the bone?
What a comfort to the widow, a light to the child
There is power in a Union

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters together we will stand
There is power in a Union.
The Women of the Strike

While the traditional depiction of coal miners is that of soot covered men, the wives, mothers, and daughters of these men suffered just as much under the brutal hand of industry. In many ways Ludlow offered women a forum to take social action and be heard in a time when women were denied the right to vote and were largely excluded from the political process. One woman in particular will forever be remembered as an advocate of labor and social change. Mother Jones was such an influential figure to the striking laborers of the United States that many songs are written around her involvement. We would do well to remember that the labor movement was very closely tied to Women’s Suffrage, and these songs reflect the struggle for equality, regardless of the issue. Mother Jones’ spirit lives on in lyrics such as “We need light – we need fight. We need Mother Jones.”
“Death of Mother Jones”

This author of the song is unknown, but it was first recorded by Gene Autry in 1931.
The Death of Mother Jones

Traditional

Reminiscently

Verses 1, 2 & 3:

C  G7  G7 C  F
1. The world today is mourning the death of Mother
2. Through the hills and over the valleys in every mining
3. With a spirit strong and fearless, she battled that which was

C  F  F#dim  C  Am
Jones; town; Mother Jones; Grief and sorrow hovered; she
wrong; Mother Jones was ready to help them; she
never gave up fighting;

D7sus  D7  G  C  G7
a-round the miners' homes. This grand old champion of
never let them down In front with the striking
until her breath was gone May the workers all get to

The world today's in mourning
O'er the death of Mother Jones
Gloom and sorrow hover
Around the miners' homes.
This grand old champion of labor
Was known in every land;
She fought for right and justice,
She took a noble stand.
O'er the hills and through the valley
In ev'ry mining town;
Mother Jones was ready to help them,
She never turned them down.
On front with the striking miners
She always could be found;
And received a hearty welcome
In ev'ry mining town.
She was fearless of every danger,
She hated that which was wrong;
She never gave up fighting
Until her breath was gone.
This noble leader of labor
Has gone to a better land;
While the hard-working miners,
They miss her guiding hand.

May the miners all work together

To carry out her plan;

And bring back better conditions

For every laboring man.

Lyrics from the book *Only a Miner*, by Archie Green, University of Illinois Press
“Union Maid”

Woody Guthrie

1940
“Union Maid”

There once was a union maid, she never was afraid

Of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriffs who made the raid.

She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,

And when the Legion boys come 'round

She always stood her ground.

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,

I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union.

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,

I'm sticking to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,

She couldn't be fooled by a company stool, she'd always organize the guys.

She always got her way when she struck for better pay.

She'd show her card to the National Guard

And this is what she'd say

You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from me;

Get you a man who's a union man and join the ladies' auxiliary.

Married life ain't hard when you got a union card,

A union man has a happy life when he's got a union wife.
“Sprinkle Coal Dust on My Grave”

Orville Jenks

1933

http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.natlib.ihas.200197188/default.html
“Sprinkle Coal Dust on My Grave”

**Lyrics:**

I'm just an old coal miner
And I labored for my bread;
This story in my memory I hear told;
For the sake of wife and baby
How a miner risks his life
For the price of just a little lump of coal.

Mother Jones is not forgotten
By the miners of this field,
She's gone to rest above, God bless her soul;
Tried to lead the boys to victory.
But was punished here in jail,
For the price of just a little lump of coal.

When a man has toiled and labored
'Til his life it's almost gone,
Then the operator thinks he's just a fool:
They sneak around and fire him
Just because he's growing old,
And swear they caught him breaking company rules.

Don't forget me, little darling,
When they lay me down to rest,
Tell my brothers all these loving words I say;
Let the flowers be forgotten,
Sprinkle coal dust on my grave
In remembrance of the UMWA.
“The Young Lady Who Married a Mule Driver”

James T. Downer

Date Unknown
“The Young Lady Who Married a Mule Driver”

There was a young lady who lived at a mine,
Who married a mule driver and had a heck of a time.
He would come from his work all covered in mud,
To dirty the floors she had recently scrubbed.
A hell of a time.

He would put his arms round her in loving embrace,
And leave the black marks all over her face.
He was a jolly good fellow and loved his dear wife,
But he made a mistake—the mistake of his life.
A hell of a time.

He met an old chum with a little brown jug,
And was late getting him his wifie to hug;
She saw them both coming a-staggering along,
And quickly got ready to sing them a song.
A hell of a time.

When she had finished she put Patsy to bed,
But the chum and the jug I think are both dead.
She was the young lady who lived at a mine,
Who married a mule driver and had a heck of a time.
A hell of a time.
“The Hem of Her Apron”

Lyrics by Zondrae King

Music by Raymond Crooke

2013
“The Hem of Her Apron”
Artist: Zondrae King and Raymond Crooke

C ................................................................. F ........................................ C
Like most girls of her generation she was clever with needle and thread,
..... F .................................. C ............... G7 ............................. C
Preparing with hope for the future, coverlets for both table and bed.
................................................................. F ..................... C
Every petticoat, bonnet and linen was carefully folded away,
......... F ............................... C ................................. G7 .......................... C
Then stored in a drawer or a camphor wood chest awaiting her wedding day.
.................... F ............................... C ............................. G7 ........................ C
There were cottons to wear in the summer. For winter some woolens were best.
............ F ............................... C ............................. G7 ........................ C
As the hem of her apron was finished she put it away with the rest.
She learned how to sew by eleven and continued on throughout her life.
When love came to her she was twenty. She took vows as a coal miner’s wife.
The cabins that made up the village had slab sides and plain wooden floors,
A room with a table, a simple bed and fuel burning stove by the doors.
The wash tub stood out by the tank stand with the copper and stick leaning by.
The hem of her apron was sodden as she hung the wet clothes out to dry.

By noon on each Tuesday and Friday she had baked on her mother’s advice
Batches of biscuits and meat pies and fruit pies, bread that was crusty to slice.
Instead of the scraps of old fabric she had sewn to a thick padded square,
Sometimes she would use just a dish cloth to handle the hot pans with care.
Her baking would cool on the table then she’d wrap them and store them away.
The hem of her apron was crusty with the flour and grease from the tray.

Her usual habit was order and that Thursday she scrubbed the board floor.
She mopped and she dusted, moving the soot then sweeping it all out the door.
The force of the blast nearly floored her. First she felt it then she heard the sound.
Her instinct told her there was peril to the souls who were still underground.
Then she rose and in great trepidation she joined with the rest of the line.
The hem of her apron grew dusty from the road as she ran to the mine.

A full shift of men had been working at the time of that earth shaking blast.
Her husband had not made the surface. She would hold on with hope ‘til the last.
With each one they dragged from the rubble she would look and then sigh with relief
Over bodies of men who’d been robbed of life. This time coal was the thief.
She joined with a small band of others, and the priest, seeking comfort in Psalms.
The hem of her apron was crumpled as she crushed it between anxious palms.

Circumstance can make heroes of many. The humblest can often be brave.
From the darkness she saw stumbling figures helping others to walk from the cave.
All at once he broke through to the sunlight. The darkness had felt like a shroud.
Passing on his companion to others, he searched for her face in the crowd.
With a small cry of joy she ran forward and he stooped to receive her embrace.
The hem of her apron was blackened as she wiped dirt and tears from his face.

It was only three hours she waited in the dust and the crowd and the chill
And though he returned there were others who, remaining below them, were still.
That July in the mine at Mt Kembla, ninety six men were lost to coal.
We remember them still with a tribute, each one is a martyred soul.
Round the world there are millions of miners. Disaster can occur any day.
The hem of her apron’s a symbol for those who stand vigil this way.
“The Woman’s Fight”

Lyrics unknown

Score to "Juanita" by T. G. May (1855)
The Woman's Fight

1. Soft on the mountain, Longing falls the southern moon, Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon!

2. When in thy dreaming, Moonlike these shall shine again, And daylight beameth, Prove thy dreams are vain,

In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond farewells,

Wilt thou not, relenting, For thine absent lover sigh, In thy heart consenting To a prayer gone well?

Ni-tal! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-tal! Juanita! Let me linger by thy side!

Ni-tal! Juanita! Ni-tal! Juanita! Leant thou on my heart. Be my own fair bride!
Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth, / 
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth. / 
In the heart of woman dwells a wish to heal all pain. / 
Let her learn to help men to cast off each chain. 
Woman, oh, woman, leave your fetters in the past; / 
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last. 
Mother, wife, and maiden, in your hands great power lies. / 
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice. / 
Far across the hilltop breaks the light of coming day. / 
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away. 
Woman, oh, woman, leave your fetters in the past; / 
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last. /
The White Slave

Joe Hill

Score to “Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland”
PLEASE NOTE:—Owing to the phenomenal and unprecedented success and sale of this beautiful song, there have been placed on the market, imitation "Dreamland" songs with very similar titles. This song written and composed by LEO FRIEDMAN and BETH SLATER WHITSON is THE ORIGINAL song of this title AND WE CAN PROVE IT.

Meet Me To-Night in Dreamland.

Words by BETH SLATER WHITSON.

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN.

Moderate.

Dreamily.

Dreaming of you that's all I do. Night and day I'm longing for you.

Sighing all day when you're away In blissful dreams, sweet-heart I pray

for you I'm pining. And in your eyes, blue as the skies I can see the love-light softly shining;

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Lyrics:

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
We 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 the starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptations calling everywhere.
The Music of Ludlow

The bloodiest labor conflict in United Stated history is known as the Ludlow Massacre. The massacre occurred when miners went on strike for a series of demands they earned in blood, demands we take for granted today. Rockefeller evicted the miners from his land, forcing them seventy miles south into a ramshackle tent colony. Later, tensions rose between the miners and the hired guns of Rockefeller, which resulted in 26 deaths among men, women and children when Rockefeller's militia set fire to the tent colony. These songs serve to illustrate the struggle of the miners as they fought for their freedom and dignity against the established hierarchy of industrial wealth.
“Bloody Ludlow”

Lyrics: Oliver Vincent Hirsch

1977

Notes: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=stuTvrsjn-g
“Bloody Ludlow”

On the east side of the Rockies
Colorado is rich in coal
And the story of the miners
Of Colorado should be told

Colorado it was a poor place
To raise a family in the 1910’s
And the miners of Colorado
Were poor hard working men

Now Rockefeller he was a rich man
He owned the mines and he owned the land
He wrote the law books for Colorado
And the sheriff was his right hand

Yeah Rockefeller he was a rich man
His clothes were fancy and his hands were fair
Because the miners they broke their backs to
Make Rockefeller a millionaire

And we’ll remember Bloody Ludlow
As a miner’s victory cause they fought back
Yeah we’ll remember Bloody Ludlow
As a miner’s victory cause they fought back

Well the miners they took to striking
For a union and a living wage
And when he heard this old Rockefeller
His coward’s heart it filled with rage

Call the militia get vigilantes
We’ll get ‘em guns don’t you spare no cost
Cause we have got to show them dirty miners
That Rockefeller he is the boss

And so one morning without warning
That state militia they opened fire
And by the sundown that miner’s village
Had become a funeral pyre

But the survivors they were undaunted
Got themselves guns and they fought back
And we’ll remember Bloody Ludlow
As a miner’s victory and that’s a fact
Yeah we’ll remember Bloody Ludlow
As a miner’s victory cause they fought back
Yeah we’ll remember Bloody Ludlow
As a miner’s victory cause they fought back
“We’re Coming Colorado”

Frank J. Hayes

1913
Yes we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom, We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom! The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star! While we rally 'round the flag, boys, Rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
We will win the fight today, boys,
We'll win the fight today,
Shouting the battle cry of union;
We will rally from the coal mines,
We'll battle to the end,
Shouting the battle cry of union.

CHORUS:
The union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the Baldwins, up with the law;
For we're coming, Colorado, we're coming all the way,
Shouting the battle cry of union.
We have fought them here for years, boys,
We'll fight them in the end,
Shouting the battle cry of union.
We have fought them in the North,
Now we'll fight them in the South,
Shouting the battle cry of union.
We are fighting for our rights, boys,
We are fighting for our homes,
Shouting the battle cry of union;
Men have died to win the struggle;
They've died to set us free,
Shouting the battle cry of union.
“Our Cause is Marching On”

Davie Robb

1913
Battle Hymn of the Republic

eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the

grapes of wrath are stored; He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword; His

truth is marching on. Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Mine
There's a fight in Colorado for to set the miners free,
From the tyrants and the money kings and all the powers that be,
They have trampled o'er the freedom that was meant for you and me,
But right is marching on.

CHORUS:
Cheer, boys, cheer the cause of union!
The colorado miners' union!
Glory, glory to our union!
Our cause is marching on.

We have tried to meet our masters for the people's common weal,
And to ease the miners' burden which our wives and children feel,
That each miner may get honest weight which now the masters steal,
Our laws must all prevail.

There's no justice in a system which will give a tyrant scope,
To encroach upon the rights of men without a gleam of hope,
And well we know that better men have dangled on a rope,
With justice marching on.

There were union men at Lexington and famous Bunker Hill,
At Valley Forge and Brandywine, to curb a tyrant's will,
And the union men at Gettysburg displayed the greatest skill,
To keep this nation whole.

'Tis the union of our miners that must battle for our rights,
For to show the power of labor as we've done in other fights,
To protect our wives and children and a cause that heaven lights,
Our cause is marching on.

We appeal to ev'ry statesman to uphold our nation's name,
And to crush within our borders now, a mighty nation's shame;
When the workers are protected then our nation grows in fame,
And freedom's crowned for aye.
“The Ludlow Massacre”

Woody Guthrie

1951
It was early springtime when the strike was on
They drove us miners out of doors
Out from the houses that the company owned
We moved into tents up at old Ludlow

I was worried bad about my children
Soldiers guarding the railroad bridge
Every once in a while a bullet would fly
Kick up gravel under our feet

We were so afraid you’d kill our children
Dug us a cave that was seven foot deep
Carried our young ones and a pregnant women
Down inside the cave to sleep

That very night you soldiers waited
‘Till all us miners was a sleep
You snuck around our little tent town
Soaked our tents with your kerosene

You struck a match and the blaze it started
You pulled the triggers of your Gatling guns
I made a run for the children but the firewall stopped me
Thirteen children died from your gun

I carried my blanket to a wire-fence corner
Watched the fire ‘till the blaze died down
I helped some people drag their belongings
While your bullets killed us all around

I never will forget the look on the faces
Of the men and women on that awful day
When we stood around to preach their funeral
And lay the corpses of the dead away

We told the Colorado governor to phone the president
Tell him call off his national guard
But the national guard belonged to the governor
So he didn’t try so very hard

Our women from Trinidad they hauled some potatoes
Up to Wallensburg in a little cart
They sold their potatoes and brought some guns back
And they put a gun in every hand

The state soldiers jumped us in the wire-fence corners
Did not know that we had these guns
And the redneck miners mowed down them troopers
You should of seen them poor boys run

We took some cement and walled the cave up
Where you killed these thirteen children inside
I said, “God bless the mine workers’ union”
And I hung my head and cried
“Louis Tikas, Ludlow Martyr”

Unknown Author

Unknown Date

Needs Music
Who knows what deeds on aient days
Gave impulse, yearnings, tendencies?
Who knows what blood flowed in his veins?
Perhaps the blood of Pericles.
He braved the assailants' iron might,
Their brutal hate, unbridled, wild;
His trust, the miners' naked home;
His care, the mother and her child.
And men in stress of coming days
Shall win by strength his spirit gives;
Who so for justice yield his life,
He, dying, yet, immortal lives.
Oh, Louis Tikas, gallant soul,
Defender of the helpless, weak;
Knight of humanity, you were
More than American or Greek.
Heroic spirits of all time
Attest your manhood's strong avail;
Extend warm hand-clasps as they cry:
"Good brother, noble comrade, hail!"
Woody Guthrie

The Ludlow Massacre was particularly inspirational to Woody Guthrie. The lessons of Ludlow and the ensuing labor strife served as content for many of Guthrie’s songs. Guthrie has, in the years following the tumultuous events of Ludlow, become the most tangible artifact of a brutal and unforgiving era. Guthrie’s music has served as an inspiration for many folk-singers who have followed in his footsteps. Without Woody Guthrie, this cultural memory in our national history would be even more shrouded in mystery.
“All You Fascists”

Lyrics: Woody Guthrie

Music: Billy Bragg

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yl-D4Hg1d9M
All You Fascists

I’m gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organized
You’re bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
Your poll tax and Jim Crow
And greed has got to go
You’re bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose.

All of you fascists bound to lose:
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:
Yes sir, all of you fascists bound to lose:
You’re bound to lose! You fascists:
Bound to lose!

People of every color
Marching side to side
Marching ‘cross these fields
Where a million fascists dies
You’re bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

I’m going into this battle
And take my union gun
We’ll end this world of slavery
Before this battle’s won
You’re bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!
“Christ for President”

Lyrics: Woody Guthrie

Music: Jeff Tweedy / Jay Bennett

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Difa0vYck8
Christ for President

Let's have Christ our President
Let us have him for our king
Cast your vote for the Carpenter
That you call the Nazarene

The only way we can ever beat
These crooked politician men
Is to run the money changers out of the temple
Put the Carpenter in

O It's Jesus Christ our President
God above our king
With a job and a pension for young and old
We will make hallelujah ring

Every year we waste enough
To feed the ones who starve
We build our civilization up
And we shoot it down with wars

But with the Carpenter on the seat
Way up in the Capital town
The USA would be on the way
Prosperity Bound!
“Dying Miner”
(aka “Goodbye Centralia”)

Lyrics & Music: Woody Guthrie

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lg0YqluDxM4
Dying Miner

It happened an hour ago
Way down in this tunnel of coal
The gas caught a fire from somebody's lamp
And my buddies are choking in smoke.

Dear daddy and mother, Goodbye,
Dear sister and brother, Goodbye,
My fingers are weak
And I cannot write
Goodbye Centralia, Goodbye.

It looks like the end for me
And all of my partners I see
When that work whistle blows and we don't come home
Do all that you can to help mom.

I can hear the moans and the groans
of more than a hundred good men
We're all writing letters to kids that we love
Please carry our notes to our wives.

This smoke is choking me down, yes,
The fumes are blinding my eyes
I see Joe Ballantinni, Fred Gutzler & Joy,
Forgive me for things I've done wrong,
I love you lots more than you know
Just work and fight and fix up these mines
so fire can't kill daddies no more.

Please name our new baby Joe
So he'll grow up like big Joe
And he'll make that old mining boss clean out your mines
So fires can't break out here no more.
“Ease My Revolutionary Mind”

Lyrics: Woody Guthrie

Music: Tom Morello
Ease My Revolutionary Mind

Night is here again, baby,
I'm stretched out on my bed
Seeing all kinds of crazy notions
Running through my head;

I need a progressive woman;
I need an awfully liberal woman;
Ain't no reactionary baby
Can ease my revolutionary mind.

One hand is on my pillow
One hand is on my head,
I see a million nightmares
Tearing around inside my head;

I need a progressive woman
I need an awfully liberal woman
I need a social conscious woman
To ease my revolutionary mind.

If I could only make you see, babe,
I ache and pain and bleed,
I know you'd come a runnin'
If you blistered both your feet.

I need a progressive woman;
I need an awful liberal woman;
I need an open minded mama
To ease my revolutionary mind.

If you could see me here, baby,
Broke out with salty sweat;
No matter where you go I know
You never could forget

I need a progressive woman;
I need a liberal thinking woman;
I need an open hearted mama
To ease my revolutionary mind.

I ain't no lumpen proletariat,
And I ain't no petty bourgeoisie
But I'm gonna be a cold corpse
If you don't run here to me
I need a progressive shipmate;  
I need a liberous nature lover,  
But no reactionary female  
Can ease my revolutionary mind.

If you're a republican or a democrat,  
Or a white hood Ku Klux Klan,  
No use to ring my doorbell  
'Cause I'll never be your man

I want a union working woman  
I want a progressive liberous woman,  
I want a nice progressive mama  
To ease my revolutionary mind.
“Jesus Christ”

Lyrics & Music: Woody Guthrie

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ARDj0NYolo
Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ was a man who traveled through the land
A hard-working man and brave
He said to the rich, "Give your money to the poor,"
But they laid Jesus Christ in His grave

Chorus:
Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
His followers true and brave
One dirty little coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

Chorus

He went to the preacher, He went to the sheriff
He told them all the same
"Sell all of your jewelry and give it to the poor,"
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

Chorus

When Jesus come to town, all the working folks around
Believed what he did say
But the bankers and the preachers, they nailed Him on the cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Chorus

And the people held their breath when they heard about his death
Everybody wondered why
It was the big landlord and the soldiers that they hired
To nail Jesus Christ in the sky

Chorus

This song was written in New York City
Of rich man, preacher, and slave
If Jesus was to preach what He preached in Galilee,
They would lay poor Jesus in His grave.
“Miner's Song”

Lyrics & Music: Woody Guthrie
Miner's Song

CHORUS: Dig and I dig and dig and dig
Dig diggy dig dig a dig
Dig diggy diggy dig dig
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

Precious metal is hard to find
Precious metal is hard to find
Down in the hole and down in the mine
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

Perfect ruby is hard to find
Perfect ruby is hard to find
Down in the gold slush and shine
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

Good-shaped diamond's hard to find
Good-shaped diamond's hard to find
Go in the hole both day and night
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

CHORUS

Nice round pearl's hard to find
Nice round pearl's hard to find
Dive to the bottom and feel around
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

Old Sam Digger is hard to find
Old Sam Digger is hard to find
Drink my wine with pickle and brine
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away

Nice-shaped woman is hard to find
Nice-shaped woman is hard to find
Roll 'em down the mountainside
And I dig my life away-o
And I dig my life away
CHORUS

Way down yonder on the buckskin road
Catfish married a horny toad
The fifteen kids dig down in the mines
They dig their lives away-o
They dig their lives away

Sharecrop bottom a few days ago
Water got high, spread a lot of mud
Caught me a gal with a rake and a hoe
We dig our lives away-o
And we dig our lives away

Climb way up to the forks of the tree
Prettiest little bird nest I ever did see
Get up the sticks and eggs and all
And dig my life away-o
Well I dug my life away

CHORUS
“1913 Massacre”

Lyrics & Music: Woody Guthrie

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BxxKWGTjNM
**1913 Massacre**

Take a trip with me in 1913,  
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.  
I will take you to a place called Italian Hall,  
Where the miners are having their big Christmas ball.

I will take you in a door and up a high stairs,  
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere,  
I will let you shake hands with the people you see,  
And watch the kids dance around the big Christmas tree.

You ask about work and you ask about pay,  
They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,  
Working the copper claims, risking their lives,  
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,  
And the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere,  
Before you know it you're friends with us all,  
And you're dancing around and around in the hall.

Well a little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights,  
To play the piano so you gotta keep quiet,  
To hear all this fun you would not realize,  
That the copper boss' thug men are milling outside.

The copper boss' thugs stuck their heads in the door,  
One of them yelled and he screamed, "there's a fire,"  
A lady she hollered, "there's no such a thing.  
Keep on with your party, there's no such thing."

A few people rushed and it was only a few,  
"It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you,"  
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,  
But the thugs held the door and he could not get out.

And then others followed, a hundred or more,  
But most everybody remained on the floor,  
The gun thugs they laughed at their murderous joke,  
While the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

Such a terrible sight I never did see,  
We carried our children back up to their tree,  
The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,  
And the children that died there were seventy-three.
The piano played a slow funeral tune,
And the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon,
The parents they cried and the miners they moaned,
"See what your greed for money has done."
“This Land Is Your Land”

Lyrics & Music: Woody Guthrie
This land is your land, This land is my land. From Cali-
for-nia, To the New York is-

land, From the red-

wood for-

ests, To the Gulf Stream

wa-

ters, This land was made for you and me.
This Land is Your Land

This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway:
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.
“Union Prayer”

Lyrics: Woody Guthrie

Music: Billy Bragg

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GkMIKXuoubI
Union Prayer

I hear that prayer and praying
Will change this world around
I fold my hands I bow my head
I kneel down on the ground

I prayed and prayed by nite & day
And then I prayed some more
I prayed till my tongue was dry as dust
I prayed till my knees had sores.

Will prayer change shacks to decent homes?
Will prayer change sickness into health?
Will prayer change hate to works of love?
Will prayer get me my right to vote?

Will prayer give jobs at honest pay?
Will prayer bring stomach full of food?
Will prayer make rich treat poor folks right?
Will prayer take out the Ku Klux Klan?

Will prayer cut down the hoodlum bands?
Will prayer stop the lynchbug hands?
If all of these things my prayers can do,
I’ll pray till I am black and blue.

If prayer will bring us union love,
I’ll pray and pray and pray some more.
I’ll pray all day from door to door
And fall at nite to pray some more
My prayer with a union label.
“The Unwelcome Guest”

Lyrics: Woody Guthrie

Music: Billy Bragg

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m63O-w2hQ3E
The Unwelcome Guest

To the rich man´s bright lodges I ride in this wind
On my good horse I call you my shiny Black Bess
To the playhouse of fortune
to take the bright silver
An gold you have taken from somebody else

And as we go riding in the damp foggy midnight
You snort, my good pony, and you give me your best
For you know, and I know, good horse
´mongst the rich ones
How oftimes we go there an unwelcome guest

I´ve never took food from the widows and orphans
And never a hard working man I oppressed
So take your pace easy,
for home soon like lightening
We soon will be riding, my shiny Black Bess

No fat rich man´s pony can ever overtake you
And there´s not a rider from the east to the west
Could hold you a light
in this dark mist and midnight
When the potbellied thieves
chase their unwelcome guest

I don´t know good horse,
As we trot in this dark here
That robbing the rich is for worse or for best
They take it by stealing and lying and gambling
And I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess

I treat horses good and I´m friendly to strangers
I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best
And the rangers and deputies
are hired by the rich man
To catch me and hang me, my shining Black Bess

Yes, they´ll catch me napping one day
and they´ll kill me
And then I´ll be gone but that won´t be my end
For my guns and my saddle will always be filled
By unwelcome travellers and other brave men
And they’ll take the money and spread it out equal
Just like the Bible and the prophets suggest
But the man that go riding to help these poor workers
The rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest
Lessons of Ludlow

The Ludlow Massacre marks a bloody revolution in our nation’s history, and while Ludlow may be largely forgotten in our collective memories, the struggle that the miners faced is repeated time and time again. Whether this struggle takes the shape of labor strikes, racism or even gay rights, the rhetoric in the music community often carries echoes of the coal camp songs written around the turn of the century. Struggle seems to be the state of human affairs in modernity, and no matter what struggles we face in our time, we would do well to remember Ludlow—the tragic deaths of their children, their intense sacrifices through a brutal Colorado winter, and especially, their willingness to fight for justice and basic rights in the face of overwhelming odds.
“De Colores”
Unknown Author
Unknown Date
De Co-lo-res, De Co-lo-res se ven-ten los cam-pos en la pri-ma-vera.

De Co-lo-res, De co-lo-res en el ar-cos lo que ven-mos lu-cir. Y por e-so los gran-des a-me-ces De me-hos co-lores me ga-s-tan a-ni. Y por e-so los gran-des a-me-ces De me-hos co-lores me ga-s-tan
De colores, de colores
Se visten los campos en la primavera.
De colores, de colores
Son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera.
De colores, de colores
Es el arco iris que vemos lucir.

Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.
Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.

De colores, de colores
Brillantes y finos se viste la aurora.
De colores, de colores
Son los mil reflejos que el sol atesora.
De colores, de colores
Se viste el diamante que vemos lucir.

Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.
Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo
Con el quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri.
La gallina, la gallina
Con el cara, cara, cara, cara, cara.
Los pollitos/polluelos, los pollitos/polluelos
Con el pío, pío, pío, pío, pí.

Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.
Y por eso los grandes amores
De muchos colores me gustan a mí.

Jubilosos, jubilosos
Vivamos en gracia puesto que se puede.
Saciaremos, saciaremos
La sed ardorosa del Rey que no muere.
Jubilosos, jubilosos
Llevemos a Cristo un alma y mil más.

Difundiendo la luz que ilumina
La gracia divina del gran ideal.
Difundiendo la luz que ilumina
La gracia divina del gran ideal.
In colors, in colors
The fields are dressed in the spring.
   In colors, in colors
Are the little birds that come from outside.
   In colors, in colors
Is the rainbow that we see shining.

   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors
   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors.

   In colors, in colors
Brilliant and delicate is dressed the dawn.
   In colors, in colors
Are the thousand gleams the sun treasures.
   In colors, in colors
Is dressed the diamond we see shining.

   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors.
   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors.

The rooster sings, the rooster sings
With a cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle-doo.
   The hen, the hen
With a cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck.
   The chicks, the chicks
With a cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep.

   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors.
   And that is why I love
The great loves of many colors.

   Joyous, joyous
Let us live in grace since we can.
   Let us quench, let us quench
The burning thirst of the King who does not die.
Joyous, joyous
Let us bring to Christ a soul and thousand more.

Spreading the light that illuminates
The divine grace from the great ideal.
Spreading the light that illuminates
The divine grace from the great ideal.
“Which Side Are You On?”

B. Dolan

2010

Original by Florence Reese, 1946
Come all of you good workers, good news to you I'll tell, of how the good old union has come in here to dwell. Which side are you on? Which side are you on? Which side are you on?
Verse 1:

Who let the torch passed fall in the tall grass?
Fire alarm wire’s disarmed, what do you call that?
Call it predictable political cliche
So when the movie ends, the revolution’s dead. Replay
the sequence of events that led to these deep divisions;
I’ve realized that all the wrong people are in prison.
The children wanna know if I believe in the Reptilians!
I tell em ‘I don’t know’ but on the TV I see lizards.
When action was in fashion you were such an easy mimic!
Bumpersticker quote lifting, crib note statistics,
Grasp for the straw man, born again cynics
Fair-weather firebrand; spark my suspicion.
We knew you were the type to take the fight like a gimmick,
and rock the t-shirt when your sweat wasn’t in it.
The clock is still ticking for the victim of the future,
You’re waiting til’ they look like you to ever choose but–

Chorus:
*Which Side Are You On?*
*Which Side Are You On?*
(Damn)
*Which Side Are You On?*
(Ask the Industry.)
*Which Side Are You On?*
(Ask an Emcee.)

Verse 2:

Who wrote the greatest lines of our generation,
but couldn’t get from under their own small-minded hate trip?
The same rappers say they’re trooping the frontlines,
and casually use the word ‘Faggot’ as a punchline.
That’s not a man, that’s not a tough guy.
That is a sucker and a fraud to the culture!
Hip Hop is folk music grown from the struggle and
half these fools could put the mic down and run as a Republican.
Fuck ‘em then; they learn from their own wrong.
Homophobes don’t go to my shows, we too strong!
And if you’re in the front row, harassing girls during a song
I will reach and ask you exactly–
Chorus:
Which Side Are You On?
Which Side Are You On?

Verse 3:

I’m on the side of poor people getting organized;
I’m on the side of Choice where it is in short supply;
I’m on the side of those the system doesn’t authorize;
L-G-B-T We are on the side of Pride,
Justice and Equality;
Egypt to Wisconsin when they march against the Policy;
If you bringing down a King I’m on your side probably.
Kids’ll give me shit for this it really doesn’t bother me.
They were not around when we were wrestling with poverty.
So I follow none and ask no-one to follow me.
Use your own mind, use your heart and your anger
Check yourself because Apathy is a cancer
And let your action be the answer.

Chorus
Which Side Are You On?
(Ask your government)
Which Side Are You On?
(Ask your media)
Which Side Are You On?
(Ask yourself)
Which Side Are You On?

Sample:

Don’t scab for the bosses,
Don’t listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven’t got a chance
Unless we organize.
“Stand Up”

_Fight With Tools_

Flobots

2008
Am    Gm     Am     Gm     Am      Gm
E-------------------------------------------------------------------|
B-------------------------------------------------------------------|
G-------------------------------------------------------------------| I used bar chords here because
D-------------------------------------------------------------------| personally I think it sounds
A-------------------------------------------------------------------| much better.
E--5-----3-----5-----3-----5-----3-----3-----|

E-------------------------------------------------------------------|
B-1-0---0-------------------------------------------------------------------|
G----2---2---2-0---0-------------------------------------------------------------------|
D-----------------2-0---0-2-0---0--------------------------------------------------|
A------------------------3-----------------------------|
E-------------------------------------------------------------------|

At the end of the song slow down a bit then end on an Am chord.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FdF-YkECTVc
Stand up
We shall not be moved
Except By a child with no socks and shoes
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Stand up We shall not be moved
Except by a woman dying from the loss of food
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you

We still don't understand thunder and lightning
Flash back to when we didn't fund the dam
Didn't fund the damn levi? No wonder man
Now our whole damn city's torn asunder man
Under water but we still don't understand
We see hurricane spills over on the land
Through gaps you couldn't fill with a 100 tons of sand
No we still don't understand
We've seen planes in the windows of buildings crumbled in
We've seen flames send the chills through London
And we've sent planes to kill them and some of them were children
But still we crumble in the building
Underfunded but we still don't understand
Under god but we kill like the son of Sam
But if you feel like I feel like about the son of man
We will overcome

So Stand up
We shall not be moved
Except By a child with no socks and shoes
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Stand up We shall not be moved
Except by a woman dying from the loss of food
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you

I said Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you

We shall not be moved
Except By a child with no socks and shoes
Except by a woman dying from the loss of food
Except by a freedom fighter bleeding on a cross for you
We shall not be moved
Except by a system thats rotten through
Neglecting the victims and ordering the cops to shoot
High treason now we need to prosecute

So Stand up
We shall not be moved
And we wont fight a war for fossil fuel
Its times like this that you want to plot a coup
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
So Stand up
We shall not be moved
Unless were taking a route we have not pursued
So if you've got a dream and a lot to do
Put your hands up and I'll copy you

I said Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
if you've got a dream and a lot to do
Put your hands up

Now shake, shake
A Polaroid dream
nightmare negatives develop on the screen
We sit back and wait for the government team
Criticize they but who the fuck are we
The people want peace but the leaders want war
Our neighbors don't speak, peek thru the front door
House representatives preach "stay the course"
Time for a leap of faith
Once More

Put your hands up high if you havn't imagined
Hope that the pen strokes stronger than the cannon
Balls to the wall, Nose to the grindstone
My interrogation techniques leave your mind blown
So Place your bets lets speak to the enemy
Don't let em pretend that we seek blood
And who's we anyways Kemo Sabe?
Mighty warlord wanna-be street thug
a threat for a threat leaves the whole world terrified
blow for blow never settles the score
word for word it's time we clarify
We the people did not want war

So Stand up
We shall not be moved
Except By a child with no socks and shoes
If you've got more to give then you've got to prove
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Unless were taking a route we have not pursued
So if you've got a dream and a lot to do
Put your hands up and I'll copy you

I said Put your hands up and I'll copy you
Put your hands up and I'll copy you
if you've got a dream and a lot to do
Put your hands up
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