

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE



25^c

DIBNER

SONGS OF THE

PEOPLE

New York

WORKERS LIBRARY PUBLISHERS

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THE INTERNATIONALE

Original French text by
Eugène Pottier

Music by
Pierre Degeyter

In march time ♩ = 120

A - rise, you pris'-ners of star - va - tion! A -
De - bout, les dam-nés de la ter - re! De -

rise you wretch-ed of the earth, — For jus - tice thun-ders con-dem-
bout, les for-çats de la faim! — La rai - son sonne en son cra-

na - tion, A — bet - ter world's in birth. — No —
tè - re, C'est l'é-rup - tion — de la fin. — Du pas-

more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us, A - rise, you
sé fai - sons — ta - ble ra - se, Fou - les d'es -

slaves, no more in thrall! — The earth shall rise on new foun-
clav's, de-bout, de - bout! — Le mon - de va chan-ger de

Refrain

da - tions, We have been naught; we shall be all. — 'Tis the
ba - se, Nous ne som - mes rien, soy - ons tout! — C'est la

fi - nal con - flict, Let each stand in his
lut - te fi - na - le, Grou-pons nous, et de -

place; — The In - ter - na - tional So - viet Shall
main — L'In - ter - na - tio - na - le Se -

be the hu - man race! — 'Tis the fi - nal
ra le genre hu - main! — C'est la lut - te fi -

con - flict, Let each stand in his place; — The
na - le, Grou-pons nous, et de - main — L'In -

In - ter - na - tional So - viet Shall be the hu - man race! —
ter - na - tio - na - le Se - ra le genre hu - main! —

2.

We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from the cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty
We must decide and do it well.

Refrain

3.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers,
No room here for those who 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.

Refrain

ARISE, YOU WORKERS

Bandiera Rossa

With spirit

Italian Revolutionary Song

1. A-rise, you work-ers, - fling to the breez-es — The scar-let
 2. A-rise, you work-ers, - your chains of slav-'ry — Will van-ish
A-van-ti po-po-lo, — a la res-cos-sa, — Ban-die-ra

ban-ner, - the scar-let ban-ner. - A-rise, you work-ers, - fling to the
 un-der - the scar-let ban-ner. - Come ral-ly round it, - come, show your
ros-sa, — ban-die-ra ros-sa, — A-van-ti po-po-lo, — a la res-

Refrain

breez-es — The scar-let ban-ner tri-um-phant - ly. } Wave scar-let ban-ner tri-
 brav-'ry, — The scar-let ban-ner tri-um-phant - ly. }
cos-sa, — Ban-die-ra ros-sa tri-on-fe-rà. Ban-die-ra ros-sa tri-

um-phant-ly, Wave scar-let ban-ner tri-um-phant-ly, Wave scar-let ban-ner tri-
on-fe-rà, Ban-die-ra ros-sa tri-on-fe-rà, Ban-die-ra ros-sa tri-

um-phant-ly For com-mu-nis-m and lib-er-ty.
on-fe-rà, Ev-vi-va com-mu-nis-mo e li-ber-tà.

THE BARRICADES

Slowly, but with utmost emphasis

1. We are fight-ing with a host of foes, We do
 2. Fa-scist prom-is-es can't fool us now, We will
 3. Com-rade, vic-to-ry is lead-ing you To the

not fear guns or can-non;
 fight them to a fin-ish. } Mount the bar-ri-cades For the
 bat-tle brave-ly march-ing.

work-ers' - cause, Car-ry on the - fight for free-dom. Mount the

bar-ri-cades For the work-ers' - cause, Car-ry on the - fight for free-dom.

BE A MAN

Words and Music by
Maurice Sugar

Allegro moderato

1. There's a cry that startsthem shak-ing As they sit up-on their thrones, There's a
*2. There's a cry that gets them wor-ried As they sit behind their phones, There's a

cry that leaves them quak-ing As a chill runs thru their bones. There's a
cry that gets them flur-ried And sends shiv-ers down their bones. Then they

cry that serves them no - tice That they can't do as they like. It's the
call up old man Berg - off For to send them scabs and thugs, And they

work - ers' call to ac - tion, It's the work - ers' call to strike.
plant them in our build - ings With their guns and ug - ly mugs.

* Improvised for the New York Building Service Workers' strike.

Refrain

It's the call of fel - low work - er; Be a man! Not a
man shall be a shirk-er, Be a man! It's the fight-ing call of broth-er, We are
fight-ing for each oth-er, Ev-ry man shall help an-oth-er; Be a man! Strike!

Be a Man

BLACK MAN FIGHTS WID DE SHOVEL

Negro Soldiers' Song
from the World War

1. Black man fights wid de shov-el an' de pick, Lord-y, turn yo' face on me.
Nev-er gets no rest 'cause he must-n't get sick, Lord-y, turn yo' face on me.

2. Joined the army for to get some clothes,
Lordy, turn your face on me.
What we're fightin' about nobody knows,
Lordy, turn your face on me.

3. Never goin' to ride that ocean more,
Lordy, turn your face on me.
Goin' to walk right home to me cabin (front) door,
Lordy, turn your face on me.

CASEY JONES

Words by Joe Hill

Tune: "Casey Jones, the Engineer"

At a moderate tempo

1. The work-ers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call, But
2. The work-ers said to Ca-sey "Won't you help us win this strike?" But

Ca - sey Jones, the en - gi - neer, he would - n't strike at all. His
Ca - sey said, "Let me a - lone; you'd bet - ter take a hike." Then

boil - er, it was leak - ing and its driv - ers on the bum, And his
some one put a bunch of rail - road ties a - cross the track, And

Refrain

en - gine and its bear - ings they were all out of plumb. Ca-sey Jones
Ca - sey hit the riv - er with an aw - ful crack. Ca-sey Jones

kept his junk pile running; Ca-sey Jones was work - ing dou - ble time. Ca-sey Jones
hit the riv - er bot - tom; Ca-sey Jones broke his blooming spine. Ca-sey Jones

got a wood - en med - al for be - ing good and faith - ful on the S. P. line.
was an An - ge - le - no; he took a trip to heav - en on the S. P. line.

3. 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."

Refrain

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.

4. The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Refrain

Casey Jones went to hell a-flying.
"Casey Jones!" the devil said "Oh, fine,
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

COMINTERN*

English text by
Victor J. Jerome

Music by
Hanns Eisler

In march time ♩ = 116

The musical score for page 14 features a piano introduction in E major, 2/4 time, marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The piano part consists of a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The vocal melody begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Rise up, fields and work-shops, come
 2. O you who are miss-ing, O
 3. The Com-in-tern calls you: Raise
 4. From Rus-sia vic-to-rious, the
 5. Rise up, fields and work-shops, come

The piano part continues with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, marked 'p' (piano). The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

out, work-ers, farm-ers! To bat-tle march on-ward, march
 com-rades in dun-geons, You're with us, you're with us, this
 high So-viet ban-ner! In steeled ranks to bat-tle! Raise
 work-ers' Oc-to-ber** Comes storm-ing Re-ac-tion's re-
 out, work-ers, farm-ers! To bat-tle march on-ward, march

* Comintern: Abbreviation for Communist International, the world organization of all Communist Parties.

** October: refers to the month during which the proletarian Revolution in 1917 took place in Russia.

The musical score for page 15 continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

on, world-storm-ers! Eyes sharp on your guns, red —
 day of our ven-geance! No fas-cist can daunt us, no
 Sic-kle and Ham-mer! Our an-swer: Red le-gions, we
 gime the world — o-ver. We're com-ing with Le-nin for
 on, world-storm-ers! Eyes sharp on your guns, red —

The piano part continues with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

banners un-furled, Ad-vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world! Ad-
 ter-ror can halt- All lands will take flame with the fire of re-volt! All
 rise in our might! Our an-swer: Red shock troops, we lunge to the fight! Our
 Bol-she-vik work, From Lon-don, Ha-van-a, Ber-lin and New York! From
 banners un-furled, Ad-vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world! Ad-

The piano part continues with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world!
 lands will take flame- with the fire of re-volt!
 an-swer: Red shock troops, we lunge to the fight!
 Lon-don, Ha-van-a, Ber-lin and New York!
 vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world!

The piano part continues with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1-4. vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world!
 5. lands will take flame- with the fire of re-volt!
 an-swer: Red shock troops, we lunge to the fight!
 Lon-don, Ha-van-a, Ber-lin and New York!
 vance, pro-le-ta-rians, to con-quer the world!

Original German Text by
Erich Weinert
English Version by
Henry Jordan

Forward, We've Not Forgotten

Music by
Hanns Eisler

March tempo ♩ = 132

1. For - ward, we've not for - got - ten Our
2. For - ward, we've not for - got - ten Our

strength in the fights we have won; No
u - nion in hun - ger and pain, No

mat - ter what may threat - en, For - ward, not for -
mat - ter what may threat - en, For - ward, not for -

got - ten, How strong we are as one! gain!
got - ten, We have a world to

mf On - ly these our hands, now ach - ing, Built the roads, the walls, the
We shall free the world of shad - ow; Ev - 'ry shop and ev - 'ry

towers; All the world is of our mak - ing - What of it can
room, Ev - 'ry road and ev - 'ry mead - ow - All the world will

Refrain

we call ours? For - ward, march on to pow - er Thru the
be our own.

cit - y, the land, the world. For - ward, advance the hour!

ff Just whose cit - y is the cit - y? Just whose world is the world?

FRISCO STRIKE SAGA

Words by Stephen Karnot
and Earl Robinson

Tune: Home on the Range ($\frac{4}{4}$ time)

Moderato

1. 'Twas the month of Ju - ly, In the hot sun we did
2. Then we went to fink hall For the straw - boss-es'

fry On the docks of that old Fris - co Bay.
call, And they gave us six months' run - a - round.

Fr - co
run - a -

We were roll - ing our trucks For a few lous - y
And we'd beg for a job From a pot - bel - lied

Bay.
round.

bucks, And the boss - es held back half our pay.
slob Who would run us clear down to the ground.

half our pay.
to the ground.

Refrain

Oh, hold that pick - et line. We're
You bet we'll hold, We'll hold that line.

fight - ing for jobs and more pay; For the
more - pay;

long-shore-man's right To pick - et and strike! And to

or - gan - ize in our own way.

3.

Then the longshoremen swore
They would stand it no more,
And they called to their fellow workingmen;
And the boys heard them say
Under section 7 A
The bosses are gypping us again.

Refrain:

4.

So they called the teamsters true,
Carmen and busmen too,
And like brothers they answered to the call;
From Diego to Seattle
Went out the call to battle,
And the workers rose to answer, one and all.

Refrain:

DEATH HOUSE BLUES

(Scottsboro Blues)

Words of refrain by
Peter Martin

Music by
Earl Robinson

Moderato

Pa-per come out, done strew de news: Nine po' chil-lun moan-in'

death house — blues; Nine nap-py heads wid big shin - y eye,

Refrain

All boun' in jail — an boun' to die. White work-in' man goin' to

cresc.

set dem free, Black work-in' man goin' to set dem free,

f ff dim.

All work-in' men goin' to set dem free, Work-in' men an' de I. L. D.

GOING HOME SONG

Sung during the World War

Allegretto

1. I want to go home, I want to go home; — I
2. I want to go home, I want to go home; — It's

don't want to go in the trench-es no more Where hand gre-nades — and
al-ways a -rain-ing, the mud is knee-deep. The lice are so ac-tive I

whiz-bangs they roar, } So send me o-ver the sea — Where the tin-hats they can't get at
nev-er can sleep, }

mel O my! I'm too young to die; I want to go home.

3. I want to go home, I want to go home;
In place of a dinner they pass us out slum;
My whole inner workings they've gone on the bum,
So send me - etc.

4. I want to go home, I want to go home;
The war ain't so bad if you're wearin' a star,
But bein' a private don't get you so far,
So send me - etc.

HOLD THE FORT

Gospel Hymn

With spirit

1. We meet to-day in free-dom's cause And raise our voices
high; We'll join our hands in un-ion strong To bat-tle or to die.

Refrain
Hold the fort, for we are com-ing, Un-ion men, be strong!

Side by side we bat-tle on-ward, Vic-to-ry will come.

2.

Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high;
Reënforcements now appearing;
Victory is nigh.

Refrain

3.

See our numbers still increasing,
Hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Refrain

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

"Heaven Boun' Soldier"
Negro Spiritual

Moderato

Second time } Join in the fight, O Ne-gro com-rade. Join in the
Join in the fight And stand up straight now. Join in the

fight, O strug-gling com-rade. Join in the fight, O
fight, The dawn is late now. Join in the fight, We

hard-pressed com-rade. Black and white, we'll re-build the world.
must not wait now. Black and white, we'll re-build the world.

Refrain
O broth-er, don't you weep, don't you pray. Sal-

va-tion is - n't com-ing that way. All to-gether let's press

on to the fray; Black and white, we'll re-build the world.

back to the beginning

IN PRAISE OF LEARNING

Original German by
Bert Brecht

Music by
Hanns Eisler

$\text{♩} = 144-152$

Learn now the sim-ple truth, You, for whom the time has

come at last; It is not too late. Learn now the A B C -

It is not e-nough, but learn it still. Fear not, be not down -

heart-ed. Be - gin you must learn the les - son.

(SOLO) (ALL)

You must beread-y to take o-ver, You must be read-y to take

o-ver. Learn it, men on the dole;

Learn it, men in the pris-ons; Learn it, wom-en in

kit-chens; Learn it, men of six-ty-five.

You must be read-y to take o-ver. Go back to school a-gain,

home-less peo-ple;— Just learn all you can, you freez-ing ones;

Starv-ing, get hold of a book. Let that be a

(SOLO)
weap-on. You must be read-y to take o-ver,

(ALL)
You must be read-y to take o-ver. Don't hes-i-tate to ask

ques-tions, com-rade, Don't be per-suad-ed, but prove for your-self,

What you don't learn your-self you don't know. Check up the bill, for it's

you who must pay it. Point with your fin-ger to ev-'ry i-tem;

(SOLO)
Say that you want it ex-plained. You must be read-y to take

(ALL)
o-ver, You must be read-y to take o-ver.

OLD MAN BANKER HAD A PLAN

Tune: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm"

Moderato

1. Now old man Bank-er had a plan, E - I - E - I -
 2. Now if you had a large plan-ta-tion, E - I - E - I -

O, To put you farm - ers off the land; You
 O, You could be pa-tri-ot-ic and serve your na-tion, And

ought to be glad to go. You pro-duce so much, We're
 make a nice pile of dough By rais-ing weeds in -

all in Dutch; We can't make prof-its when there is such A
 stead of plant-ing seeds, For we must grow less than the coun-try needs Till

sur-plus stock of cot-ton and wheat, E - I - E - I - O.
 pric-es rise as high as the skies, E - I - E - I - O.

3.

4.

Now we will make an appropriation,
 E - I - E - I - O,
 For the large landowners' compensation.
 Here's how it will go:
 We'll add a nickel here, We'll add a nickel there,
 Bread a nickel, butter nickel,
 Prices up another nickel;
 Lay a little tax on the workers backs,
 E - I - E - I - O.

Now don't be rash and go too far,
 E - I - E - I - O,
 For if you defy the bankers' law,
 We'll show you where to go.
 With a black-jack here, And a black-jack there,
 And a whack, whack, beat 'em back, -
 Try a little gas attack;
 Put you in your places properly,
 E - I - E - I - O.

Old Man Banker

THE PEOPLE'S SONG

Tune from "The Vagabond King"

Words by
 Paul Reid

War is coming nearer,
 Fascist trends grow clearer,
 Nations rushing to their fall.
 But the people waken,
 From their slumber shaken,
 Form their ranks and heed the call.

Refrain

Forward! Forward! One united throng.
 Onward! Onward! Raise the people's song.
 Stop the mad war breeders!
 Halt the fascist leaders!
 Peace and freedom shall prevail!

MAY FIRST

Music by
Mark Severn

In marching rhythm

1. Leave your tools, Leave your desk, Leave your
2. Stop the wheel And the steel, Drop the

farm! This is May First, The day we must show That we
plow! Take your place In our ranks on this day, Sing - ing

stand side by side, Strong as steel - strong! In re - sist - ing the fa - scist ad -
proud - ly Our voic - es as one - sing! As we march on this first day of

vance. From the shop, From the fields, From the school, Like a
May. Keep in step, Ban - ners high, Voic - es clear! Hail the

tor - rent u - nit - ed we come. Down with war - Fight for bread! Strike for
crowd surg - ing in - to the square! Rain or shine, We keep on Towards the

peace - strike! We are might - y, ad - vanc - ing as one. —
day, on! When our cause shall have won ev - 'ry - where. —

ON THE PICKET LINE

Student Song: "Polly Wolly Doodle"

Allegro

1. To — win our strike and our de - mands Come and

pick - et on the pick - et line. In one strong un - ion

we'll join hands; Come and pick - et on the pick - et line.

Refrain

On the line, on the line, Come and pick - et on the pick - et line. We will

shout and yell and fight like hell, Come and pick - et on the pick - et line.

2. If you've never spent a night in jail
Come and picket on the picket line;
You will be invited without fail,
Come and picket on the picket line.

3. If you don't like scabs and thugs and stools,
Come and picket on the picket line;
For you show your boss that the worker rules,
When you picket on the picket line.

Refrain

OURS IS THE FUTURE

(Rote Soldaten)

Music by
Stefan VolpeIn fast marching time, *Vigorously* ♩ = 132

1. Red Ar - my sol - diers, Red Ar - my col - umns
land where the fac - tries, the fields and the for - ests Be -

2. Thou - sands of work - ers chained in the pris - ons,
of - fice and fac - tory, in hous - es and bar - racks, There

Guard all the fronts, each one armed and a - lert, Se -
long now to all and no man now is slave, Where
Some of the brav - est have spilled all their blood,
spreads through the mass - es the urge to the fight. The

cur - ing their free - dom on bat - tle fields con - quered, Se -
work - ers and far - mers are free - men and mas - ters,
Some of the no - blest were mur - dered in bat - tle,
ar - mies of hun - ger are surg - ing in mil - lions, For

1. cur - ing their world which from serf - dom was freed. A
All free and strong in the strength of each one.
Still we grow strong - er - the war steels our wills. In
work and for bread, for the So - viet state.

2.

Refrain

The Red Ar - my col - umns stand read - y for bat - tle. They

forge now the fu - ture where hope is ful - filled. For one will u -

nites all our mil - lions, Ours is the fu - ture, ours is the

might. Ours is the fu - ture, ours is the might.

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

Die Moorsoldaten

This stirring song was produced by political prisoners in a German concentration camp, who rebelled at singing the Nazi songs. Though the words are "safe," the prisoners sang with such gusto, particularly in the last chorus, with its veiled meaning, that the song was finally forbidden. The melody was notated by Hanns Eisler.

In march rhythm

1. Far and wide as the eye can wan - der Heath and
2. Up and down the guards are pac - ing, No one,

bog are ev - 'ry - where. Not a bird sings
no one can go through. Flight would mean a

out to cheer us, Oaks are stand - ing gaunt and bare.
sure death fac - ing, Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

Refrain

We are the peat - bog sol - diers; We're march - ing

with our spades To the bog.

3. But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past;
One day we shall cry rejoicing,
"Homeland dear, you're mine at last?"

Refrain:

Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the bog! (Repeat)

Die Moorsoldaten

1. Wohin auch das Auge blicket
Moor und Heide ringsherum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.

2. Auf und nieder gehen die Posten,
Keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten,
Vielfach ist umzäunt die Burg.

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.

3. Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen,
"Heimat, du bist wieder mein?"

Dann ziehen die Moorsoldaten
* Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.

* Nicht should come on the down beat, making the preceding note a half.

O TORTURED AND BROKEN

Old Russian Prisoners' Song

Slowly

1. O tor - tured and bro - ken in pris - on, You
met death glo - rious - ly. In fight - ing for - the
work ers' cause - You died vic - to - rious -
ly, you died, You died - vic - to - rious - ly.

2. Though sorrow lay dark on our souls,
Though tears welled in our eyes,
We gathered new courage from the grave
Where our brave comrade lies, comrade lies,
Where our brave comrade lies.

3. Like you our great task is to show
The workers how to be free,
And firmly united in our great cause
We'll fight on to victory, victory,
We'll fight on to victory.

PIONEER! PIONEER!

Words by
Harold GrayMusic by
L. E. Swift
(adapted)

Gaily

1. We are fight - ing Pi - o - neers, March - ing to be free. —
2. Hold your ranks and keep your stride, Al - ways brave and strong.
3. Work - ers' chil - dren, all u - nit! Clouds are in the sky. —

Hear our So - viet com - rades' cheer Way a - cross the sea!
Work - ers' kids, we're on your side. Join us in our song:
Brown and yel - low, black and white, Hold our ban - ner high.

Pi - o - neer! Pi - o - neer! Won't you be a Pi - o - neer?

Al - ways read - y to de - fend the work - ers to the end!

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

Words by Joe Hill

Gospel Hymn

Moderato

1. Long-haired preach - ers come out ev - 'ry night; Try to
tell you what's wrong and what's right; But when asked a - bout some - thing to
eat, They will an - swer with voic - es so sweet: You will eat by and
by In that glo - ri - ous land a - bove the sky. Work and
by and by 'way up high
pray; live on hay; You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
work and pray live on hay That's a lie!

2. 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.

Refrain:

3. 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 Refrain:

You will eat by and by,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry.
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet by and by.

RED ARMY MARCH

Sung in the Soviet Union during the
period of Allied Intervention (1917-1920)

Spiritedly

Bank - er and boss hate the red So - viet Star; Glad - ly they'd
build a new throne for the Czar. But from the steppes to the dark Brit - ish
sea Len - in's red ar - my brings vic - to - ry. So, work - ers,
close your ranks; — keep strong and stead - y — For free - dom's cause your
bay - onets bright. — For work - ers' Rus - sia, — the So - viet U - nion,
— Get read - y for the last big fight. — So, work - ers, —

English Text by
M. L. Korr

THE RED BANNER (Mongolian)

Arr. for Chorus by
D. Hunt M^c Curdy

With animation

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

1. Hoist the flag of
3. In the yoke of

Ah Ah Ah

Ah Ah Ah

Ah Ah

rev - o - lu - tion, Raise the scar - let ban - ner high; — Kill the trai - tor
fear and bond - age They have kept us all too long; — Now we've oust - ed —

Ah The trai - tor
We've oust - ed

Ah Kill the trai - tor
Now we've oust - ed

Ah The trai - tor
We've oust - ed

Na - id Va - nug, For his trea - son he must die!
the in - vad - er, We are Mon - gols, free and strong!

Na - id Va - nug, For his trea - son he must die!
the in - vad - er, We are Mon - gols, free and strong!

Na - id Va - nug, Ah Ah
the in - vad - er,

Na - id Va - nug, Ah
the in - vad - er,

Kill the trai - tor Na - id Va - nug, For his trea - son he must
Now we've oust - ed the in - vad - er, We are Mon - gols, free and

Kill the trai - tor Na - id Va - nug, For his trea - son he must
Now we've oust - ed the in - vad - er, We are Mon - gols, free and

Ah Ah

die! strong! Ah Ah

Ah

die! strong! Ah Ah

2. Take your aim and
4. All the pow - er —

Ah Ah

point your weap - ons With a — firm and stead - y — hand —
to the work - ers, Who cre - ate with brain and brawn;

Ah Ah

f *>*

All the ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Must be driv-en from the land. —
Hail the red flag, proud-ly wav-ing In the glo-ry of the dawn! —

The ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Must be driv-en from the land. —
The red flag, proud-ly wav-ing In the glo-ry of the dawn! —

f

All the ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Ah — Ah —
Hail the red flag, proud-ly wav-ing

— The ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Ah —
— The red flag, proud-ly wav-ing

1.

All the ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Must be driv-en from the

All the ban-dits and ex-ploit-ers Must be driv-en from the

2. *holding back*

land. — In the glo-ry of the dawn!

f *holding back*

land. Ah — In the glo-ry of the dawn!

f *holding back*

Ah — In the glo-ry of the dawn!

f *holding back*

Ah — In the glo-ry of the dawn!

RIFLE SONG

Soviet Revolutionary Song

A. Davidenko

Marziale

1. O - ver high - way and un - trod - den by - path,
2. We will clean our ri - fles to a lus - tre,
3. Not on guns a - lone is our re - li - ance,
4. Smart and rac - y are our rid - ing hors - es,

On the bor - der of our land, — We will chase the
And in wait for — them will lurk; — We won't let the
As the hour of — war draws near, — Fel - low work - ers
And our sa - bres keen and straight, We won't let im -

sneak-ing white guard sni - per With the ri - fle in our hand. —
fa - scist ban-dits mus - ter Forc - es to up - set our work. —
rise with red de - fi - ance In the en - e - my's own rear. —
pe - rial - ist - ic forc - es Our great build - ing plan frus - trate. —

Refrain

We shall nev - er

We shall hit and nev - er tri - fle, nev - er miss.

miss. — Such as this!

With a beau - ty of a ri - fle such as this! Hit!

Hit! With a beau - ty of a ri - fle, Hit! Hit!

Words by
Charles Abron

The Scottsboro Boys Shall Not Die

Allegro e ben marcato ♩ = 128

Music by
L. E. Swift

1. Work-ers, farm-ers, Ne-gro and white, the lynch-ing boss-es
2. By mass ac-tion we will de-fend our own class broth-ers

we must fight. Close your fists and raise them high,
to the end. Death to lynch-ers we de-clare,

Refrain
La-lor De-fense is our bat-tle cry. } The Scotts-bo-ro boys
frame-ups and lies to bits we'll tear. } R. H. 8va 2nd time

shall not die, the Scotts-bo-ro boys shall not die, Work-ers led by

1. I. L. D. will set them free. Set them free! The Set them free!
2.

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

With spirit

1. The work-ers learned their les-son now As ev-'ry one can see. The
2. The men all stick to-gether And the boys are fight-ing fine. The

work-ers know the boss-es are Their great-est en-e-my. We'll
wom-en and the girls are all Right on the pick-et line. No

fight and fight un-til we win Our fi-nal vic-to-ry For
scabs no threats can stop us As we all march out on time Through

Refrain
One Big Sol-id Un-ion. } Sol-i-dar-i-ty for-ev-er!
One Big Sol-id Un-ion. }

Sol-i-dar-i-ty for-ev-er! Sol-i-dar-i-ty for-

ev-er, For the un-ion makes us strong.

SONG OF WRATH

(May be sung by Six-Part Chorus)

Music by F. Szabo

Adaptation and arrangement by
D. Hunt M^c Curdy

Spiritedly, with determination

Down with the fa - scists, Wipe out the fa - scist hang - men,

End, end, end their rule;— Wipe out the fa - scist

Down with the fa - scists, Wipe out the fa - scist hang-men, Wipe out the fa - scists,

hang - men! — Work-ers in mass-es, bold-ly re-bel,

Down with the fa - scist hang-men! Work-ers in mass-es, bold-ly re-bel, De -

De-destroy the jails, break the chains; The fa-scist dogs to

stroy the jails, break the chains; — The fa - scist hang - men to

hell! Down with the hang-men, Wipe out the fa - scist hang-men,

hell! Down with the hang-men!

Down with the hang-men, Wipe out the fa - scist hang-men, Work-ers, let us re -

End, end, end their rule;— Work-ers, re-mem - ber,

mem - ber! — Free Ernst Thael-mann, Free Simp-son too; De -

Work-ers, let us re-mem-ber! Free Ernst Thael-mann, Free Simp-son too;

stroy the jails, break the chains; —

De-destroy the jails, break the chains; The fa - scist

The fa - scist dogs to hell! Down with the hang-men,

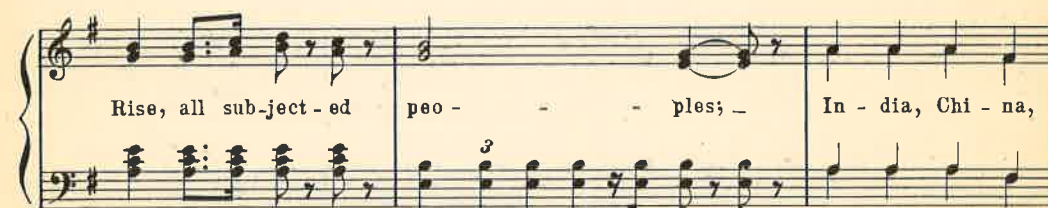
hang - men to hell! Down with the hang-men!



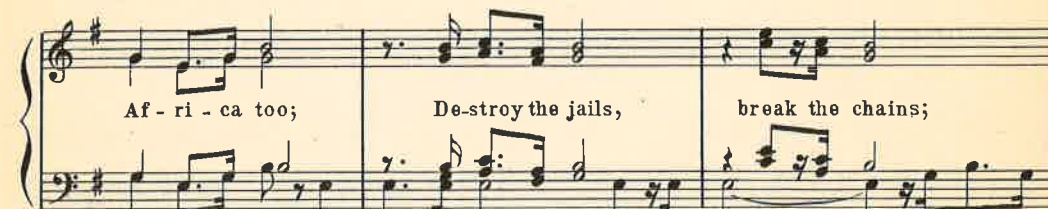
Down with the hang-men, Wipe out the fa - scist hang-men,



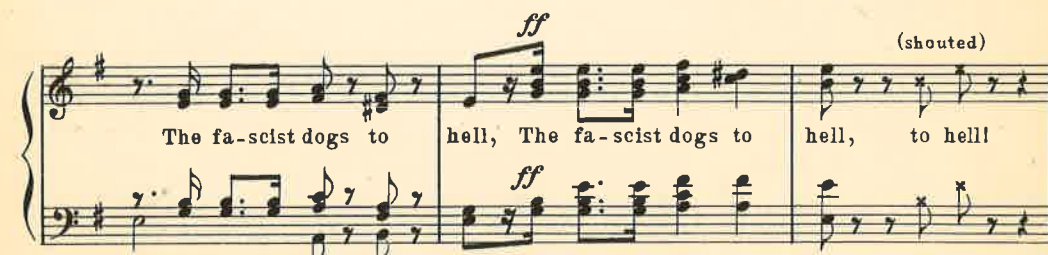
Down with the hang - men, Wipe out the fa - scist hang - men;



Rise, all ye peo - ple, Rise, all sub-ject - ed peo - ples; In - dia, Chi - na,



Af - ri - ca too; De - stroy the jails, break the chains; — The fa - scist



hang - men to hell. The fa-scist dogs to hell. to hell!

SOUP SONG

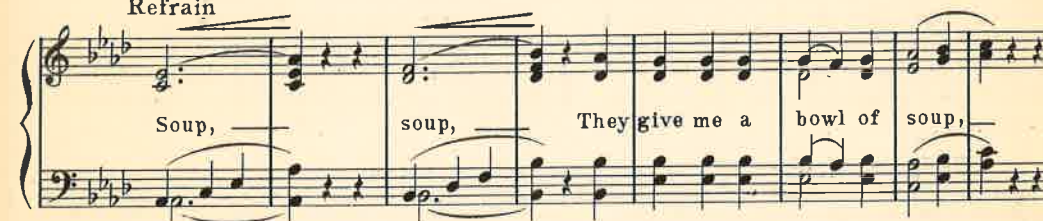
Words by
Maurice Sugar

Tune: "My bonnie lies over the ocean"

Allegretto



Refrain



2. I spent twenty years in the factory,
I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and faithful,
Now even before I get old:

Refrain

3. I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and a yacht.
I went down to draw out my fortune,
And this was the answer I got:

Refrain

4. I fought in the war for my country,
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply:

THE TRAMP

Words by Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, tramp, tramp."

1. If you all will shut your trap, I will tell you 'bout a chap Who was
2. He walked up and down the street Till his shoes fell off his feet. In a

broke and up a-against it, too, for fair; He was not the kind that shirk, He was
house he spied a la - dy cook-ing stew; And he said "How do you do, May I

look - ing hard for work, But he heard the same old sto - ry ev - ry - where.
chop some wood for you?" What the la - dy told him made him feel so blue.

Refrain

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a - tramp - ing,

Noth - ing do - ing here for you. If I catch you round a - gain, You will

wear the ball and chain, Keep on tramp-ing, That's the best thing you can do.

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

Refrain

4. Down the street he met a cop,
And the copper made him stop,
And he asked him "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge?"
But the judge said, "Git on, budge,
Bums like you just had n't ought to come around!"

Refrain

The Tramp

POOR MR. MORGAN

Round*

Words and Music by
L. E. Swift

Gay and lively

A
Poor Mis - ter Mor - gan can - not pay his in - come tax;

B
Pit - y poor Mor - gan; he can - not pay.

C
He's dead broke, he has - n't got a cent.

*For singing directions see page 57.

THEY'RE TALKING WAR

Words and Music by
Jessie Lloyd

In marching rhythm (*not too fast*)

1. They're talk - ing
2. They said to
3. They say it's

ff *mf*

war; who's talk - ing war? The yel - low press; we know what
fight (boy, how they lied!) To save our homes, coun - try and
fine; who says it's fine? War brings a boom; (*Yeah?*) we know the

marcato

for. _____ They — sent us to wal - low in
pride. _____ Well we fought and we won, as they
kind. _____ All the pric - es hit the roof and the

marcato

*NOTE:- The words in italics should be shouted.

gas and mud, While the rich stayed home, mak - ing
said to do, But the banks got our homes and our
wag - es lag, And the poor work - ing goof stands and

cresc.

cash from blood. Try it a - gain, (*Oh, just*) try it a -
coun - try too; Told us to give, (*yes, give*) give till it
holds the bag; Take it a - way, (*no, thanks*) take it a -

ff

gain, (*just once!*) We'll not do your fight - ing then, (*do it yourselves!*)
hurts, (*we know!*) While they grabbed our ver - y shirts, (*they would!*)
way, (*thanks a lot!*) For you can't fool us to - day. (*we're through!*)

sf

D. C.
(back to the
Introduction)

UNION TOWN

Words by
Henry Jordan

Music by
Mark Severn

Moderato

1. We do all the work, They get all the dough. Now we're
ask-ing: Must this be so? We're speed-ed to death; They
throw us a bone. Fight to- geth-er Or starve a-lone.

Refrain
Let's make this town a U-NION TOWN, A u-nion town, a u-nion town, Let's
make this town a u-nion town, A real, in-dus-trial u-nion town.

2. Wherever you go,
Wherever you stay,
What's the story?
It's lousy pay.
You work for a boss,
You slave for a trust.
Stay alone and
You sure are lost.

Refrain

3. As sure as the sun
Goes down and comes up,
All the starving
Has got to stop.
As sure as the sun
Comes up and goes down,
We will make this
A UNION TOWN.

Refrain

UNITED FRONT SONG

Words by
Bert Brecht

Music by
Hanns Eisler.

With spirit

1. And just be-cause he's hu-man A man would like a lit-tle bite to
2. And just be-cause he's hu-man He does-n't like a pis-tol to his
3. And just be-cause he's a worker The job is all his

eat. He won't get full on a lot of talk That won't give him bread and meat.
head, He wants no ser-vants un-der him And no boss o-ver his head.
own, The lib-e-ra-tion of the working class Is the job of the workers a-lone.

Refrain
So, left, two, three, So, left, two, three, To the work that we must do, March
on in the work-ers' u-nit-ed front For you are a work-er too.

WE ARE THE GUYS

Words and Music by
Maurice Sugar

Allegro

1. We are the guys that raise your grub, And we're hun-gry all the
2. We are the guys that make your clothes, And we're rag-ged all the

time,
time,
time,
time,

We are the guys that raise your grub, And we're hun-gry all the
We are the guys that make your clothes, And we're rag-ged all the

We are the guys that raise your grub, And then you give us the
We are the guys that make your clothes, We're down at the heels and

p'lice-man's club, } So — we're let-ting you know We're not so slow, We're
out at the toes, }

rar-in' to go and we're tak-in' the show.

3. We are the guys that dig your coal, } *twice*
And we're freezing all the time,
We are the guys that dig your coal,
And then you give us a lousy dole,
So we're *etc.*

4. We are the guys that build your cars, } *twice*
And we're walking all the time,
We are the guys that build your cars,
And then you stick us behind the bars,
So we're *etc.*

5. We are the guys that took your bunk, } *twice*
And you fooled us all the time,
We are the guys that took your bunk,
But now we're wise and you'll be sunk,
So we're *etc.*

We are the Guys

Words by
Fred Rolland

NOT IF, BUT WHEN

Round

Music by
Carl Sands

A B C

Oh, joy up-on this earth — to live and see the day When
Rock-e-fel-ler se-nior shall up to me and say:
"Com - rade, can you spare a dime?"

A note on the singing of rounds

The round, an old form of English folk music, is one of the simplest introductions to part-singing for newly-formed choruses. There are various manners of singing rounds. The following is one that has been found satisfactory:

Divide the chorus into three equally balanced groups.

1. The entire chorus sings the song through in unison.
2. Then, without pause, the first group starts at the beginning (A) and sings the song through twice.
3. When the first group reaches "B" the second group begins at "A" and sings the song through twice.
4. When the second group reaches "B" (meanwhile the first group has reached "C") the third group commences at "A" and sings the song through twice.
5. When the third group has completed the song for the second time, the entire chorus immediately starts at the beginning and sings the song through in unison, generally in faster tempo.

Care should be taken that no one part drowns out the others.

The words should be clearly enunciated.

WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER

Varshavianka

Polish Revolutionary Song

Not fast, with spirit

1. Whirl-winds of dan-ger are rag-ing a-round us,
 2. Wom-en and chil-dren in hun-ger are call-ing,
 3. Off with the crown of the ty-rants of fa-vor,

O'er-whelm-ing forc-es of dark-ness as-sail. Still in the fight see ad-
 Shall we be si-lent to their sor-row and woe? While in the fight see our
 Down in the dust with the prince and the peer! Strike off your chains, all you

vanc-ing be-fore us Red flag of lib-er-ty that yet shall pre-vail.
 broth-ers are fall-ing, Up, then, u-nit-ed, and con-quer the foe.
 brave sons of la-bor, Wake all hu-man-i-ty, for vic-t'ry is near.

Refrain

Then for-ward, you work-ers, free-dom a-waits you

O'er all the world on the land and the sea. On with the fight for the

cause of hu-man-i-ty; March, march, you toil-ers, and the world will be free.

Whirlwinds

WE AIN'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE

Tune: "It ain't gonna rain no more"

1. The bosses tried to cheat us,
 They robbed us left and right;
 But now we know our power,
 We'll organize and fight.

Refrain:

Oh, we ain't gonna slave no more, no more,
 We ain't gonna slave no more.
 We are fighting for a living wage,
 We ain't gonna slave no more.

2. Oh, join a fighting union,
 It is the only way
 You'll ever get a living wage;
 Come and join today.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Sharecroppers' Song

Moderato

1. We're fight-ing for our free-dom, We shall not be moved. We're
fight-ing for our free-dom, We shall not be moved. Just like a
tree that's stand-ing by the wa-ter. We shall not be moved.

2. Lenin is our leader,
We shall not be moved, etc.
3. For civil rights we're standing,
We shall not be moved, etc.
4. Let Hearst with lies assail us,
We shall not be moved, etc.
5. We'll rise and fight together,
We shall not be moved, etc.

WRITE ME OUT MY UNION CARD

Tune: "Hand me down my walking cane"

Moderato

1. O write me out my un-ion card, O write me out my un-ion

Faster

card, O write me out my un-ion card; Or-gan-ize, we'll
all fight hard; Time to fight those hun-ger blues a-way.

2. So come with me on the picket line, (3 times)
We'll stay there till the bosses sign;
Time to fight those hunger blues away.
3. In bosses' war the worker gets (3 times)
A bellyful of bayonets;
Time to fight those hunger blues away.
4. So write us out our union card, (3 times)
Organize, we'll all fight hard;
Time to fight those hunger blues away.
5. Now { Mr. Jones
the Goodrich boss } * has canned our men,
the Realty Board (3 times)
We're going to put them back again;
Time to fight those hunger blues away.

* Substitute your own boss or company.

WORKERS' FUNERAL MARCH

At a slow marching pace

1. Though you now have fall - en_ in_ grim, des - p'rate fight, Your
 2. They tor - tured and jailed you, but_ all was in vain; One

name shines forth e - ter - nal - ly. You've giv - en your all to_ break
 thing rose al - ways strong and free: Your heart that the_ hang-man could

through blackest night That hides the sun of_ lib - er - ty. The
 not put in chains, Your faith in fl - nal_ vic - to - ry. The

des - pots are feast - ing and try - ing to drown In
 great time has come when the work - ers a - wake, They

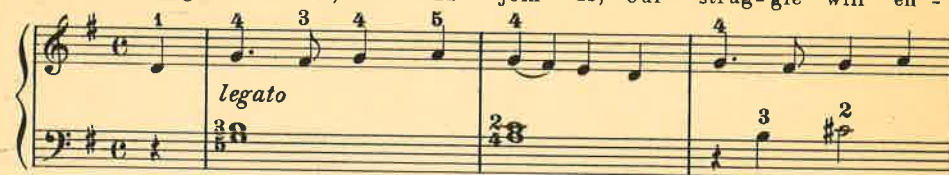
wine the grim shad - ow that leers from the tomb. But
 rise with new strength out of slav - er - y's shame; Good -

look we - are ris - ing_ and_ loud - ly we sound The
 bye, then, dear com - rade, the_ red dawn will break Where

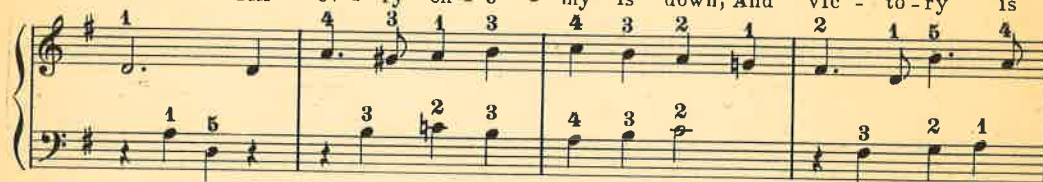
fa - tal hour_ of_ their_ dark_ doom.
 you have lit_ the_ first_ bright flame.

THE YOUTHFUL GUARDSMEN

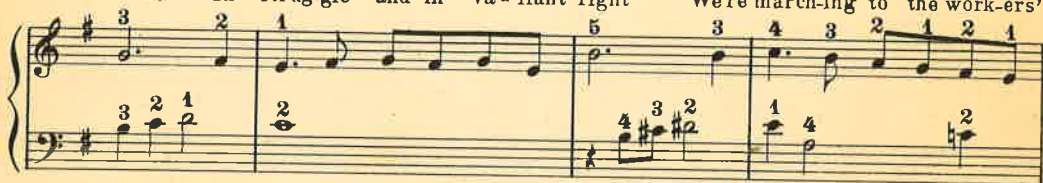
1. We're march-ing toward the morn-ing, We're strug-gling, com-ra-des
 2. Young com-ra-des, come and join us, Our strug-gle will en -



all; Our aims are set on vic-to-ry, Our en-e-mies must
 dure Till ev-'ry en-e-my is down, And vic-to-ry is



fall. With or-dered step, with flag un-furled, We'll build a new and bet-ter
 sure. In strug-gle and in va-liant fight We're march-ing to the work-ers'



world! } We are the youth-ful guards-men of the pro-le-ta-ri-
 might. }



at! We are the youth-ful guards-men of the pro-le-ta-ri-at!

