

THE WORKERS' FUNERAL HYMN

Words: J.E. Sinclair

Tune: "Abide With Me"

Heart that was brave in Freedom's Holy train,
 Striving to break the master's cruel chain;
 Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew,
 Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,
 Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep,
 Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,
 Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,
 Sleep sweetly on, the sleep no waking knows;
 Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring -
 Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

Words: Joe Hill

Tune: "River In The Blood"

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
 Then join in the grand industrial band,
 Would you from hunger and misery be free,
 Then come do your share, like a man.

CHORUS

There is power, power,
 In a band of working men,
 When they stand hand in hand,
 There is power, power,
 It will rule in every land,
 When the workers join their hands.

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

CHORUS

Come all ye workers from every land,
 Come join the grand industrial band,
 Your rightful share of this earth demand,
 Come on! Do you share like a man!

CHORUS

PARLEZ-VOUS

The union is calling us out on strike,
Parlez-vous.
To get the conditions that we like,
Parlez-vous.
We'll put the chisels on the run
And carry on until we've won.
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

We're standing ready for the fight,
Parlez-vous.
To make the bosses treat us right,
Parlez-vous.
Hurl our banners! With all our might-
Raise our voices, we are right,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

On the picket lines we'll show our grit,
Parlez-vous.
We'll scare the foremen out of their wits,
Parlez-vous.
No longer will we be their slaves,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Tune: "Mademoiselle From Armentiers"
And when conditions we have won,
Parlez-vous.
We'll find that life is full of fun,
Parlez-vous.
Our weekly wage will go up high,
So food and clothing we can buy,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

And when conditions we have won,
Parlez-vous.
We'll find that life is full of fun,
Parlez-vous.
Our weekly wage will go up high,
So food and clothing we can buy,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

The boss is shaking at the knoos,
Parlez-vous.
The boss is shaking at the knoos,
Parlez-vous.
The boss is shaking at the knoos,
He's shaking in his B.V.D.'s,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

COMPANY UNION NATIONAL ANTHEM

I'm a worker with a foggy brain, I don't mind being robbed;
I am satisfied to get the smallest share,
I will never join a union for I fear I'd lose my job
And that's something I don't think I could bear.

CHORUS

When the hole is dug out yonder,
When the hole is dug out yonder,
When the hole is dug out yonder,
When the hole is dug out yonder, I'll be there.

I vote for the company union for the boss tells me it's good,
That it's good for he will not clearly say;
Still, it must be good for something for my boss man loves it so,
Though I know it fritters all my rights away.

Let us labor for our master from the dawn to setting sun,
Let us tend their every peevish want and care,
Then when all our life is over and our work on earth is done,
And the hole is dug out yonder, I'll be there.

THE MORE WE STICK TOGETHER

The more we stick together, together, together,
 The more we stick together, the closer we'll be.
 For your friends are my friends,
 And my friends are your friends;
 Oh, the more we stick together, the closer we'll be.

The more we fight together...., the stronger we'll be.
 For your fight is my fight,
 And my fight is your fight,.....

The more sing together,...the happier we'll be.
 For your song is my song,
 And my song is your song,.....

FARTHER ALONG

Day after day we're oft made to wonder
 Why we are hungry all the day long.
 The rich our bosses tell us they love us,
 And they will never do us a wrong.

CHORUS

Farther along we'll get our fair wages,
 Farther along we'll get our fair share;
 Join up my brother, build a strong union,
 It will grow stronger year after year.

Down in the mill we see women working,
 Working so hard, although they're almost dead;
 Then at their homes we see children crying,
 Simply because there's not enough bread.

CHORUS

All of you workers, unite together,
 Help us raise wages so we can live;
 We cannot do without a strong union
 So to your union time you must give.

CHORUS

When we see unions growing much bigger,
 How we do feel we cannot express;
 But we know, brother, we'll stick together
 And bye and bye, we'll meet with success.

CHORUS

FORWARD, WE'VE NOT FORGOTTEN

Forward, we've not forgotten
Our strength in the fights we have won;
No matter what may threaten,
Forward, not forgotten,
How strong we are as one!
Only these our hands, now aching,
Built the roads, the walls, the towers!
All the world is of our making -
What of it can we call ours?

REFRAIN

Forward, march on to power
Through the city, the land, the world.
Forward, advance the hour!
Just whose city is the city?
Just whose world is the world?

Forward, we've not forgotten
Our union in hunger and pain;
No matter what may threaten,
Forward, not forgotten,
We have a world to gain!
We shall free the world of shadow;
Ev'ry shop and ev'ry room,
Ev'ry road and ev'ry meadow -
All the world will be our own.

REFRAIN

THE UNION'S CALL

Working people must all get together
For the fight that is coming our way.
We must strike and picket together,
That's the way we will get all our pay.

In this struggle, we'll all stand together
For the day that is dawning anew.
We will build on a solid foundation
A union for me and for you.

They won't pay us a thing for our labor,
Yet it costs us to live and to eat,
They may starve us and jail us and shoot us,
But our Union will take no defeat.

JOHN L. LEWIS HAD A PLAN

Music: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm"

John L. Lewis had a plan, C-I, C-I-O!
 That's how the C-I-O. began, C-I, C-I-O!
 With mine workers here and steel workers there,
 Textile workers, garment workers,
 Auto workers -- all the workers!
 John L. Lewis had a plan, C-I, C-I-O!

Collective bargaining in our shops, C-I, C-I-O!
 There'll be no need for strikes or cops, C-I, C-I-O!
 Industrial unions here, industrial unions there,
 Here a union, there a union,
 Everywhere, an industrial union.
 Collective bargaining in our shops, C-I, C-I-O!

HARD TIMES IN THE MILL

Ev'ry mornin at half-past four,
 You hear the books hop on the floor,
 It's hard times in the mill my love,
 Hard times in the mill.

Ev'ry mornin just at five,
 You gotta get up, dead or alive,
 It's hard times in the mill, my love,
 Hard times in the mill.

Ev'ry mornin right at six,
 Don't that ol' boll make you sick?....

My rop's all out and my onds all down,
 The doffer's in my alley and I can't get around, Hard times

My boss thinks he's a hon
 He puts me in mind of a doodle in the sun....

They steal his ring and they steal his knife,
 They steal ov'rything but his big fat wifo....

The section hand thinks he's a man,
 But he ain't got sonso to pay off his hands....

The section hand's standing at the door,
 Ordering the sweepers to sweep up the floor....

Ev'ry night when I go home,
 A piece of corn bread and an old jaw bone....

Ain't it enough to break your heart,
 Hafta work all day and at night it's dark....

HOLD THE FORT

We meet today in freedom's cause
And raise our voices high,
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

CHORUS

Hold the fort, for we are coming,
Union men, be strong!
Side by side we'll battle onward,
Victory will come.

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

CHORUS

Pierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear;
Help will come whenever needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS

WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER

Whirlwinds of danger are raging around us,
O'er-whelming forces of darkness assail.
Still in the fight see advancing before us,
Our flag of liberty that yet shall prevail.

CHORUS

Then forward, you workers, freedom awaits you
O'er all the world on the land and the sea.
On with the fight for the cause of humanity;
March, march, you toilers, and the world shall be free.

Women and children in hunger are calling,
Shall we be silent to their sorrow and woe?
While in the fight see our brothers are falling,
Up, then, united, and conquer the foe.

CHORUS

Off with the crown of the tyrants of favor,
Down in the dust with the prince and the poor!
Strike off your chains, all you brave sons of labor,
Wake all humanity, for victory is near.

CHORUS

I'M LABOR

I dig your ditches, I'm labor;
 I man your switches, I'm labor,
 I teach your kids and make your shoes,
 I sew your pants and write your news,
 With brain and brawn, with nerve and
 I'm labor. (He's labor.)

I'm common folk, I'm labor;
 I'm always broke, I'm labor,
 I run your mails in rain and snow,
 I clear the track so that trains can go,
 But someone else gets all the dough,
 I'm labor. (He's labor.)

I don't get tired, I'm labor;
 Or else I'm fired, I'm labor,
 From birth to death my life is spent,
 In hovel, shack, or tenement,
 But still some landlord gets the rent,
 I'm labor. (He's labor.)

I fight your fires, I'm labor;
 I cleanse your mires, I'm labor,
 Your towers that top the mountain crest
 Your teeming east, your bounteous west,
 I wrought them, I, the dispossessed,
 I'm labor. (He's labor.)

THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN

In the dream of your downy couches,
 Through the shades of your pampered
 sleep,

Give ear, you can hear it coming,
 The tide that is steady and deep.
 Give ear for the sound is growing
 From the desert and dungeon and den.
 The tramp of the marching millions,
 The march of the hungry men.

CHORUS

It is coming another army
 Your wit cannot compute,
 The men-at-arms self-fashioned,
 The men you made the brute.
 From the farm and sweatshop gathered,
 From factory, mine and mill,
 With lyre and shears and augur,
 Dribble and drift and drill.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Give ear for the sound is growing
 From the desert and dungeon and den;
 The tramp of the marching millions,
 The march of the hungry men.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness
 With the distant stars for light,
 They are coming the while you slumber.
 And they come with the might of right.
 On the morrow, perhaps to-morrow,
 You will waken and see and then
 You will hand the keys of the cities
 The ranks of the Hungry Men.

CHORUS

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WAGE AND HOUR BILL SONG

(Tune: "The Merry Go Round Broke Down")

Oh, the CIO goes round
Building a union town
And the bosses there
Must learn to be fair
Cause the CIO's in town.

Oh, the Wage and Hour Bill's here
To the Company's despair
All we want is a union shop
So the chiselling will stop.

Oh, what fun, a wonderful time
When the company toes the line!

We met the other night
At a hearing in our fight.
The bosses balked
But the workers talked;
And things turned out all right.

LOOK AHEAD, WORKING MAN

(Tune: "Dixie")

Away down South where we weave the cotton,
Union men are not forgotten;
Look ahead, look ahead, look ahead, union man.
In the days gone by when they had their way,
We used to hear the bosses say!
Look away, look away, look away, union man.

CHORUS

But the CIO's in Dixie,
Hurray, Hurray!
The CIO is going to grow
Away down South in Dixie;
Oh ho, Oh ho, the CIO's in Dixie.
Oh ho, Oh ho, the CIO's in Dixie.

Now we're all together in the CIO
They cannot keep our wages low,
Look ahead, look ahead, look ahead, Union man.
For the time has come when we take our stand,
With union men throughout the land,
Look ahead, look ahead, look ahead, union man.

(CHORUS)

SALUTE THE DAWN

The trumpets of freedom are blowing;
 "Justice at last shall prevail."
 The ranks of the people are growing
 Though storms of reaction prevail.

CHORUS

Then courage, face the wind,
 Salute the rising sun.
 Our country's turning towards the dawn;
 New life's begun.

The old and the young are uniting;
 The workers and farmers agree.
 For life and for liberty fighting
 That no more starvation shall be.

America, awake to your duty;
 America, awake to your powers.
 Take back from the bandits their booty.
 Unshackle the wealth that is ours.

O land of great riches abounding
 Your workshops and farms shall not fail;
 The drums of your people are sounding;
 The will of us all shall prevail.

WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION

We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union,
Workers in the mill.

Every new man makes us stronger,
Every new kid makes us stronger,
Every new girl makes us stronger,
Workers in the mill.

They have fired the men who joined us,
They have fired the girls who joined us,
They have fired the kids who joined us,
Workers in the mill.

We won't budge until we conquer,
We will stand until we conquer,
We will fight until we conquer,
Workers in the mill.

We have toiled in dark and danger,
We have toiled in dark and danger,
We have toiled in dark and danger,
Workers in the mill.

NO MORE MOURNING

No more mourning, no more mourning,
No more mourning after while,
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved and fought before.

2. No more misery, (as above)

3. I know you're gonna miss me,

4. Oh freedom, Oh freedom.

TO LABOR

Shall you complain who feed the world,
Who clothe the world, who house the world,
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world, the world may do?

As from this hour you use your power,
The world must follow, follow you.
As from this hour you use your power,
The world must follow, follow you.

Stand still as one, see justice done,
Believe and dare, and dare and do
Stand all as one, see justice done!
Believe and dare, and dare and do!

Or dark or light, or wrong or right,
The world is made, is made by you.
Or dark or light, or wrong or right,
The world is made, is made by you.

Then rise as you no're rose before,
Nor hoped before, nor dared before,
And show as no're was shown before
The power that lies, that lies in you.

ON THE PICKET LINE

To win our strike and our demands
Come and picket on the picket line.
In one strong union we'll join hands;
Come and picket on the picket line.

REFRAIN

On the line, on the line,
Come and picket on the picket line.
We will shout and yell and fight as
well.
Come and picket on the picket line.

If you've never spent a night in jail
Come and picket on the picket line;
You'll be invited without fail.
Come and picket on the picket line.
(REFRAIN)

The Union is the place for me,
The place for working men,
Who want some time to sing and play,
And money they can spend.

(REFRAIN)

I am a Union man because
I want a living wage;
We'll stick together, we'll fight
together.
We'll get that living wage.

(REFRAIN)

The man who scabs is the man who's
yellow,
And is a sight to see;
We'll kick him out, we'll keep him
out,
With the picket, picket line.

(REFRAIN)

19

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

Tune: Old English Air

There was a rich man, and he lived in Jerusalem,
Glory Hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
He wore a silk hat, and his coat was very spruc-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

Chorus: Hei-ro-gee-rum, hei-ro-gee-rum,
 Skin-a-ma-lint-a-dood-li-um,
 Skin-a-ma-lint-a-dood-li-um,
 Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

And at his gate there sat a human wreck-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum,
He wore a bowler hat, and the rim was round his neckum,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

CHORUS

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and cheese-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
The rich man answered, "I'll call for a police-i-um."
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

CHORUS

The poor man died and his soul went to heav-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
He danced with the saints till quarter past elev-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

CHORUS

The rich man died, but he didn't fare so well-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
He couldn't go to heaven, so he had to go to heel-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

CHORUS

The rich man asked for to have a con-o-sol-i-um.
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
The devil only answered, "Come shovel on the coal-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

CHORUS

Now the moral of this story is that riches are no jok-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.
We'll all go to heaven, 'cause we're all stoney brok-i-um,
Glory hallelujah, hei-ro-gee-rum.

SONG OF THE EVICTED TENANT

Way down in old Saint Francis Bottom
Where they call it the devil's den,
Many a poor tenant has left his home
And me, Oh God, I'm one.

About the twentieth of January
When God sent His great big flood,
It run the planters from their
beautiful homes
And now they live in tents.

The planter said to the tenant one
morning

"Oh, boys, how do you like this?"
"Oh, boss, it ain't a-hurting no,"
The tenants answered him.

"If you will stay in refugee camps
Or in the tenant's home,
You will learn not to be afraid of ice
or snow
Or fear the shining sun."

"Oh, boss, don't you see where you did
wrong?
When you throwed me out of my shack,
I had to build me a tent
Out of my old pick sacks."

MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES A UNION SHOP

"Rush," says the boss,
"Work like a boss,
I'll take the profits and you take the
loss.
I've got the brains,
I've got the dough,
That's why the Lord decreed it so."

CHORUS

"Don't want to hear of a union, union,
Don't want to hear of a union shop!
If you don't like it, you can hike it -
Such goings-on have got to stop."

You're telling us
"Work till you bust-
I've got the brains so don't you fuss."
We're telling you,
"Watch what you do,
You're going to find we've got some too."

CHORUS

We're just thinking of a union, union,
We started thinking and we won't stop.
We've noticed bosses, claiming losses,
Do raise pay in a union shop.

We want a say,
On hours and pay,
And the conditions we stand all day.
One person's work
Won't dare to speak
Union of all is what we seek,

CHORUS

Mammy's little baby loves a union, union,
Mammy's little baby loves a union shop.
Maine to Frisco, joining up brisk -- Oh,
We'll clean up with a union mop!

STAND UP! YE WORKERS

Words: Ethel Comor

Tune: "Stand Up For Jesus"

Stand up! Stand up! Ye Workers,
Stand up in all your might,
Unite beneath our banner,
For liberty and right.
From victory unto victory,
The workers all will go,
To win the world for labor,
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers,
Stand up in every land,
Unite and fight for freedom
In ONE BIG UNION grand.
Put on the workers' armor,
There's freedom on ahead,
When all the greedy tyrants
Will have to earn their bread.

Arisel! Arisel! Ye toilers,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle
The next the victor's song.
All ye that slave for wages
Stand up and break your chains!
Unite in ONE BIG UNION
You've got a world to gain!

SLAVING IN A FACTORY

Dallas, Texas, Strikers Song

Music: "I've Been Working On
the Railroad."

I've been slaving in a factory
All the live long day,
I've been slaving in a factory
Just to pass the time away.
The boss's eye was always on me;
I could not get away.
And all he'd do was holler, "Hurry!"
So here is what I say:

I've been a victim of the sweatshop
For days and days and days;
I've been a victim of the sweatshop
For eighty cents a day.
But now that I've joined the union,
The big, bad wolf has sneaked away.
I'm glad that I have joined the union-
I'm happy, free and gay.

STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING IN THIS LAND

There are strange things happening in
this land (repeat)

Oh, the rich man boasts and brags, While
the worker goes in rags,

There are strange things happening in
this land.

There are strange things happening in
this land. (repeat)

Oh, the farmer cannot eat, 'cause he's
raised too much wheat.

There are strange things happening in
this land.

There are strange things.....etc.

Too much cotton in our sacks, so we
have none on our backs,

There are strange things.....etc.

There are strange things.....etc.

Lots of groceries on the shelves,

But we have none for ourselves,

There are strange things.....etc.

There are strange things.....etc.

Oh, they'll give us lots to eat when

the drums begin to beat;

There are strange things.....etc.

There are strange things.....etc.

But when workmen refuse to put

on their old war shoes,

There'll be GOOD THINGS happening in
this land.

There'll be GOOD THINGS happening in
this land. (repeat)

When the workers take a stand an

unite in a solid band,

There'll be GOOD THINGS.....etc.

SONGS WE LIKE TO SING
Folk Songs
Negro Spirituals
Rounds

AIN'T GWINE STUDY WAR NO MORE

Gwine lay down my burden,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Gwine lay down my burden,
Down by the riverside,
To study war no more.

CHORUS

I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more,
I ain't gwine study war no more.

Gwine lay down my sword an' shield,
Down by the riverside, etc.

Gwine talk with the Prince of Peace,
Down by the riverside, etc.

SOMEBODY KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR

Somebody knocking at your door, somebody knocking at your door,
Oh, farmers (teachers, miners, etc.) why don't you answer?
Somebody knocking at your door.

CHORUS

Knocks like a union,
Somebody knocking at your door,
Knocks like a union,
Somebody knocking at your door,
Oh, workers, why don't you answer?
Somebody knocking at your door.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

We shall not be, we shall not be moved,
We shall not be, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's planted by the waters,
We shall not be moved!

We're backed up by the union,
We shall not be moved,
We're backed up by the union,
We shall not be moved.

(CHORUS)

Other Verses

We're striking for our
freedom.

We're fighting for our
children.

THE HUNTING ROUND

The trumpet loud in forest sounds
 The eager chase is on-a
 And joyous hunters, groans and bounds
 Leap forward to the horn
 Now loud the echo rolls around,
 Resounds against the welkin
 Halloo, the stag, the stag sinks down
 To earth, to earth, they fell him
 Ah it is royal, royal to follow the
 chase,
 Ah it is royal, royal to follow the
 chase.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?
 (4 - Part Round)

Are you sleeping, Are you sleeping,
 John? Brother John?
 Up and join a union! Up, and join a union!
 C.I.O. C.I.O.

FOLLOW ME

Follow, Follow, Follow, Follow,
 Follow, Follow, Follow me,
 Whither shall I follow, Follow
 Follow,
 Whither shall I follow, Follow, then,
 To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
 to the greenwood, greenwood trees.

WE HAVE GATHERED
 (4 part round)

We have gathered
 From the mills and factories,
 Wanting to understand
 The deep wide world.

HOL DI RI DIA

From Lucorn to Wogis an,
 Hol di ri dia, Hol di ria,
 Care and labor now are gone,
 Hol di ri di a, Hol di a

CHORUS

Hol-di-ri-di-a
 Hol di ri di a, Hol di ri a
 Hol-di-ri-di-a
 Hol di ri di a, Hol di a

O'er the mountain trails we go
 Hol di ri dia, Hol di a
 See the deep ravines below
 Hol di ri di a, Hol di a

CHORUS

Wogis lies on the highest hill
 Hol di ri dia, Hol di ria,
 Give a cheer boys with a will,
 Hol di ri dia, Hol di a

CHORUS

WATER BOY

(Negro Railroad Workers)

Water boy, where are you hidin'?
If ya dinna come, gaiter to galla ya hangin'.

There ain't no hangin' (hahh!), that's on a thin
mountain (hahh!)
That rings a like mine, boys (hahh!), that rings
a like mine (hahh!)
Done bust this lock boys (hahh!), from hyar to
Macon (hahh!)
All the way to the jail, boys (hahh!), Yea, back
to the jail.
You back a' Diamonds (hahh!), Yea, back a' Diamonds
(hahh!)
I know you of old, boys (hahh!) yea, know you
of old (hahh!)
You rob my pockets (hahh!), yea rob-a-my
pocket (hahh!)
Don rob-a-my pocket a' silver and gold. (1st Verse.)

CANNON BALL

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the
Pacific shore
From the queen of flowing mountain
South Bill Baltimore
She's mighty tall and handsome, and
she's known quite well by all
She is the combination of the Wabash
Cannon Ball.
(Listen to the jingle the rumble and
roar, as she glides along the woodlands
through the hills and by the shores
hear the mighty rush of the engine,
and the lonesome hobo squall,
coming through the jungle on the
Cannon Ball.)
She came down from Birmingham one cold
December day,
As she pulled into the station you
could hear the people say,
There's a gal from Tennessee and she's
long and she's tall
Came down from Birmingham on the
Wabash Cannon Ball.

Your eastern states are sandy, so the
people say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago
by the way
Through the hills of Minnesota, where
the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken on the Wabash
Cannon Ball.

Here is Daddy Clanton, may his name
forever stand
And always be remembered in the courts
throughout the land.
His earthly race is over and the
curtains round him fall
And carry home to Dixie on the
Wabash Cannon Ball.

NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I SEE

Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Glory, hallelujah! (Repeat verse)

Sometimes I'm up, Sometimes I'm down
Oh, yes Lord,
Sometimes I'm almost to de ground
Oh, yes Lord,

Altho' you got no pain, I long to
Oh, yes Lord,
I have my trials here below
Oh, yes Lord,

Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Glory, hallelujah!

CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love

See what love has done to me

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart

Then we and my true love have to part

Mama, mama you be good

With a Ford and a brand new suit
of clothin.

Mama, mama don't you cry

For I'll git me another by and by

You can pass my door and pass my gate

But yo'll never pass my thirty eight

You can pass my gate and pass my door

But yo'll never pass my forty four

I love my mama and papa too

But I'd leave them both and go
with you

Oh it's done and broke this heart of mine

and it'll break that heart of yours
some time.

GO DOWN MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt land

Let my people go

Oppress so hard they could not stand

Let my people go

CHORUS

Go down Moses way down in Egypt

Tell ol' Pharaoh, let my people go

No more shall they in bondage toll

Let my people go

Let us come out with Egypt's spoil

Let my people go

CHORUS

Your sons shall not before you stand

Let my people go

and you'll possess fair Canaan's land

Let my people go

CHORUS

LOOKY, LOOKY YONDER

Looky, looky yonder (hahh)

Looky, looky yonder (hahh)

Looky, looky yonder

All the live long day

Ax is walkin' (hahh)

Chips is talkin' (hahh)

Ax is walkin'

All the live long day

COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY

Leader

Group

In the valley

(I couldn't hear nobody pray)

On my knees

(I couldn't hear nobody pray)

With my burden

(I couldn't hear nobody pray)

And my sorrow

(I couldn't hear nobody pray)

O Lord!

All - (Chorus)

And I couldn't hear nobody pray.

And I couldn't hear nobody pray.

O way down yonder by myself.

And I couldn't hear nobody pray.

Chilly waters,

(I couldn't hear nobody pray)

In the Jordan,

Crossing over,

Into Canaan!

O Lord!

(CHORUS)

Hallelujah!

(I couldn't hear, etc.)

Tramping over,

In the kingdom,

With my Jesus!

O Lord!

(CHORUS)

COME ON TO THE BURYIN'

Come on, Come on,

Let's go to the buryin'

Come on, Come on,

Let's go to the buryin'

Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Ho-ah mighty rumblin'

Let's go to the buryin'

Ho-ah mighty rumblin'

Let's go to the buryin'

Ho-ah mighty rumblin'

Let's go to the buryin'

Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Come on, Come on,

Let's go to the buryin'

Come on, Come on,

Let's go to the buryin'

Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Cap'in killed me buddy,

Let's go to the buryin'

Cap'in killed me buddy,

Let's go to the buryin'

Cap'in killed me buddy,

Let's go to the buryin'

Way over in the new buryin' ground.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley,
The valley so low,
Hang your head over,
Hear the wind blow,
Hear the wind-blow, dear,
Hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over,
Hear the wind blow.

If you don't love me,
Leave when you please,
Throw your arms round me,
Give my heart ease.

Throw your arms round me,
Before it's too late,
Throw your arms round me,
Feel my heart break.

Roses love sunshine
Violets love dew,
Angels in heaven
Know I love you.

Writing this letter
Containing three lines,
Answer my question,
Will you be mine?

Will you be mine, dear,
Will you be mine?
Answer my question,
Will you be mine?

Go build me a castle
Forty feet high,
So I can see him,
As he goes by.

As he goes by, dear,
As he goes by,
So I can see him,
As he goes by.

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

Chickens a-crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

My true love, she's a blue-eyed dandy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
A kiss from her is sweeter than candy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

She's a blue-eyed dandy over the river,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
A hop and a skip and I'll be with her,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

My true love is a blue-eyed dandy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
If she don't marry me I'll go crazy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

Back my jenny up the Sourwood Mountain,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

My true love is a sunburned dandy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,
She won't work and I'm too lazy,
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day.

THE FARMER COMES TO TOWN

When the farmer comes to town, with his wagon broken down,

O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all,

If you'll only look and see, then I think you will agree,

That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,

Lives on credit till the fall,

Then they take him by the hand and they lead him off the land,

And the middle-man's the man who gets it all.

When the lawyer hangs around, while the butcher cuts a pound,

O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all,

And the preacher and the cook go a-strolling by the brook,

O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all,

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,

Lives on credit till the fall,

With the interest rate so high, it's a wonder he don't die,

For the mortgage-man's the man who gets it all.

When the banker says he's broke, and the merchants up in smoke,

They forget that it's the farmer feeds them all,

It would put them to the test if the farmer took a rest,

Then they'd know that it's the farmer feeds them all.

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,

Lives on credit till the fall,

And his pants are wearing thin, his condition it's a sin,

He's forgot that he's the man who feeds them all.

2. THE DOWN HIS ROAD

Gwine down the road feelin' bad,

Gwine down the road feelin' bad,

Gwine down the road feelin' bad,

An' I ain' g'wino be treated this a-way!

Down in the jail on my knees,

Fed me on corn bread and pone,

Two dollar shoes hurt my feet,

21 dollars shoes fits 'em best,

Gwine down the road feelin' bad.

MY SILVER TRUMPET

If life were a thing that money could buy,
Hand me down my silver trumpet - Gabriel,
The rich would live and the poor would die,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

CHORUS

Hand me down, hand me down,
Hand me down my silver trumpet - Gabriel,
Hand it down, throw it down, any old way, just
it down,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

The Lord, he would not have it so,
Hand me down my silver trumpet - Gabriel,
The rich must die just the same as the poor,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

CHORUS

The devil's mad and I am glad,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel,
He lost a soul that he thought he had,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

CHORUS

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Words: James Johnson

Music: J. R. Johnson

Lift ev'ry voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty,
Let rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea,
Full of the faith that the
Present has brought us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the
Present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day
begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had
died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers
sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears
I have been watered,
We have come, treading our path through
the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last,
Where the white gleam of our bright
star is cast.

TENNESSEE TRAVELLER

I thumbed my way from Ten-nes-see,
Caught a freight two miles and a pussy foot three;
Got a coarin' alister under my coat,
And it hurt like Ho-ly Mos.
Left the nicest bunch of fellows back home,
Left my Pa and Pa, 'cause I had to roam
And to talk to everyone of you guys
And to tell you how to get wise.

CHORUS

You guys got ta organize, yes sir, start today!
You guys got ta organize, there ain't no other way.

(Spoken) Now this song is mostly about my Pappy,
so I'm gonna tell you about him now. He was a
verra thin man and he was a miner. And he worked
down in the mines since he was ten years on. He
had a red nose but it warn't from sunburn, and
this is about my Pappy.

My Pappy was as thin as a rail
And his face was white as berrable pale.
So one day, "Pa, how come," says I,
"You don't weigh more than a fly?"

(Spoken) So Pa he looked at me sorta funny-like
and he says like this:

"Now, son," says Pa, "when I was nine,
"My own Pa sent me down in the mine."
"When you work down there eight forty-five years,
"You ain't no goldarn steer."

CHORUS

Way down, way down, in the mine,
You can't see the sun,
Way down, way down in the mine,
It ain't no gol-darn fun.

(Spoken) No sir, it warn't much fun. My Pappy
stood it just about as long as he could -- long
hours, low wages -- so one day he got up on his
hind legs and this is what happened:

One day last spring up spoke my Pa,
"This place begins to stick in my craw,
"Go out, and fetch in all of the boys,
"We've got to organize!"

(Spoken) So I went out just like he said and I brought in Mack, and Smokey, and George, and Joe, and the rest of the fellers. And Pap he started talkin' to 'em -- and what I mean -- he really gave it to 'em like this:

"Now listen, Mack and Smokey," he said,
"All those with more than bone in their heads
"If we don't speak up what's on our mind
"We'll all be left behind."

CHORUS

You guys gotta organize
Yes, sir, start today
You guys gotta organize
There ain't no other way!

(Spoken) And he gave the fellers a swell speech, you know. Talked to 'em and got 'em all hot up about the whole thing. But my Pappy was one of them An-ar-chists, you know. He couldn't wait. He hadda go in and talk to the bossman all by himself. So this is what happened:

The next day my Pappy ups to the boss,
"The boys is sick of your apple-snaps,
"If you don't talk turkey mighty soon,
"We'll blow your mine to the moon!"

(Spoken) You see, one of them An-ar-chists, like I said. But the bossman ain't never been spoken to like that in his life before, so he answered back:

Now the boss was one tough sonuvagun,
And he grabbed a lick'ry switch and a word for 'em.
Says he, "You git to hell from here!"
And he clouts my Pa in the ear.

(Shouted) Hoy, Mack! Hoy, Smokey! Hoy, George!
Joo! Mack! He knocked Pa cold -- git the boys!

When Pappy woke the followin' day,
The first words that he managed to say,
"Twas a damn good thing my head is so hard,
"Who's got my union card?" (1st CHORUS)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY GOOD OLD MAN

Where are you going my good old man?

My honey, my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

Goin' a-huntin' (spoken)

When will you be back, my good old man?

My honey my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

Friday evenin' (spoken)

What do you want for supper, my good old man?

My honey my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

Eggs (spoken)

How many do you want, my good old man?

My honey my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

A bushel (spoken)

A bushel will kill you, my good old man.

My honey, my lamb.

The best old soul in the world.

Can't help it. (spoken)

Where do you want to be buried, my good old man?

My honey, my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

Chimney corner. (spoken)

Ashes will fall on you, my good old man.

My honey, my lamb.

The best old soul in the world.

Don't care if they do. (spoken)

Why do you want to be buried there, my good old man?

My honey, my lamb?

The best old soul in the world.

So I can hain't you. (spoken)

A hain't can't hain't a hain't, my good old man.

My honey my lamb.

The meanest old devil in the land.

WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION

We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union,
We are building a strong union,
Workers in the mill.

Every new man makes us stronger,
Every new man makes us stronger,
Every new man makes us stronger,
Workers in the mill.

They have fired the men who joined us,
They have fired the girls who joined us,
They have fired the kids who joined us,
Workers in the mill.

We won't budge until we conquer,
We will stand until we conquer,
We will fight until we conquer,
Workers in the mill.

We have toiled in dark and danger,
We have toiled in dark and danger,
We have toiled in dark and danger,
Workers in the mill.

NO MORE MOURNING

No more mourning, no more mourning,
No more mourning after while,
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved and fought before.

1. No more misery (as above)

2. I know you're gonna miss me.

3. Oh freedom, Oh freedom.

CRAWDAD SONG

You bring a line
And I'll bring a pole, Honey.
You bring a line
And I'll bring a pole, Baby.
You bring a line
And I'll bring a pole.
We'll go fishing
In the Crawdad Hole.
Honey, Sugar, Baby or mine.

Yonder comes a man
With a sack on his back, Honey.
Yonder comes a man with
A sack on his back, Baby.
Yonder comes a man
With a sack on his back.
Packin' all the Crawdads
He can pack.

He fell down
And bust his sack.
You oughta see the crawdads
Backing back.

Crawdads, Crawdads
Three for a dime.
Did you ever see
Crawdads sell like mine.
Got by all men
Before it's too late.
Get Crawdad men song
Fast your gate.

Crawdads, Crawdads
You better go home.
I'm goin' to catch you
Here I come.
Lot more verses
To this song.
Guess I'd better
Be goin' along.

ZUM TA DI JA

Come a riding by one day,
Zum ta di ja di ja.
A saltier jaunty, bold and gay,
Zum ta di ja di ja.

CHORUS

Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Zum ta di ja di ja.

Oft he asked in manner bold,
Zum ta di ja di ja.
How could I this wroth withold,
Zum ta di ja di ja.

CHORUS

This little heart I'd give to you
Zum ta di ja di ja.
Could I be sure your own were
true.
Zum ta di ja di ja.

CHORUS

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Form No. 1
THIS CASE ORIGINATED AT **KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE**

FILE NO. **61-28**

REPORT MADE AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA	DATE WHEN MADE 2/28/42	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE 2/5,6,7,9/42	REPORT MADE BY [REDACTED] b7c
TITLE HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL			CHARACTER OF CASE INTERNAL SECURITY - R

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS:

[REDACTED] has previously defended radical individuals and labor unions in court.

[REDACTED] Copy of Labor Journal being sent to the office of origin. No definite indication that either of the above individuals is a Communist.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 2/28/84 BY SP8 BTJ/cl
248552

REFERENCE:

Report of Special Agent [REDACTED] dated December 9, 1941, at Richmond, Virginia. Report of Special Agent [REDACTED] dated January 31, 1942, at Richmond, Virginia.

DETAILS:

AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

COPIES DESTROYED
73 APR 1961

[REDACTED] was contacted by reporting Agent, at which

APPROVED AND <i>[Signature]</i> SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	DO NOT WRITE IN THESE SPACES 61-7511-187 MAR 1942 FIVE	RECORDED & INDEXED <i>[Signature]</i>
COPIES OF THIS REPORT 5-Bureau 2-Knoxville (Encl.) 2-Norfolk		

COPY IN FILE

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET5

Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- ☒ Deleted under exemption(s) b7C; b7D with no segregable material available for release to you.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party with no reference to you or the subject of your request.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party. Your name is listed in the title only.
- ☐ Information originating with the following government agency(ies) _____, was/were forwarded to them for direct response to you.

_____ Page(s) referred for consultation to the following government agency(ies); _____ as the information originated with them. You will be advised of availability upon return of the material to the FBI.

_____ Page(s) withheld for the following reason(s):

☐ For your information: _____

☒ The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:

61-7511-87, p. 2-6

XXXXXX

X XXX

 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 X DELETED PAGE(S) X
 X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
 X FOR THIS PAGE X
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

b7C
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b7D
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b7E

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Reporting Agent secured copies of the Labor Journal for November 27, 1941, December 4, 1941, January 22, 1942, January 29, 1942, and February 5, 1942, all of which copies are being sent by this office to the office of origin.

It is to be noted from a review of these copies that the newspaper is a weekly paper and is the official organ of the Norfolk Central Labor Union; that the editor and publisher is E. L. PICKLER, and that JOSEPH MORRIS is the advertising manager; that the paper is published every Thursday from the office of the Labor Journal, 209 West Tazewell Street, Norfolk, telephone 2-5991; that it was entered as second class matter on March 3, 1938, at the post office in Norfolk, Virginia, under the Act of March 3, 1879; that communications are solicited by the paper on all subjects, and the request is made that the full name of any individual submitting a communication should be signed as evidence of good faith. It is further noted that the newspaper also reserves the right to refuse any objectionable news item or advertising copy, and that the Labor Journal does not endorse the sentiments of all communications that appear in the newspaper, and that it is at liberty to take issue when it sees fit; that the subscription price of the paper per year is \$1.00, and for six months, 50¢.

It is also to be noted that in the copy of February 5, 1942, there is an item to the effect that WILLIAM GREEN calls for public support of Russian war relief needs, and also a comment that Fascism is 20th Century cannibalism, and that Nazi power must be smashed. In the issue of January 29, 1942, there is an item to the effect that the Russian War Relief had been given a gift of 100,000 dresses by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, of New York City. In the issue of January 22, 1942, there is an item to the effect that ALLEN WARDWELL, of New York City, had been elected secretary of the Board of Directors of the Russian War Relief, Inc., in New York City. In the issue of December 4, 1942, there is a considerable amount of space given to the editorial of the Hatters' Union, in Philadelphia, violating the Anti-Trust Law, and also to the conviction of eighteen of DENNY LEWIS'S associates, "The Socialist Workers' Party", in Minneapolis, Minnesota. In the issue of November 27, 1941, there is an item indicating that the Actors Union has initiated ouster of Communists in New York City, New York.

ENCLOSURES

TO THE KNOXVILLE OFFICE: The following issues of the Labor Journal:

February 5, 1942
January 29, 1942
January 22, 1942
December 4, 1941
November 27, 1941

- P E N D I N G -