

THE WORKERS' FUNERAL HYMN

Words: J.E. Sinclair

Tune: "Abido 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: "Riv' 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

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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 chisolors 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 knees,  
Parlez-vous.

The boss is shaking at the knees,  
Parlez-vous.

The boss is shaking at the knees,  
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,  
But what 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 we 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....

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### 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

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear;  
Help will come whenever needed,  
Choir, 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  
 thaws,  
 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'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 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 counselling 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.

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.

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!

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)

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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-link-a-dood-li-um,  
                  Skin-a-ma-link-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 hool-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 me."  
 The tenants answered him.

"If you will stay in refugoo 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 hoss,  
 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 tolling us  
 "Work till you bust-  
 I've got the brains so don't you fuss."  
 We're tolling 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.

Arise! Arise! 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.

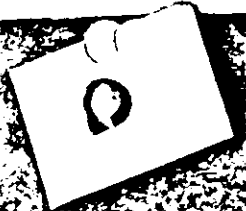
But when workmen refuse to put  
on their old war shoes,

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 phase is on -  
 And joyous hunters, groans and bounds  
 Leap forward to the horn.

Now loud the echo rolls around,  
 Resounds against the wold  
 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 Lucern to Wogis see,  
 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 dia  
 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 stam, gaito to Yalla yo Hanny.

There ain't no hamper (hanni), that's on a thin  
mountain (hanni)

That rings a-bile nino, boys (hanni), that rings  
a-bile nino.

Done bust this 'ole boy's (hanni), from nyar to  
babos (hanni)

All the way to the jail, boys (hanni), Yoa, back  
to the jail.

You lack a' Diamonds (hanni), Yea, Jack o' Diam  
onds (hanni)

I know you of old, boys (hanni), yea, know you  
of old.

You rob my pockets (hanni), yea rob-a-my  
pocket (hanni)

Don rob-a-my pocket a' silver and gold. (1st Verse.)

### CANNON BALL

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the  
wide 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  
ratt, as she glides along the woodlands  
through the hills and by the shores  
hear the mighty rush of the engine,  
hear the lonesome hobo squall,  
coming through the jungle on the

Wabash 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  
tall and she's tall  
She 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 Clarton, 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, hallelujah, hallelujah.

Altho' you got no pain, I say so,  
Oh, you Lord,  
I have my trials here below,  
Oh, you Lord.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,  
Oh, you Lord,  
Sometimes I'm almost to de ground,  
Oh, you Lord.

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

CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love,  
See what love has done to me,  
Sorrow, sorrow to my heart,  
When 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 land,  
Tell of Pharaoh, let my people go,  
No more shall they in bondage fall,  
Let my people go,  
Let us come out with Egypt's spoil,  
Let my people go.

CHORUS

Your foes 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 (hah!)  
Looky, looky yonder (hah!)  
Looky, looky yonder  
All the live long day,  
Ax is walkin' (hah!)  
Chips is talkin' (hah!)  
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)

Oh 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)

Hallelujah!

(I couldn't hear, etc.)

In the Jordan,

From bins over,

Crossing over,

In the kingdom,

Into Canaan!

With my Jesus!

O Lord!

O Lord!

(CHORUS)

(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, don't,  
Hear the wind blow,  
Hang your head over,  
Hear the wind blow,  
If you don't love me,  
Leave whom 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.

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.

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

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,  
I've lived 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 daisy,  
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,  
If she don't marry me I'll go crazy,  
Ho-doo-ing-dong-doodle allay day,  
Pack 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 daisy,  
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.

### 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 peas,

Two dollar shoes hurt my feet,

Fi' dollars shoes fits 'em best,

G'wine 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 ol' 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 our rejoicing rise  
High as the list'ning skies,  
Let our rejoicing loud as the rolling sea,  
Let our hearts be full of the faith that thro'  
The ages has taught us,  
Sing a song full of the hope that the  
Present has brought us;  
Facing the rising sun of our new day  
Our task has 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 coar'n' blister under my toe,  
And it hurt like Ho-ly Mos.  
Left the nicest bunch of fellows back home,  
Left my Pa and Ma, 'cause I had to roam  
And to talk to ev'ryone 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 a 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 nigh forty-five year,  
"You ain't no goldarn stear!"

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 goldarn 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 hick'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!

Whon 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.

2. No more misery (as above)
3. I know you're gonna miss me.
4. 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 & 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,  
Not by all' mah,  
Before it's too late.  
Dat Crawdad man song  
Must 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 some day,  
Zum ta di ja di ja,  
A sailor 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 wrotho withhold,  
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 <b>NORFOLK, VIRGINIA</b>	DATE WHEN MADE <b>2/28/42</b>	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE <b>2/5,6,7,9/42</b>	REPORT MADE BY <b>[REDACTED] b7c</b>
TITLE <b>HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL</b>			CHARACTER OF CASE <b>INTERNAL SECURITY - R</b>

**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 SP8BTJ/clc  
248532

- P -

**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 <b>61-17511-187</b>	RECORDER & INDEXED <i>[Signature]</i>
COPIES OF THIS REPORT 5-Bureau 2-Knoxville (Encl.) 2-Norfolk	<b>MAR 1942</b> FIVE	

COPY IN FILE

XXXXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXXXX

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

5

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  
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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
X DELETED PAGE(S) X  
X NO DUPLICATION FEE X  
X FOR THIS PAGE X  
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b7c  
b7D

[REDACTED]

b7c  
b7D

[REDACTED]

b7c  
b7E

[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 -