REBEL SONG BOOK

Eighty-seven Socialist and Labor Songs for Voice and Piano

Compiled and Edited by
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Music Editor - Dorothy Bachman

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FOREWORD

Flesh of our flesh,
Bone of our bone,
No worker anywhere
Battles alone.

No worker anywhere
Suffers in vain,
For everywhere workers
Are stirred by his pain.

No worker anywhere
Looks to the skies
But everywhere workers
Take heart and arise. . . .

And wherever workers
Are roused against wrong
They march into battle
Singing a song;

Giving their struggle
A name and a voice
So everywhere workers
Will hear and rejoice!

S.H.F.
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INTERNATIONAL

Eugene Potter (tr. by Charles E. Kerr)

Descant

A- rise, ye peasants of dis- na- tion! A- rise, ye wretched of the earth. For

justice thunders con-dem na- tion! A bet- ter world's in birth. No

more trad- di- tion's chains shall bind us, rise, ye slaves! No more in thrall. The

earth shall rise on new foun- da- tion, we have been sought, we shall be all.

Refrain

'Tis the fin- al con-flict, let each stand in his place: The In- ter-na-tional

E- arly shall be the hum- an race. 'Tis the fin- al con-flict, let each stand in his
Debout, les damnés de la terre,

Début, les esclaves de la race!

La raison tombe en eux écrasée:
C'est l'Éruption de la fin,

Le passé faisons table rase,

Poules d'esclaves, debout, debout!

Le monde va changer de base;

Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout.

Chœur

C'est la lutte finale, groupons nous et donnons,
L'internationale sera le genre humain. (repeat)

German

Wacht auf, Verdammt die Erde!

Die stets man nach zum Hunger zwingt!

Das Recht, wie Gott im Himmel,

Nun mit Macht zum Durchbruch dringt,

Reinen Tisch mecht mit den Bedürftigen:

Hexer der Sklaven, wache auf!

Ei, Nichts zu sein, fragst es nicht länger—

Alles zu werden strömmt zu euch!

Chœur

Volker, hört die Signale! Auf zum letzten Gefecht!

Die Internationale erkämpft das Menschenrecht! (repeat)

Swedish

Upp träda ut alla stater,

Som hungern bojar länge upp!

Det dömar ut alla brottnare.

Snart skall utbrottets timme giå.

Storät skall det gamla snart i gustet.

Stev, stig upp för att slå dig elf!

Tån mörkret stiga vi med lyset.

Från intet allt vi vilja bli.

Chœur

Upp till kamp emot avetaten! Sigla striden det är.

Ty internationalen är alla lyckas bär. (repeat)

Spanish

Arriba los pobres del mundo

En pie los esclavos sin pán

Y alcámen todos al grito de

Viva la Internacional!

Rompeamos el punto las trabas

Que impiden el triunfo del bien

Cambios el mundo de face,

Hundiendo el imperio burgués.

Chœur

Arriba, monos todos en la lucha final,

Y se alzan los pueblos por la Internacional (repeat)
Italian
Compagni avanti! il gran parito
Noi oiam dei lavorator.
Resso un sier c'è un petto fierito;
Una fede c'è meta in cor!
Noi non siamo più nell'officine,
Entrò l'eroe, nei campi, in mar.
La gloria sempre all'opera china
Venà 'l Idea in cui sperar.
Chorus
Su, lottiam! - Uedele nostre allice gara
L'internazionale futura umanità (repeat).

Russian
Вставай, проклятых заклейменный
Весь мир толпой и радуй!
Хватит наш разум внемушенный
И в смертный бой вести грозов.
Весь мир насилом вел разорем
До оснований, а затем
Мы наш, мы новый мир построим.
Кто был ничем, тот станет всем.
Chorus
Это будет последний И решительный бой!
С интернационалом Воспринят под .ЮОЕСОН (repeat).

Finnish
Työn orjat, sorron ystävä nuorukia!
Maan äimmin meidän tummansa;
Nyt työpyyntä muutamus pelikoivalla,
Täk on viime pensiatus.
Pohja vanhan järjestysten herjuus,
Orjakuulta taistelossa!
Ateas lyhyttä keke vanha maailma,
Ja valtaa luinan silloin on!
Chorus
Täk on viimeinen taistelu, riitamaan yhteysä,
Niin huomisnapia Levisat on valjeet kaukanaan! (repeat)

Yiddish
Sheit oif ir ale wer nor shklafen
Was hungere leiden wos in neit.
Der gezelt er kochl um zvit zu vagen
In schfacht unt firen is er geejt.
Bi welt fun gewaldaten un leiden
Tsekhtern weisen mir, au das
Fun freidt, gleicheit a gemeiden
Besimmen wet der arstesman.
Chorus
Doe wert sein chaim der tekater Un entscheidener skhloot
Mit dem international shheit ois ir arstesheit! (repeat)
HOLD THE FORT

Key of C

English Hymn

1. We meet to-day in free-labour's cause, And raise our voices high, We'll join our hands in union strong, To battle or to die.

Chorus

Held the fort for we are coming, United men to fight.

Side by side we battle on-ward, Victory will come.

2. Look, my comrades, see the union banners waving high; Reinforcements now appearing, Victory is nigh.

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

Chorus

4. Fierce and long the battle rages, But we shall not fear Help will come where'er it's needed, Cheers, my comrades, cheers.

5. Not alone the union battles For the workers' right, Socialist comrades in the vanguard Carry on the fight.

6. Forward, then, to build the future, Naught can stay our growth, Socialist branch and union local, Arms of labor both.

Chorus
WE'RE MARCHING, O COMRADES

Key of C# Minor

Begin on G# S.H.
In fast March time

"Comrades"

HANS EISLER.

Come stand, field and foundry,
Come out, farmers, toilers,
Down with the others,
The fascists may climb as their world order trembles: Were

Every boundary,
Dry and brave your deserts,
Close our time together,
Clap

Ranks, guards your flanks,
Here's to the comrade's un-failed,
Our goal, pole to pole
Know where the foe is encamped in his might,
Once more as before we advance,
Distant lands see our self-faith appear,
Beastly foe for the day of des

Take back our world,
We're marching, O comrade, to take back our world,
Vance to the fight.
We're waving, O comrade, our last battle flag,
Vexillum is near.
Rejoice now, O comrade, our triumph is near.
THE REVOLUTION

Key of D
Begin on F♯
Arturo Giovannitti.

Martial

Herman Epstein.

A-rise then, A-rise then, ye men of the plow and the hammer, Ye

men of the helm and the lever, And send forth to the four winds of the earth, And send

forth to the four winds of the earth. Your new proclamation of freedom, of freedom, if

freedom, which shall be the last, Which shall be the last and shall abide for ever more.
Through you, through your united strength, Order shall become equity. Law shall become liberty. Duty shall become love, And religion shall become truth. Through you, through you the manhood shall rise, And the man, the man be born. And lo! and behold, my brothers, Peace shall reign forever! And this shall be called the revolution.
THE PEOPLE'S HYMN

Key of F

 Ye sons of freedom wake to glory! The leaf of triumph is all around crowned in

song and throned in glory, The people rise in every land. The workers

rise in every land. Their ancient birthright the fruit of their labor, shall be restored to the workers again, And man no more shall toil in vain. A slave exploited by his neighbor,

Re-cy-a-rise! Your standard is unfurled. Unite! Unite! One law for all! Let justice rule the world.
THE RED FLAG

James Cornell

The people's flag is deep red; it shroud-ed all our mar-tyred dead, And

ever their limbs were stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its sw-y fold. Then

Chorus

raise the scar-let stand-ard high! With in its shade we'll live and dye, Though

cow-ards flinch and trait-ors sner, We'll keep the red flag fly-ing here.

1. Look round, the Frenchman loves his Koss, The sturdy German chants its praise. In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung Chicago swells the surging throng. It will recall the triumphs past, It gives the hope of peace at last, The banner bright, the symbol plain. Of human right, of human gain.

2. It suits today the weak and base, What thought are fixed on gold and grace. To spring beneath the richman's crown, And tear the sacred emblem down.

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

With heads uncovered swear we all, To bear it onward till we fall. Come dangerous dark as gallow's grim, This song shall be our parting hymn.
MARCH SONG OF THE WORKERS

Key of d minor.
Russsian Folk Song

Whirl-winds of danger are raging around us, Overwhelming forces of darkness assail.

still in the fight we advance before us, Red flag of liberty that yet shall prevail.

Refrain:
Then forward, ye workers, freedom awaits you, Over all the world on the

land and the sea, On with the fight for the cause of humanity.

March, March, ye tellers and the world shall be free, March, March, ye tellers and the world shall be free.

2. Women and children in hunger are calling, Shall we be silent in their sorrow and woe? While in the fight our brothers are falling, Upright united and conquer the foe!

Chorus:

3. Off with the crown of the tyrants of fear! Dawn in the dawn with the pross and the yew! Strike off your chains, all ye brave sons of labor! Wake all humanity, for victory is near.

Chorus:
TO LABOR

Key of G

Rudolf Liebich

Shall you complain, who feeds the world, who clothes the world, who houses the world? Shall you complain who are the world of what the world may do? As

Chorus

from this hour you use your pow'r, the world must follow you. As

from this hour you use your pow'r, the world must follow you.

8

The world's life hangs on your right hand,
Your strong right hand, your skilled right hand.
You hold the whole world in your hand,
See to it what you do.

Chorus

Or dark or light or wrong or right
The world must follow you.
Or dark or light or wrong or right
The world must follow you.

Then rise as you never rose before.
Nor hoped before, nor dared before,
And show as never was shown before
The power that lies in you.

Chorus

Stand all as one till right is done
Believe and dare and do.
Stand all as one till right is done
Believe and dare and do.
BANKER AND BOSS

Key of E minor

Arranged by Alexander Solomon

Begins on B flat

1.
Banker and boss take the

2.
Though in the con-flict our

Not for or found or a

On-ly a move-ment cour-age-ous and sane

Shoulder to shoulder in
ev-ery land;

Like her in-ter-ted will

Then hear the

Pro-per dam and plen-ty and

peace can gain.

Then hear of the tower-ing masses, Alle-roots and cel-ews, brain and brawn; Uni-ied un-der the great-ful

Ban-ner, termed fore-ward to the dawn. Then hear the dawn.
COME RALLY YOUTH
Dedicated to the Young Socialists League

German Folk Song
Arr. by ST.

Key of A minor
D major

Come rally youth, build a nation,
Swing, axe, and cleave! We're clearing ground for the new foundation,
Swing, axe, and cleave!

Chorus
Youth be bold, scrap the old,
Batter down the walls where truth is sold.

Youth be true, build the new,
Builders of the future world are you!

2
All hearts a-throb with a stern elation,
Thrust, spade, and heave.
We're digging deep for the new foundation,
Thrust, spade, and heave!

3
Stone maces with iron in exultation,
Lift, stodge, and swing.
We're building strong on the new foundation,
Lift, stodge, and swing!

4
Great towers surge in consecration,
Fierce, rivets, clanging.
We're soaring high from the new foundation,
Fierce, rivets, clanging.

17
ON THE PICKET LINE

Key of F

Staff

To win our strike and all our demands, come and picket on the picket line, in one
strong union will join our hands, come and picket on the picket line. On the

Chorus

line, on the line, come and picket on the picket line; when
shout and yell and fight like hell, come and picket on the picket line.

2
If you've never spent a night in jail,
Come and picket on the picket line;
You will be invited with out fail,
Come and picket on the picket line.

Chorus
On the line, on the line, on the picket,
picket line,
The dirty little scab, we will use him like a rag,
Come and picket on the picket line.

3
If you don't like scabs and thugs and shoot,
Come and picket on the picket line,
For you show us that the worker rules,
When you picket on the picket line.

Chorus
On the line, on the line, on the picket,
picket line,
All together take a hike, and we'll surely win the strike —
Come and picket on the picket line.
SOLIDARITY FOREVER

Ralph Chaplin

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

Chorus

Solidarity forever! Solidarity forever! Solidarity forever. For the union makes us strong.

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

3. In our hands is placed a power greater than their bared gold, Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousandfold. We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old, For the union makes us strong.
WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Key of G

We shall not, we shall not be moved. We shall not,

We shall not be moved. Just like a tree planted by the water.

We shall not be moved. Just like a tree planted by the water.

We shall not be moved. The workers are in back of us.

We shall not be moved. The workers are in back of us.

We shall not be moved. Just like a tree planted by the water.

The arm and torch will lead us and we shall not be moved.
The arm and torch will lead us and we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree planted by the water we shall not be moved.

Build the Socialist Party and we shall not be moved,
Build the Socialist Party and we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree planted by the water we shall not be moved.
PAINT 'ER RED

Key of G
Begin on B

Sallie Chaplin

"Marching Through Georgia."
Henry C. Work

Come with us you working men and join the rebel band, Come you discontented ones and
give a helping hand. We march against the parasite to drive him from the land, With

one big industrial union Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to paint 'er red, Hurrah! Hurrah! The way is clear ahead, We're gaining shop democracy and

in factory and field and mine. We gather in our might, We're on the job and know the way, To wreck the hardest fight, For the beacon that shall guide us, Out of darkness into light, In one big industrial union. We hate this rotten system More than any mortals do, Our aim is not to patch it up, But build it all anew. And what we'll have for government, When finally we've through In one big industrial union.
OVER ALL THE LANDS

Key of F

Words by Louisa Strong

Adapted from Anvil Chorus

Music by W. Vincent

Over the prairies and over the mountains and up from the cities that front the sea, Out from the mills and the mines and the forest is rising the call that shall set men free.

Chorus

Over all the lands it sounds and over all the waters, Earth and the fruits of earth for all her sons and daughters. No more each for each a tone, full undivided, with hearts decided. We rise to claim our own.

Men in the grip of the farm and the factory, women the drudges of kitchen and mill, Children bereft of the playtime of childhood have claimed for their children the promise still.

3 Brothers shall build us the houses that we dwell in and brothers shall till for our food the soil. Brothers in freedom shall meet with each other, with gladness exchanging the fruits of toil.

4 Brothers shall meet in the council of peoples, with old hates forgotten and war flags furled. Brothers shall build us the ships and the railroads that bind us together around the world.

2
PLEASE, MR. BOSS

Key of C
Begin on C
Fast

Wadda gonna do when you want more pay, Please Mister Boss?

Wadda gonna do for a short or say, Please Mister Boss?

Wadda gonna do for a chance to play, Please Mister Boss? No! It's

strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, Not, Please Mister Boss!

2

Wadda gonna do when the scabs croak in
Please Mister Boss?
Wadda gonna do when the spies begin
Please Mister Boss?
Wadda gonna do when the gangsters grin
Please Mister Boss?
No! It's stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, Not-
Please Mister Boss!

3

Wadda gonna do when the thugs get thick
Please Mister Boss?
Wadda gonna do when the cops come quick
Please Mister Boss?
Wadda gonna do when the judge gets slick
Please Mister Boss?
No! It's fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, Not-
Please Mister Boss!
ANTHEM
INTERNATIONAL LADIES’ GARMENT WORKERS’ UNION

Key of G

Beginns on D

Emily B. Fine.

One battle won, but the fight's just begun
And the union flag unfurled,
United, we're strong; let us march toward the dawn of a

brave new workers' world.

Oh, Union of the Garment Workers, To

you we ever will be true.

Well build and well fight and we'll

rise in our might, with the I. L. G. W. U.

2

North, south, east and west,
All the workers oppressed
Join the union ranks today;
Our banners are bright
As they float red and white
Where our Union leads the way;

24
WE'RE COMRADES EVER

Key of B♭

Comrades awaiting me, hearts warm and tender.

To them where ever I'll be, my love I'll render. Under broad

Heaven's dome where e'er on earth I roam, with them I feel at home,

We're comrades ever. Under broad Heaven's dome, where e'er on earth I roam, with them I feel at home. We're comrades ever.

2

That name so true and strong, title endearing. Comrades, one and all, be our endeavor
Let it resound in song, our life course cheering. To heed the Marxist call, let naught as ever, Bound by a deathless tie, a cause that cannot die, One unit be our band, one cause in every land.

Hark, hark, the welcome cry—we're comrades ever. For brotherhood we stand—we're comrades ever.

(Repeal last two lines) (Repeal last two lines)
I'm an ambition, I'm labor, as politician, I'm labor—
I follow still the good old plan,
I'm a Democrat or Republican.
But a Socialist is a hungry man; I'm labor (He's labor)
I'm strong as a lion, I'm labor, but weak up here, I'm labor.
I always hold for friends you see,
With friends like Frank or Al kayce.
But will I ever vote for you? I'm labor (He's labor)

At last! I'm raising, I'm labor, My chains, I'm breaking, I'm labor.
Since I've waited for this hour,
No more to wealth and none I'll cover.
But, rousing, rousing, rousing, I'm labor. (He's labor)
I'm done with burning, I'm labor, with waiting grudging, I'm labor.
I'll put in work the bone and dross.
No more they'll copy what I have seen.
I'll come at last into my own, I'm labor. (He's labor)

SONG OF THE PROLETARIAT

Who hammers brass and stone? Who raises from the mines? Who

weaves cloth and silk? Who tills field and vine? Who bears the

rich to feed, yet lives himself in greatest need? It is the men who toil. The

Proletariat; It is the men, the men who toil, The Proletariat.

Who strives from earliest morn
Who tells till latest night?
Who brings to others wealth,
Ease, luxury, and might?
Who turns the world's great wheels,
Yet has no right in common wealth?
It is the men who toil,
The Proletariat;
It is the men who toil,
The Proletariat.

Who is from age a slave
To all the tyrant breed?
Who off for them must fight
And for them shed his blood?
Oh tell! hast thou not yet perceived,
Tis thou that ever art deceived!
Awake, ye men who toil!
Up, Proletariat!
Awake, ye men who toil!
Up, Proletariat!
HAIL, WORKING CLASS

Key of G  
Begin on D  
Allegro  

Sung by the workers' rise to power — From thrall--dom to the

fateful hour when to-hor's woes will pass. No bane can break our union

fail. The stur-dy bond of brother-hood in tell — Hail

work-ing class! Hail work-ing class!

2
The workers struggling in the dark
Always kept a glo-w the vital spark
Of freedom for the mass;
For labor, yearning to be free,
At last must liberate humanity.
Hail, working class! Hail, working class!

3
The brain and arm of labor brought
Art and science to mankind and wrought
To drain fear's dark morass.
The reign of capital must fall,
The fullness of the world will be for all.
Hail, working class! Hail, working class!
THE WORKERS' CARMAGNOLE

Key of E
Beginning on E

We're out to build a decent world that fits for toilers in every land-

Chorus
All who make the world, workers of hand, workers of brain. We mean to take the

world, ours is the task, ours be the gain. Come all who make the world, workers of

brain. We mean to take the world, ours is the task, ours be the gain.
MARCH ON

Key of F

Begins on C

Way o-ver in the E-gypt land, We shall gain the vic-tor-y.

Way o-ver in the E-gypt land, We shall gain the day. March on, and

we shall gain the vic-tor-y, March on, and we shall gain the day

Not only on the Egypt strand, we shall gain the victory.
Do Pharaoh and his shock s stand, we shall gain the day.

Wherever there's an Egypt land, we shall gain the victory.
We are an evergrowing band, we shall gain the day.

Yes, when the workers understand, we shall gain the victory.
They'll slave no more in Egypt land, we shall gain the day.

Come workingmen in every land, we shall gain the victory.
Take one another by the hand and we shall gain the day.

A REBEL SONG

Key of G

Begins on D

James Connolly

Ch.W. Crawford

1. Close work-ers sing a reb-el song, a song of love and hate, Of the war to the
We sing no more of wasting,  
And no songs of sighs or tears,  
High are our hopes, and steep our hearts,  
And banished all our fears;  
Our flag is raised above us,  
So that all the world may see,  
'Tis labor's faith and labor's arm  
Alone can labor free.

Out of the depths of misery,  
We march with hearts of flame.  
With wrath against the rulers false  
Who wreck our menhood's name;  
The serf who breaks the tyrant's rod  
May bend forgiving knee,  
The slave who breaks his master's chain  
A wretchful man must be.
THE YOUNG GUARDS

Key of G
Begin on D

We are marching toward the morning, our struggle's our comrades all,
Our aims are set on victory, our enemies must fall.
With ordered steps and flag un-tield,
We build a new and better world. We are the youthful guardsmen of the proletariat.

Young comrades come and join us,
Our struggle will endure,
Till every enemy is down.
And victory is sure;
In struggle and in valiant fight
Were marching to the workers' might.
We are the youthful guardsmen of the proletariat.
We are the youthful guardsmen of the proletariat.

YOUNG CIRCLE LEAGUE HYMN
(by Interval Chadフィ尔斯)

For freedom and equality
The league we stand for one
When, o'er the world, our flag unfurled
Our duty be done.
Alone we cannot dare to hope;
In labor, work and play,
In labor, mightily we stand, the Young Circle League.
What is her will arise, Triumphant.

They'll be our works;
To go down through the years,
To be the workmen of the world.
We pledge our solemn word to all.
TRUE FREEDOM

May of G
Beginns on D

James Russell Lowell.

War Song of the Druid
"Norma."

Man whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers brave and free.

If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye truly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a brother's pain.

Are ye not base slaves indeed? Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2
In true freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with thankful hearts forget, That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear.
And with heart and hand to be Earnest to make others free.

3
They are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scolding, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they must think;
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.
WORKMEN'S CIRCLE HYMN

Key of C
Begin on D. Transposed by C.

M. Posner.

Mid the bliss of a world in commotion, the light of true free-dom we sought. Here at

home and far o'er the

sea, the fount of our vision we brought. The

fire of our love and de-

votion kindled our

spiritual fires we wrought.

Refrain

A time less bound u-

nites us. A ring of tem-pred steel, One

ra-

dian belt con-

joins us. To peace and com-

mon weal, Stand

all for one and one for all, The working class rule.

2.

On the anvil of struggle created,
The ring to our armor and shield:
The branches are links that are linked,
In mounting the weapon we wield.
So forward with zeal unfaltering.
Our hero will conquer the field.
(Members of women can sing the following words where indicated): And a voice of we will sing:
(1) (2) The union's our armor and shield.

34
THE SCARLET BANNER  

Key of F  
Begins on C  Translated by J. W. \nVivo e moto con anima  
Harmonized by R. Lieblich  

A-rite, 0 comrades, and take your station, Behind the banner,  
the scarlet banner! Together win our emancipation,  
In every nation triumphantly. Up scarlet banner and  
front the foe; Up scarlet banner and forward go! Up scarlet  
banner that the world may see. Socialism triumphing and liberty.  

2. From field and workshops pending appearing.  4. There are no alien as borders hold us.  
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner, Behind our banner, the scarlet banner,  
On land and water, our call they're heaving. We learn the love our oppressors told us,  
The hour is nearing triumphantly. Red flags unfold we triumphantly.  
3. The suffering masses, the poor fell toilers, One fearless worker, and then another  
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner. Behind our banner, the scarlet banner,  
Become an army of old work-fellers, Have till a five no repulse can another,  
To fight the systers triumphantly. Stand up, my brother, triumphantly.
UP, SOCIALIST COMRADES

Key of F
Begins on C
Alle maroto
Translated by E.K.

Karl Gramm.
Arr. by D.B.

Up Socialist comrades, mass your numbers, the drums are beating, banners high, for labor's

keeps rise from their slumber, and freedom cause can never die. We fight to bring to all who tell, the

beauty of the sun and soil, the light of knowledge and the splendor. When service to our class we render.

This is the cause, workers should fight. This is the cause, workers will fight!

Ours is the mass, ours is the might, ours is the mass, ours is the might!

Uncounted hosts throughout the nation,
From shop and office, mill and field,
Whose toil makes sorrow and starvation;
Learn that the going is yours to mold.
Here done with sighing and with tears;
Close ranks, the Bow, a freedom near.
All exploitation we shall banish.
Our toil is not yet at last will vanish.
This is the only war, workers should fight.
Ours is the mass, ours is the might.
Ours is the mass, ours is the might.
THE CUDGEL SONG

Key of G
Begin on B
Slowly Transcribed by D.G.

But there's one home-ly strain I shall never for-get... It's the
chant of the men as they toil.

Chorus (slowly)

Ho, my lit- tle cudgel make way now!

Ho, the green one will o-hay now and Go on-ward, slow on-ward.

2.
Now the workers are waking and taking the land
Where they toiled in their sorrow and pain;
Not as bondmen they sleep but as freemen they stand,
Though they still sing their cudgel refrain;
Not as bondmen they sleep but as freemen they stand,
Though they still sing their cudgel refrain.

2nd Chorus ( louder) Happy mighty cudgel, arise now;
Refrain all the prize ye and
Lift toward, swift swoed,
Together!
THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE

Key of C
Begins on C
Introduction (optional)

We are coming
all will
Through the darkness
and af-frighted we’ve waited for this hour.
Now we rise for we sweeping all the gloom in that dark

fear-y veins are leap-ing with the blood of all man-kind.

Chorus
We are coming un-fore-giv-ing. And the earth re-sounds our
Years of labor, years of anguish, Gallows grim and dungeon cell,
All your boasted power to vanquish, Have but taught us to rebel;
Now the giant has arisen. From the slumber of the years,
And for him your strongest prison Has no terrors and no fears.
THE HAND WITH THE HAMMER

(Key of G)

(Chorus Socialist Labor Party song)

Platen Bronnoff

Ye men of the workshop with sweet voices sing, All men shall hear for you to sing:

all ye who work in the mines, look up and shout, Prepare ye a jubilee song.

Chorus

Hand with the hammer the arm uplifted will shatter the throne of the capitalist king.

Hand with the hammer the arm uplifted will shatter the throne of the capitalist king.

Ye mystic-eyed babies, who pined for your mothers, Hell-Guard, Sit-Honor, the torches are lighted.

Ye fruit little sisters who wore them and weep, For wealth-buried mankind the secrets have begun.

Ye sore-feated, work-seeking, heart weary brothers, From the bonds of privation, two pilots escaped.

In the midnight of ignorance no longer sleep, Shall turn the prow of this ship to the sun.

For light is now spreading, the dark clouds are rife. A way for the willing, a door for the gifted.

While the streets of all cities, Oh, messenger take wing. An era of honor to labor we bring.
HARK! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING

Key of F
Begin on F
H. S. Butt.

*Men of Harlech*
Welsh.

1. Hark! the battle cry is ringing! Hope within our bosom springing. Ride at journey's end, ye, the sturdy sons of G. bro, fighting on toy.

2. Forward, marching Death, to by-stand might! man his long bow, sprinkle from the right. See our homes before us.

3. Wives and babes on-lore us. so firm we stand in heart and hand and swell that soul-less chorus.

Chorus, slower

Men of labor, young or hairy, Would ye win a name in story.

Slower

Gather home, for life, for glory. Justice, freedom, right.

Long in wrath and desperation, Long in hunger, shame, privation, Have we borne the degradation, Of the rich men's spite.
Now disdaining useless sorrow, Hope from brighter thoughts well sorrow! Often the brightest morrow, After the stormiest night.

Nobler days are dawning; Heroic deeds, sublime of creed, Shall herald freedom's morning.
WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION

(Marion, N.C. Strike song)

Key of C

We are building a strong union. We are building a strong union.

Miners' Song

3. They have fired the men who joined us. We will stand until we conquer.
   They have fired the girls who joined us. We will stand until we conquer.
   They have fired the kids who joined us. We will fight until we conquer.

Workers in the mine.

NO MORE SLAVES

(Gospel Hymn)

Key of B

Key of C

We are building a strong union. Everyone makes us stronger. Every new girl makes us stronger.

Miners' Song

4. We won't be gulled or stamped. We have toiled in dust and danger.
   We have toiled in dust and danger. We have toiled in dust and danger.

Workers in the mine.

No more slaves, no more slaves. We will fight till we are free.

No more slaves, no more slaves. We are going to sing our union song.

No more slaves, no more slaves. We will fight till we are free.

No more slaves, no more slaves. We are going to sing our union song.

Gain our victory by our union song. No more slaves, no more slaves.

Caused the bitter fight. All things good will come to light. No more slaves, no more slaves.
BREAD AND ROSES

Key of Bb

As we come marching, marching—Is the beauty of the day

A million dark and huddled—A thousand workshops gray—

The people near us singing,

Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

1. As we come marching, marching, we battle too, our men,
Pur they are women, children and we mother them again,
Our lives, shall not be sweated from birth until the close,
Hearts slave as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses.

2. As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women read
The cry of hunger through their ancient song of bread
For all, art and love and quiet the drudging heart knew.
Yes, 'tis bread we fight for—but we fight for roses.

3. As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater
The vision of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and toil—ten that tell where we pause—
But a sharing of tidal glories—bread and roses, bread and roses.

43
RED FRONT

Key of Bb  

Begins on F  Translated by S.R.F.  

French con male  

German Revolutionary Song

Drums sound the call to our class;  

Left left left left

Workers are marching in mass. There's no time for talk now, we're ready for deed. We know where the struggle for power will lead. We're prepared to press on the fray. No longer we beg for a crumb or dale. We're eager to drive to the ultimate goal: And a parasite world sweep a-way.
Chorus

Onward, comrades, forward to battle. Close up your ranks for the fight;
Shoulder to shoulder, Press on the Holden,
Victory comes with the night. To left and right are the enemies For us is the red battle front.

Socialist workers, up with your banner, Red front: red front.

Left left left left
Keep close watch on your flanks;
Left left left left
Out with the spy in the ranks!
No tricks of debate now will turn us aside,
Their guns and their gas we will take in our stride,
We have learned how to stand and resist:
We have learned from delay, we have learned from defeat.
The cry now is forward and no retreat.
Left your arm, raise it high, clench your fist!
GO DOWN, MOSES

Key of Em
Negro Spiritual

When Israel was in Egypt land, Let my people go, O my God; for we cannot endure, We are come to die.

Chorus

SLOWER

2. Thus said the Lord, And Moses said, Let my people go; 3. Thus said the Lord, And Moses said, Let my people go; 4. Thus said the Lord, And Moses said, Let my people go.

HEIRS OF TIME

Key of G

Says on D

J. W. Elliott.

From street and square, From hill and glen, This vast world, Ye old, my lord, I see.

Hear the tread of marching men, The patient armies of the poor.

2. Not crime-clad, or clothed in state, The peasant brain shall yet be wise, Their little deeds not yet made plain.

3. But walking early, walking late, The blind shall see, the blind arise.

The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, without a trumpet call, This noise will o'er the world be blown; "The heritage comes back to all!" The myriad monarchs take their own."
THE OATH
(Die Gelöbnisse)

Key of F

We begin our battle for freedom and right,
Assail the oppressor and trample his toils.
As long as oppression and hunger endure.
We swear we will conquer the darkness that rules.
And storm the gates of tyranny or fall in the fight.
A fellowship of freemen in a world we've made.
Come swear we'll bear it onward, living and dead.
We swear we'll not flinch in our holy crusade.
We swear we'll bear it onward, living and dead.
THE WORKERS HYMN

Key of Eb

Words by: Felice Turati
Trans. by: J. S. Hawkins

Tempo di Menu

Au frais des champs, in camp
Join the ranks of fellow workers and brothers.

Au vent, in sailla,
With the wind, from sailla.

Si-ten, in sit-
Sitting, in sit-

bran-
brand,

di-ve-
dive-

For we,
For we,


Posto, il gran cas-a, e det ri-
Position, the great cause of lib-

noi do
We know not, we do not know,

Il ris-to-del la-
We know not of the la-

48
NO MORE WAR

Determined.

German Folk Tune.

Key of G minor

Begins on D Minor

Arranged by Alexander Solomon.

NO MORE WAR

We laugh at guns and peace, we see the fascist hordes now. For the freedom of the working class.

mount the barricades now. For the freedom of the working class. Let us mount the barr-ri-cades now!

2.

Their bloody banner soon will pass, their battalions will crumble like glass. Come, workers, one united mass.

Though proudly it parades now, Their dashing grandeur fades now. Their hosts are only shades now.

For the freedom of the working class. For the freedom of the working class. If we hold the might of the working class.

Let us mount the barricades now. Let us mount the barricades now. We shall need the barricades now.

(Repeat last two lines)  (Repeat)  (Repeat)
WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES

Key of A
Begin on E
J. J. Glazier

Chorus

When the revolution comes, The social revolution, The revolution comes, The social revolution, The revolution comes, The social revolution.

The landlord and the capitalist, Then let us hail the coming day, The glorious hope before us, And with brave deeds anticipate, The good time of our chorus.

If you should with leisure You'll have to take a holiday, And search in the museum, You'll have to take a holiday, And search in the museum.

And search in the museum.

THE BUILDERS

Key of C
Begin on C

We are the builders; we build the future, The future world is in our hand. We swing our hammers; we are our wea-pen, Against our foes in every land.

We are the builders; we build the future, Each day of struggle, each hour of battle, And as the workers, who are the fathers And as the workers, who are the fathers And as the workers, who are the fathers, And on the workers, who are the fathers, And on the workers, who are the fathers, And in our dear battle cry.
MARCH OF THE WORKERS

Key of F
Begin on C

Up, valiant heart-ed common folk
With souls no longer humble;
At last you know the tyrant yoke
Bears your might will crumble.
Night trembles as your host attacks;
On to the gates with sledge and axe.
Night trembles as your host attacks,
On to the gates with sledge and axe.

2
Yours is the noblest task on earth;
Up, workers, to your duty;
A world of freedom is in birth,
A world of love and beauty.
Give heart and soul, give fist and brain;
The workers' world is yours to gain.

52
HOLD UP YOUR LIGHT

O Negro Comrade

Neuro spiritaul

"Race 'n' Race buddy"

Key of D

Begins on F#m

Chorus

Hold up your light, O Negro comrade, Hold up your

light, O hard-pressed comrade. Hold up your light,

Hold up your light, O

Soldier, don't you weep, don't you pray, sal-

vation isn't coming that way, Together let's press

on to the fray, Black and white will re-build the world.

Repeat Chorus.
THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

Key of G
Gospel Hymn

Long-haired preachers come out every night To tell you what's wrong and right;

But when asked how to mow something to eat, They answer with verses so sweet.

Chorus:
You will eat, and by and by, In that glorious land above the sky; Work and pray, live on hay, You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

2.
If you fight hard for children and wife
Try to get something good in this life,
You're a sinner and a bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite!
Side by side we for freedom will fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained,
To the grafters we will sing this refrain.

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

54
HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

"Revive us again"
Gospel Hymn
Mr. W. E. B.

Oh, why don't you work, Like other men do? "How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?"

Chorus

Hallelujah, I'm a bum; Hallelujah, bum again. Halle-

Hallelujah, give us a hand-out to revive us again.

2
A lady came out. "Oh, why don't you pray, When I knocked at the door, For your daily bread?"
"You'll get nothing here, 'Cause I've seen you before."

3
I do love my beer, "O, why don't you save, He's a good friend of mine. All the money you earn?"
That's why I'm starving "If I didn't eat Out on the bread line."

I'd have money to burn."
THE REBEL GIRL

L.W.W. song

Words and Music by
Joe Hill

Key of E
Begins on E

There are two men of many descriptions—In this queer world all every one strives—Amidst lying in beautiful dreams may be very fine—but a heart in her bosom is manly strong and are wearing the finest dress of clothes

There are blue blooded quacks in principle, and the greatest in terror are trembling, for her eyes and -

diamonds and pearls—But the only and the rough breed

Ladys is the rebel girl—Copyright by Industrial Workers of the World.

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That's the Rebel Girl, That's the Rebel Girl. To the working class she's a precious pearl. She brings courage, pride and joy. To the fighting rebel boy.

We have girls before, but none like some born in the industrial Workers of the World. For us great to fight for freedom with a Rebel Girl.

57
CASEY JONES

Key of G

Eddie Newton

Begin on Allegro

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call, But Casey Jones the engineer, he

sensed the strike all. His duty or it was talking and the drivers on the box, But his engine and the barking with the young

Chorus

all out of place. Casey Jones kept his junk pile running; Casey Jones was working double time.

Casey Jones got a wood-en med-al, for being good and faithful time S.P. line.

2. The workers said to Casey, "Wont you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said, "Let me alone, youd better take a hike."

Then Casey slung his engine ran right off the track and
drive. And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;

Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;

Casey Jones was an Angel too.

He took a trip to Heaven on the S.P. line.

3. When Casey Jones got up to Heaven to the Holy Gate.

He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the man that pulled the S.P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter, "our enemies want an strike,

You can get a job on the angels, Casey Jones got a job in Heaven;

Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;

Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;

Just as he did to workers on the S.P. line.

4. The angels put together, and they said: "We wont fail."

Per Casey Jones to go around a crossing every where.

The Angels Union Numbered them, they were there, there.

And they promptly found Casey down the Golden Stair.

"Casey Jones and the Devil said: "Oh, time.

Casey Jones was doing mighty fine there"

That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

S.P. — Southern Pacific.
LIFT UP THE PEOPLE'S BANNER

Key of A

Begin on E

Joseph Whitaker

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus"  C.J. Webb.

Lift up the people's banner, now trailing in the dust: A million hands are ready to guard the sacred flag.

With hope that never falters, And hearts that grow more strong, Till victory ends our toil, We slowly march along.

Through ages of oppression We built a heavy load;
While others reaped the harvest From seeds the people sowed.
Down in the earth we buried, Of old the furnace shafts;
We fed the mighty flames That all our weary toil.

But after better ages Of hunger and despair;
The slave has shed his fetters, And hold his head erect.
We will be slaves no longer. The nation soon shall know That all who live must labor, That all who live must toil.

O, TORTURED AND BROKEN IN PRISON

Slowly

Arr. by D.R.

Russian Folk Song

O, tortured and broken in prison, You met death gloriously. In fighting for the

worker's cause, You died victoriously. You died. You died victoriously.

No sorrow lay dark on our souls
We gathered new courage from the grave Where our brave comrades lies. Where our brave comrades lies.

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 till victory, till victory.

2

59
HEAR A WORD, A WORD IN SEASON

Key of D
Begins on D
William Morris

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh, when the tears shall roll upon us,

Come to live and come to die! He that dies shall not die alone, many a soul hath gone before,

He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore. Nothing Sacred in their clay,

One but yesterday they died, Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the virtuous dead.

2
In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labor and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.
Never met therefore, nor tamed till that the world outlives their life;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.
Some had name and fame and honor, learned they were and wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

3
Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
Every path to count something, every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry, "Oh happy, happy ye that ye were born.
"In the sad slow night departing, in the rising of the morn.
"Fair the crown the cause hath for you, well to die or well to live
"Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."
MARCH, MARCH, COMRADES ALL

March, march, comrades all, onward ever boldly. Hear not the

February fall, nor eyes that smile coldly. Onward, smiles or frowns deride,

Be it the gray morn, or the Land of Night, Ail for the day before we

Chorus

March, March, comrades all, onward ever boldly.

Hear not the February fall, nor eyes that smile coldly.

2

We are days; happy days: to the men of labor,

Our ways, honest ways, to the men of labor.

Spite of Parliament say we, spite of pope or ruler,

3

Strong; strong; ever on, strong in our hope increasing.

By whom gleams open, the cross of our faith unerring.

We shall triumph o'er wealth and wrong, ranks and creeds and stations.
MY LORD DELIBERED DANIEL

Key of E
Before the Chorus

Psalm 23:4

Negro Spiritual
Arr by P.B.

My Lord delibered Daniel, My Lord delibered Daniel, My

Lord delibered Daniel, Why can't he deliver me?

Solo

1. I met a pilgrim on the way And I ask him whether I go.

bound for Canaan's happy land, And I'm in the shedding band, Go on

2. Oh, Daniel cast in the lion's den,
No they both night and day
The angel came from heaven,
And took the lion away. That's --- so ---

3. He deliver Daniel from the lion's den,
Jonah from the belly of the whale,
And the Hebrew children from the fiery pen,
And why not every man? Oh --- Yes ---

4. The Lord delivers every man,
That'll help the Lord along,
So brothers lend a helping hand,
As we shout our Daniel song, So --- strong ---
WHEN WILT THOU SAVE THE PEOPLE?

Key of G
Begin on G
Josiah Booth

When wilt Thou save Thy people? O God of mercy when? Not

Kings and lords, yet nations, Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass like seeds, as they are.

He-roi-es of sunless day! God save the people.

2
Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?

"No," say Thy mountain, "No," Thy skies;
"Masts clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs attend instead of sighs!"
God save the People!

3
When wilt Thou save the People?
O God of mercy, when?
The People, Lord, the People
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the People! Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels are,
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the People!

63
WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Key of Eb (minor)
Begin on G

Grave & Doloros

Dying as soldiers fighting for liberty, so did you fall; An offering of your love for those who share the strife; Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; Yielding your all, the hope of the world, your freedom and your life.

Deeply you suffered, nor shrink from the grave; Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray; Starved in dark dungeons, bastions and torture cells; Cleansed and brave, breaking chains and jails you march'd upon your way.
THE SMITH AND THE KING

Key of Bb
Edward Carpenter (slightly altered)

1. A smith upon a summer's day went calling on a king;
   "Miller of the Dee."

2. "Sir, me, I'll call my chaplain, he can answer such things;"
   Your servant I am, but can ye, or them them fill them for King?"

"Sir, pray you lend the smith a plied: "I want a bit of bread."
"Chaplain, why here a smith who steereth like rats and mice!"

"Why?" cried the King. The fellow sighed: "I'm fam'd for ale, sir, be told.
"T'would be a thing I'd do, if the first Lord in a trice."

The first Lord came, and by his look
You might have guessed his shirt:
Said he, Your Majesty's mistake
This is the Chief Clerk's work.

The Chief Clerk said the case was bad,
But quite beyond his power.
Since no one but the steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The steward sobbed: "The key I've lost,
Ales, but in a span
I'll call the Smith. Why? Holy Ghost,
Here is the very man."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" they loudly cried.
"How cleverly we've done it.
We've solved this question deep and wide
We'll rise up: and we'll reign."

"Then let's," said the Smith, "O fools and wise
Go yet upon the shelf.
The next time I am starving, I'll
Take care to help myself.
And we shall do that very thing
The next election day:
We'll vote to own the wealth we make
And drive the drones away."
WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Key of E♭ (minor)

Begin on G

In steady march time

Rudolf Schönhö

1. We have fed you all for a thousand years And you had us all to fed. That's never a dist- ler of all your wealth But marks the week-ers' heart- a-time for you. There's never a week-ers heart- a-time for you. But we are here to-day de- a.

2. We have fed you all for a thousand years And you had us all to fed. That's never a dist- ler of all your wealth But marks the week-ers' heart- a-time for you. There's never a week-ers heart- a-time for you. But we are here to-day de- a.

Blessed be the price of all your wealth, God help us to pay it in full. Blessed be the price of all your wealth, God help us to pay it in full.
We have fed you all for a thousand years. For that was our doom you knew.

From the days when you chased us in your fields To the strike of a week ago You have eaten our lives and our babies and wives And we're told it's your legal share But if

Blest be the price of your lawful wealth, Good God! we have bought it fair.
SOUP SONG

Key of Bb

I'm spending my nights at the flop house— \ I'm spending my days on the street—

I'm looking for work and I find none— I wish I had something to eat—

Chorus

Soup-up, They give me a bowl of soup—

Soup-up, They give me a bowl of soup—

I spent twenty years in the factory I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
I did every thing I was told To buy me a car and a yacht
They said I was loyal and faithful I went down to draw out my fortune
Now even before I get old: And this is the answer I get:

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 MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN

Key of Eb (C minor)

Begin with the

Words by

Confused

Music by

Agnes Cunningham

1

In the dream of your down-y couch it, through the shades of your pain, you deep, lone way you have it.

2

Sailing, the safe, the dead and deep, lone sea are for the sounds growing from the desert and dawn and

3

son. The march of the marching millions, the march of the hungry men.

4

Rest in croce, paxe a paxe.

Give ear for the sounds growing from the desert and dawn and dawn.

Trump of the marching millions, the march of the hungry men.

1

It is coming another army.

Your wit can not compose,

The men-at-arms self-fashioned,

The men you make the brute,

From the farm and sweatshop gathered,

From the factory, mine and mill,

With lyres and shears and uneven,

Delicate and swift and swift.

2

They hear no word nor rifle,

Yet their ladders are on your walls,

Though the haunts be turned to a jumer,

The yambreaks to earlows,

From end to end a blanket;

They are armed with the pick and the.

The sledge and this axe, and the wrench.

And some were empty-handed,

With fingers gradual and strong;

And some are dumb with sorrow,

And some are drunk with songs,

But all they thought were burned

Are stirring and little and quick.

And they carry a brass-bound sledge

The brass corneting-stick.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness,

With the distant stars for light,

They are coming the whole you slumber.

And they come with the might of right.

On the morrow, perhaps to-morrow.

You will wake and see and then

You will mark the keys of the cities

To the ranks of the Hungry Men.
MEN OF THE SOIL

Key is C
Begins on C

Harold M. Bidwell

"Hoosten"
Danish Harvest Song

Verse

1. Men of the soil! We have toiled unceasing;
   For the land that we have given,
   We have fed the world upon,
   Where there is no the harvest song.

2. Men of the soil! We have sown the earth,
   With hope and courage, we are reaping the harvest.
   Now the star of the new day is ascending,
   And our strength is rising as we plow.

3. Men of the earth, at last we are come to the harvest home,
   From every race we have joined the mighty throng,
   We are the sowers of the day,
   With the earth's seed and the sun's light shining on.

4. Men of the soil! We are the sons of men,
   With the earth's seed and the sun's light shining on.
   Who is there to push our right to reap where we have sown?
   We have sworn to fight for the soil and the ancient wrong.

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SOLIDARITY

Key of D
Beginn on D
Douglas Ranson.
Scottish Folk Song.

There's a word that's in the air, It's SOLIDARITY! Where the world was only dreamed about SOLIDARITY.

To the hypocrite slave, from oppression it will save, Yes, the bugle of the brave, what? SOLIDARITY.

2

What can make the brute's head swim, SOLIDARITY. What will conquer in the end, SOLIDARITY. What alone has ever made lords of labor all afraid? The true palisade, Class SOLIDARITY.

3

All for one and one for all, Class SOLIDARITY. Wage slaves listen to the call of SOLIDARITY. There is taught it can not be. It can make the world roar, Working men, it's up to you! Use SOLIDARITY.

FIGHTING SONG

"Ripped by the Jewish Industrialists"

Key of F
Beginn on D
Translation - R. Liebling.
Yiddish Revolutionary Song.

Brothers we stand here united, United in death as in life.

Battle we hasten as comrades, The red flag shall hold our strife.

Battle we hasten as comrades, The red flag shall hold our strife.

71
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Key of A
Begins on E

In our poverty and toil, looking up to the world Above our path a group of the poor And in the

lest our souls despair, Is the new re-births power That shall come our way of oppression and its laws.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramps we hear marching, Half the sun is on the way, And our

army never shall pause, Till the right to live is ours, And the sun has risen on a fairer day.

2
In the days that are to be
When the cause we love be won
We shall labor for ourselves and for our own;
Each for all and all for each
And through many joyful years
We shall pluck the fruit thatCompare brave have sworn.

I.W.W. VERSION

In the prison cell we sit,
Are we broken-hearted? nay,
We're as happy and as cheerful as we can be;
For we know that every web
Will be busy on the job,
Till they tear the prison chain and set us free.

Chorus

Are you busy fellow workers
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause
And some day you'll make the laws
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

72
BUDENNY'S MARCH

Key of C

Begin on E

Arranged by R. Liebich

Ho, see the brave red cavalry of wide renown in legend and story we are widely known, or dreary day or stately night, in

alarms or when the stars are bright we get up, we get up to the fight!

Refrain

O, lead, Borden, lead us ever on, in fiercest blood and solemnest war, O,

brave! all red men ride, lead us ever on, This fight, o'er our native soil, o'er our

2.

Borden is our brother and his best comrade; Above us high in blue! sky the Red Flag wave
"Heads up and look forward to our future grand!" Like lightning our horses bear us, bold and brave.

For Vasa's love is with us,

The reddest and most chivalrous,

And each man can die a hero's death.

We strike out with a tempest vast,

To reach the enemy so grim,

We thunder, we thunder towards the strain.

75
D.A.R. SONG
(Satire)

Key of Eb
Begins in Eb
Graciously sung
Harry Meyer

When my great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great-grandfather found the nations here, all red and thus condemned to slaughter.

You say they sought a refuge here, when never bigots could appear, where men could freedom find and plenty that was back in nineteen seventy.

My ancestors left tyrant land,
"Prosper sourcem and theme shaker, They welcomed all who worshiped God, (except those silly Quakers.)"

"You say they gladly greeted those who dealt oppression lusty blows, Though they might wealth and culture lack!
That was many centuries back.
"
3
My grandsires flashed a wicked gun in freedom's cause drunk,
For British war riled patriots son (That graft by rights was his.)
"You say they overthrew a king with bloodshed and with rioting? Why that sounds like the Bolsheviks!
That was seventeen seventy-six.

My father wore that slavery broke God's law throughout the ages
"He sought to end the bonds men's yoke, (He'd rather cut their wheat.)"

"You say he sought to break the chain of those who walked in fear and pain. What beneath the workers would be free? That was eighteen sixty-three.
"
4
My sons were moved by Wilson's plea To end all strife they bore guns They sought to save democracy. (They saved the Ford and Mergens)
"You say their sires unshaded war Dictators barred forevermore; That now no war or work is seen! That was nineteen seventeen.

74
THE RED FLAG

Jim Connell

Key of C

Begin on C

Quick Time

"The White Cockatoo"

(old version)

The people's flag is deepest red, it shrouds oft our martyred dead: And

are their limbs now stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its every fold. Then

Chorus

raise the scarlet standard high, With its shade will live and die, Though coward, flinch and

traitor's son, Will keep the red flag flying here.

For other verses of song, see previous pages.
ORGANIZE UNIONS

By Bobby Heath
Micky Marx
Archie Fletcher

Moderato

Every time you say "I'm sick of apple sauce,
Now and then you meet men who say it's all pay,
"Don't you join just
wages wrong, I'll up and tell the boss." What does the boss then give you,
save your coin, and you'll be rich some day."

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except give you the sack? *If you don't like conditions here, growl and until something is done.*

Chorus

Organize unions, learn to fight together.

Keep it up until the job is done. (You tell 'em!) Organize

unions learn your might together. Working out for all and all for
one. If you're tired of drudgery and priv-

va-tion, Or- gan-ize, help or-gan-ize the na-tion;

Spread the news, we can't lose, sing I've got those union blues. And

or-gan-ize your unions ev-ry-where.
UNITY
(a call to labor)

Key of G

(W. C. Giffin)
March time (with girls)

Norman Mable.

Long the slaves endured their toil;
Cowed by fear, a-fraid to rise,

Till they saw the mystic letters,
Glow before their upturned eyes.

Then unites, X sons of labor;
Your the world to take and mould;

Plough shares, not the sabre,
Strive for peace, and not for gold.

For ward! with your eyes on Zion;
Hark! the trampling of your feet;
Like the roaring of the lion—
Shakes the earth with thund'rous beat.

Hail! the dawn now fast appearing,
Breaks the sun through blood-red sky;
Greeting brothers! Home we're nearing—
Let your banners upwards fly!
THESE THINGS SHALL BE

Key of F
Begin on C
J.A. Symonds

1. These things shall be, a light so rare, Than ever the world hath known shall rise, To fill the earth, to be a guide and save, To point to heaven. A light that burns, but never dies.

2. They shall be pure, true, and strong, To split the earth and fire, and to open wide, And all that may plant in love, and to bind with bands of firm necessity.

3. Men with nations, hand with hand, United shall live as comrades free; In every heart and breast shall throng The yule of one humanity.

4. Men shall love men with hearts as pure And fervent as the young, who through the world shall bear before God's face with undivided song.

5. New arts shall bloom of lovelier mould And brighter music thrill the skies And every life shall be a song When all the earth is yulewise.

6. Men shall be more in no shame Though pain and passion may unite For man shall be of one with God In bonds of firm necessity.

NOT ONE CENT

Key of D
Starts on D
Chorus

Not one cent shall be spent for any capitalist war, Well-spent! every gallon.

For these

get to prevent any capitalist war. Better use the energy they can collect.

money for war. Work-ers re-fuse, You're nothing to lose. Keep up the good work.

Cento
Song to the
MEN OF ENGLAND

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stingless drones may, a spoil
The forced product of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is't ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?
THE CHAIN GANG

Key of Ab

Begin on C Russian Folk song.

1 - The sun's on the steps once shining, And far off, by gliding the great, And sound are heard to the
2 - They walk in chains at dawn and fall, As those seen be there chains are heaved with sound that are far round
3 - The sound are in lengthened sound: In deep are sung and hauled. And snare. The sound once

clinking of chains, At the great and we pace, are head of our heads and yoke that are heard To fame, then bell our pain are fear

Heave up steps are kept up Clang, clang, clang, clang bell the hopes best sound, As the last and every one with is heard sound.

4 - A voice then is heard in the darkness.

"Beware brothers betrays your gloom,

The brave show self-mastery always

And never are crushed by their dream."

5 - They sing of the great brother Wipes

A mighty and gladening tape.

Of days when they yet had their freedom

And vow "We'll be free again soon!"

6 - They sing of the Steppes and their vastness.

Of freedom in deed and in word.

Till darkness has hidden their anguish

And only the chains can be heard.
COMRADES, THE BUGLES ARE SOUNDING

Key of Bb

Russian Folk Song

Mellenny

Bolot

Com-rades, the bugles are sounding. Show er your arms for the fray!

Brave-ly we'll hew out a way. Bol-dy we'll fight for our

f- reedom. Brav-e-ly we'll hew out a way.


2

Born in the ranks of the workers,
Whose scanty wage must suffice,
"Brotherhood, unity, freedom!"
This is our fighting device. (Repetitions)

3

Hunger and chains were our portion,
Feeding like beggars on crumbs.
Now light is piercing the darkness,
Dawn of deliverance comes. (Repetitions)

4

Firm is our faith we shall conquer,
Slavery's yoke we shall break.
Worshiping death even daily,
Fighting for liberty's sake. (Repetitions)
MONEY PAY-TRIOTS

Kendrick P. Shedd
Moderate

"O, My Darling Clementine"

1. Join the party that is ruling. Band the boys what drum you've got; Play the reel, sir; be a데. Then you'll be a patriot. Oh, my country! Oh, my country! How I love each blushing spot! Ah, it

fanny, how far money One may be a patriot.

3. When there is a grand parade, sir,
Dress in flags and all such rot.
Swell your bust, sir, Crack the crust, sir.
Then you'll be a patriot.

4. Boom your business, Boom your business.
Brother love it matters not.
Use your goll, sir, "do" them all, sir,
Then you'll be a patriot.
THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

Altoun—débout sous les Jeunes!

Text by Erich

Music by I. C. Vlasova

Paul Arnoux

They're all prepared to start the slaughter. The men who made the guns and gas. Are
Les Ar- chances et les u- pi et le préant à la présence guns qui
you prepared to die for glory, and for the pride of their class? They
sou des armées pour la gloire et pour les ars de sa- nes? Al-
should fight and die for glory, and the pride of their class?
should fight and die for glory, and the pride of their class?

-4-

The challenge must be denied. We will fight and die for glory, and the pride of our
-4-

class. We will fight and die for glory, and the pride of our class. We will fight and die for glory, and the pride of our class.
THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE

Key of F minor
Beginning on F

John C. Nielsen
Agnes Cunningham

From the beaten path, tell, Lord of the scheme of things: Fight-ers of all earth's bat-tles,

Ours is the might of springs! Guid-ed by stars and sea, The world's heart beat by a drum. Snap ping

the chains of age, Out of the night we come! Lead us no ear that gil-lers; Of-fer no el-mo-ner's

hand; Here is the build-er of cit-ies When will you un-der-stand? Beam with your pride of

birth! And your gold en-gods of trade! A man is worth his moth-er Earth, All that man has made.

We are the work-ers and make-ers. We are no less-god-damn. Trem-ble, O Shac-kles and Tal-ers,
Sweeping the earth we come, ranked in the world wide down, Marching into the day.

night is gone and the sword is drawn And the stab-bard is thrown a-way!

SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES

Key of C major

Beginn on G

Ernest Jones

Agnes Cunningham

We plan and sue, We're so very low That we slave in the dire day. Still without the plan with the

Gold-en grain And the vale with the sea-grast hay. For place we know, We're so very low. 'Tis

down at the land-lord's feet, We're not too low the bread to grow But too low the bread to eat.

2. Down, down we go, We're very, very low, To the bell of the deep sunk mine, But we gather the precious gems that glow Where the crowds of a dying phase. And whenever he decked up our dishes Fresh bread he designed to lay. We're not too low to see the sun, We're not too low to see the moon.

3. We're low, we're low, We're very, very low. But we're not too, too. We know The marble at the landlord's feet will grow Into palace and church and tower. These grapes he calls the rich must bottle And strips of this stuff must dour: We're not too low to build the wall. But too low to tread the floor.

4. We're low, we're low, we're very, very low Not from our fathers' griefs. The earth is low, but the river flows From the hills of the east of 6, And what we get and what we give. We know and we know our share.

We're not too low to see the sun, We're not too low to see the moon. We're low, we're low, we're very, very low. And we're not too, too. As the wind of the trumpet's ring.

The toil of a government will pay. Through the heart of the present day, We're not too low our plow we know. We're not too low, not too low we know. We've got too low to fill the cup But too low to touch the spout.
FORWARD, FORGETTING NEVER

(Verwärts und Nicht Vergessen)

Translated by S.H.F.  German Workers' Sport Song

Verwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin unsere Starke besteht.
Beim Singen und beim Rennen
Verwärts und nicht vergessen
Die Solidarität!
Erstens sind hier wir nicht alle
Zweitens ist es nur ein Tag
Und was noch in den Köpfen legt
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin Straße ist die Straße
Wessen Welt ist die Welt!

Verwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin unsere Starke besteht.
Beim Singen und beim Rennen
Verwärts und nicht vergessen
Die Solidarität!
Erstens sind hier wir nicht alle
Zweitens ist es nur ein Tag
Und was noch in den Köpfen legt
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin Straße ist die Straße
Wessen Welt ist die Welt!

Though our lot is hard and bitter,
Though our lives are sad and drear,

Forward, forgetting never
Osann and streams and none desert us.

Though our lot is hard and bitter,
From the city dart and dim,

Forward, forgetting never
The world we will bring to light.

Then on streets and fields so long,
Just above earth is this earth!
SONG OF THE RED AIR FLEET

Key of G
Begins on D
Allegro

Soviet Song.

Our planes are set, they fly fast to the battle, High in the air our engines loudly roar,
Our planes are set, we're ready for the struggle Against the world's imperialistic war. Fly higher, and higher and higher; Our enemies fear the Soviet star. And every propeller is roaring RED FRONT! Defending the U.S.S.R. Fly R! Fly R!

2
But for the wage slaves and the toiling masses A song of hope all our propellers whirl. We drop them textiles while we fight their horses, The first red air fleet of the workers' world.

89
HUNGER BLUES SONG

Key of A

Begins on A

Moderately fast

Hand me down my walking cane.

O write me out a union card. O write me out a union card.

A little faster

O write me out a union card. We'll organize and

all fight hard. Trying to chase these hunger blues away.

Come with us on the picket line (three times)
We'll stay there till the boss sign
Trying to chase these hunger blues away.

3. O we government cut our crops (three times)
We asked for bread, they gave us soup.
For trying to chase these hunger blues away.

In seventeen we fought the boss (three times)
We've better use move for our guard.
We're trying to chase these hunger blues away.

In boss' war we all did get (three times)
Our body full of baysidet.
Now we're trying to chase these hunger blues away.

We'll fight again in a month (three times)
We're going to know what we're fighting for.
Trying to chase those hunger blues away.

Here's our answer to the boss (three times)
Beast of all, you ain't no loss.
We're trying to chase those hunger blues away.

Will take over the machine (three times)
Then you'll know what it means.
For we will chase these hunger blues away.

Music's song

We went on the picket line (sing three times)
We keep the rolls out of the mine.
Come all our rights been taken away.

Oh they taught they yell and curse (three times)
And then they slap and tear us.
Come all our rights been taken away.

We were then taken to a cell (three times)
And there we related all kinds of stuff.
Come all our rights been taken away.

Our comrades freed us from the pen (shorttime)
We won't fight back to fight again.
Come all our rights been taken away.

Will fight on to victory (three times)
We'll win by solidarity.
Come all our rights been taken away.
GENERAL STRIKE SONG

Key of C

BEGINNING ON C

J.W.W. Song

O'er the land, o'er the sea, comes the call to join the fight, the strike, the battle. Now everywhere

ringing on the air, rendition mingle in trumpet harmony; down your tools, down your tools. Come

up from the mines, out of the meadow green, tie up the ships; close down the shops, let the parasites get

waste as they get lean. Deep down in mines, She is sheen of steel. Let them be speed-up till their

brains be on fire. But we stand round with stirring song would not with us sell our bonds to single soul.

Then take up your tools, work your machines.

Run your ships and factories, tell the meadow green;

But close the gates up tight, lock out the parasites.

For he can never know what work and freedom mean,

No more to slave, no more to toil;

For we feed politicians or masters drunk with might,

Sticks and stones, fight for our right!

To all that we produce from factories or soil,

Do let us strike - strike to be free!

Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery,

Join in the song, strike with the strength.

All power to the union - the world for the free!
WE SHALL BE FREE

Key of D minor
Words and Music by
Isaiah Berlin

We shall be free When we understand
the strength, the

power, the glorious hour that lies in our hand.
That hour will come.

with our unity Will make the machines that be-buy us — We'll be free!

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With relentless regularity

We go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to

go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to

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