

REBEL SONG BOOK



REBEL
ARTS

50¢



REBEL SONG BOOK

**Eighty-seven Socialist and Labor Songs
for Voice and Piano**

Compiled and Edited by

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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.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Anthem of the International		Song of the Proletariat	27
Ladies Garment Workers	24	Song of the Red Air Fleet	89
A Rebel Song	30	Song to the Men of England	81
Banker and Boss	16	Soup Song	68
Bread and Roses	43	The Advancing Proletaire	40
Budenny's March	73	The Barricades	50
Capitalism's Endless Chain	92	The Builders	51
Casey Jones	58	The Chain Gang	82
Come, Rally Youth	17	The Challenge of Youth	85
Comrades, the Bugles Are Sounding	83	The Cry of the People	36
D. A. R. Song	74	The Cudgel Song	37
Fighting Song	71	The Hand with the Hammer	38
Forward, Forgetting Never	88	The International	5
General Strike Song	91	The March of the Hungry Men	69
Go Down, Moses	46	The Oath	47
Hail, Working Class	28	The People's Hymn	12
Hark, the Battle Cry Is Ringing	41	The Preacher and the Slave	54
Hear a Word, a Word in Season	60	The Rebel Girl	56
Heirs of Time	46	Hallelujah, I'm a Bum	55
Hold the Fort	8	The Red Flag	13
Hold Up Your Light	53	The Red Flag	75
Hunger Blues Song	90	The Revolution	10
I'm Labor	26	The Scarlet Banner	35
Labor's Endless Chain	92	The Smith and the King	65
Lift Up the People's Banner	59	The Workers' Carmagnole	29
March, March, Comrades All	61	The Workers' Hymn	48
March of the Workers	52	The Young Guards	32
March On	30	These Things Shall Be	80
March Song of the Workers	14	To Labor	15
Men of the Soil	70	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	72
Money Pay-Triots	84	True Freedom	33
My Lord Delibered Daniel	62	Unity	79
No More Slaves	42	Up, Socialist Comrades	36
No More War	50	We Are Building a Strong Union	42
Not One Cent	81	We Have Fed You All for a	
On the Picket Line	18	Thousand Years	66
Organize Unions	76	We're Comrades Ever	25
O, Tortured and Broken in Prison	59	We're Marching, O Comrades	9
Over All the Lands	22	We Shall Be Free	92
Paint 'Er Red	21	We Shall Not Be Moved	20
Please, Mr. Boss	23	When the Revolution Comes	51
Red Front	44	When Wilt Thou Save the People	63
Solidarity	71	Workers' Memorial Song	64
Solidarity Forever	19	Workmen's Circle Song	34
Song of the Lower Classes	87		

INTERNATIONAL

Eugene Potter (Tr. by Charles H. Kerr)

Moderato

Degeyter

A- rise, ye priets-hers of star-va-tion! a- rise, ye wretch-ed of the earth. For

jus-tice thun-ders con-dem-na-tion, A bet-ter world's in birth. No

poco più mosso

more tra-di-tion's chains shall bind us! A- rise, ye slaves! no more in thrall. Tho

rit.
earth shall rise on new foun-da-tions, we have been nought, we shall be all.

Refrain

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

Par-ty shall be the hum-an race. 'Tis the fin-al con-flict, let each stand in his



French

Debout, les damnés de la terre,
 Debout, les forçats de la faim!
 La raison tonne en son cratère:
 C'est l'éruption de la fin,
 Du passé faisons table rase,
 Foules d'esclaves, debout, debout!
 Le monde va changer de base:
 Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout,

Chorus

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

German

Wacht auf, Verdammte dieser Erde,
 Die stets man noch zum Hungern zwingt!
 Das Recht, wie Glut im Kraterherde,
 Nun mit Macht zum Durchbruch dringt,
 Reinen Tisch macht mit den Bedrängern:
 Heer der Sklaven, wache auf!
 Ein Nichts zu sein, trägt es nicht länger--
 Alles zu werden strömt zuhauf!

Chorus

Völker, hört die Signale! auf zum letzten Gefecht!
 Die Internationale erkämpft das Menschen recht! (repeat)

Swedish

Upp trälär uti alla stater,
 Som hungern bojar lagt uppå!
 Det dånar uti rätterns krater,
 Snart skall utbrottets timma slå.
 Stortas skall det gamla snart i gruset,
 Slav, stig upp för att slå dig fri:
 Från mörkret stiga vi mot ljuset,
 Från intet allt vi vilja bli.

Chorus

Upp till kamp emot kvalet! Sista striden det är,
 Ty Internationalen är alla lyckas bär. (repeat)

Spanish

Arriba los pobres del mundo
 en pie los esclavos sin pan
 y alcémon todos al grito de
 Viva la Internacional!
 Rompamos al punto las trabas
 que impiden el triunfo del bien
 cambiemos el mundo de fase,
 hundiendo el imperio burgués

Chorus

Agrupemonos todos en la lucha final,
 y se alcen los pueblos por la Internacional (repeat)

Italian

Compagni avanti! il gran partito
 Noi siam dei lavoratori.
 Rosso un fior c'è in petto fiorito;
 Una fede c'è nata in cor!
 Noi non siamo più nell'officina,
 Entro terra, nei campi, in mar,
 La plebe sempre all'opera china
 Senza Ideal in cui sperar.

Chorus

Su, lottiam! -- L'ideale nostre alfin sarà
 L'internazionale futura umanità (repeat).

Russian

Вставай, проклятием заклейменный
 Весь мир голодных и рабов!
 Кипит наш разум возмущенный
 И в смертный бой вести готов.
 Весь мир насилья мы разорем
 До основания, — а затем
 Мы наш, мы новый мир построим:
 Кто был ничем, тот станет всем.

Chorus

Это будет последний И решительный бой!
 С интернационалом Воспрянет род людской (repeat)

Finnish

Työn orjat, sorron yöstä nouska!
 Maan ääriin kuuluu kutsumus;
 Nyt ryskyin murtuu pakkovalta,
 Tätä on viime ponnistus.
 Pohja vanhan järjestyksen horjuu,
 Orjajoukko taistohon!
 Alas lyökää koko vanha maailma,
 Ja valta teidän silloin on!

Chorus

Tätä on viimeinen taisto; Rintamaamme yhtykää,
 Niin huomispäivänä kansat On veljet keskenään! (repeat)

Yiddish

Sheit oif ir ale wer nor shklafen
 Was hunger leiden mus in noit.
 Der geist er kocht un ruft tau wafen
 In shlacht uns firen is er greit.
 Di welt fun gwaldtaten un leiden
 Tzushteren welen mir, un dan
 Fun freiheit gleichheit a ganeiden
 Bashafen wet der arbetsman!

Chorus

Dos wet sein shoin der letzter Un antsheidener shtrait
 Mit dem international shiteit oif ir arbetsleit! (repeat)

HOLD THE FORT

Key of C
Begins on G

English Hymn.

British Transport Workers Song

Moderate.

1. We meet to-day in free-dom's cause, And raise our voic-es high, We'll

join our hands in un-ion strong, To bat-tle or to die.

Chorus

Hold the fort for we are com-ing Un-ion men be strong.

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

2.

Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high;
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

Chorus

4.

Pierce and long the battle rages,
But we shall not fear
Help will come when'er it's needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

Chorus

5.

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

Chorus

6.

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

Chorus

WE'RE MARCHING, O COMRADES

Key of C# Minor
Begins on G# S.M.F.
In fast March time

"Comintern"
HANS EISLER.

Shut down, field and found-ry, Come out, farm-ers, toil-ers, De-
Join up with the oth-ers, the work-ers who call you, In
The fas-cists may climb as their world or-der trem-bles: We're

ty step ev-'ry boun- dry and brave your des- poil- ers. Close
bid- with your broth- ers, no storm can ap- pall you. We
ing our time while our host Re- as- sem- bles. Clasp

ranks, guard your flanks, Scar-let ban-ners un-furled, Our goal, pole to pole is to
know where the foe is en-trenched in his might, Once more as be-fore we ad-
hands, dis-tant lands see our out- posts ap-pears; Hearts gay for the day of de-

take back our world. We're march- ing, O com-rades, to take back our world.
vance to the fight. We're wag- ing, O com-rades, our last bit-ter fight.
live-ance is near. Re- joice now, O com-rades, our tri- umph is near.

THE REVOLUTION

Key of D
Begins on F#
Arturo Giovanniti.
Martial

Herman Epstein.

f

A- rise then, A- rise then, ye men of the plow and the ham-mer; Ye

men of the helm and the le- ver; And send forth to the four winds of the earth, And send

cresc. *f*

forth to the four winds of the earth Your new proc-la-ma-tion of free-dom, of free- dom, Of

cresc. *f*

free- dom, which shall be the last, Which shall be the last and shall a- bide for-ev-er more.

Fine

Through you, through your u-ni-ted strength, Or-der shall be-come e-qui-ty. Law shall be-come

lib-er-ty, Du-ty shall be-come love, And re-li-gion shall be-come truth. Through

you, through you the man beast shall die; And the man, the man be born. And lo! and be-hold, my

bro-thers, Peace shall reign for- ev- er! And this shall be called the rev-o-lu- tion.

cresc.
p
cresc.
cresc.
rit.
ff
a tempo
cresc.
rit.
ff
a tempo
cresc.
rit.
ff
a tempo
cresc.
rit.
ff
a tempo

D.C. al Fine

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN

Key of F

Begins on C

Marziale -

"Marseillaise"
Rouget de l'Isle.
arr. by D.B.

Ye sons of free-dom wake to glo-ry! The day of tri-umph is at hand Crowned in

song and throned in sto-ry, The peo-ple rise in ev-'ry land The work-ers

rise in ev-'ry land. Their an-cient birth-right the fruit of their la-bor, Shall be re-stored to the work-ers a-

gain, And man no more shall toil in vain, A slave ex-ploit-ed by his neigh-bors. De-

Chorus *allegro*
moc-ra-cy a-rise! Your stand-ard is un-furled U-nite! U-

nite! One law for all! Let jus-tice rule the world.

THE RED FLAG

James Connell

"Maryland My Maryland"

The peo-ple's flag is deep-est red; It shroud-ed off our mar-tyred dead, And

e'er their limbs were stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its ev'-ry 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 sneer, We'll keep the red flag fly-ing here.

2
Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise.
In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung
Chicago swells the surging throng.

3
It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last,
The banner bright, the symbol plain.
Of human right, of human gain.

4
It suits today the weak and base,
Whose thoughts are fixed on self and place.
To cringe beneath the richman's frown,
And tear the sacred emblem down.

5
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.

6
With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall.
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

MARCH SONG OF THE WORKERS

Key of d minor.

Begins on A.

Douglas Robson.
Grave

Russian Folk Song

arr. by D.B.

Whirl-winds of dan-ger are rag-ing a-round us, O'er-whelm-ing forc-es of dark-ness as-sail.

Still in the fight see ad-vanc-ing be-fore us, Red flag of lib-er-ty that yet shall pre-vail.

Refrain.

Then for-ward, ye work-ers, free-dom a-waits you, O'er all the world on the

land and the sea. On with the fight for the cause of hu-man-i-ty,

1st, 2nd and 3rd End. 4th End.
March, march, ye toil-ers and the world shall be free! March, march, ye toil-ers and the world shall be free.

2.

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.

3

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

Chorus.

TO LABOR

Key of G
Begins on D

Rudolf Liebich.

Charlotte Perkins Gilmore

Moderate

Shall you com-plain, who feed the world, who clothe the world, who house the world? Shall

you com-plain who are the world of what the world may do? As

Chorus

from this hour you use your pow'r, The world must fol-low you, As

from this hour you use your pow'r, The world must fol-low you.

2

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.

3

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,
Nor hoped before, nor dared before,
And show as ne'er 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
Begins on B S.H.F.

Arranged by Alexander Solomon

1- Bank-er and boss hate the work-ers who stand
2- Though in the con-flict our mar-tyrs may fall,
Not fear or fraud or a fe-ver that fades,
On-ly a move-ment cour-age-ous and sane

1. Shoul-der to shoul-der in ev-'ry land: con-quer all. Then hear the
2. Lia-bor u-ni-ted will Wins for the work-ers "the bar-ri-cades". peace can gain.
Free-dom and plen-ty and

thun-der of the toil-ing mass-es, All creeds and col-ors, brain and brawn; U-ni-ted un-der the Soci-alist

1. ban-ner, Go march-ing for-ward to the dawn. Then hear the dawn.
2.

COME, RALLY YOUTH

Dedicated to the Young Peoples Socialist League.

Key of d minor

Begins on D

5th. *Allegretto*

German Folk Song

Arr. by D.B.

Come rally youth of ev'ry na-tion, Swing, axe, and cleave! We're

clear-ing ground for the new foun-da-tion, Swing, axe, and cleave!

Chorus

Youth, be bold, Scrap the old, Bat-ter down the walls where truth is sold.

Youth, be true, Build the new, Build-ers of the fu-ture 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 mates with iron in exultation,
Lift, sledge, and swing.
We're building strong on the new foundation,
Lift, sledge, and swing!

4
Great towers surge as in consecration,
Pierce, rivets, cling.
We're soaring high from the new foundation,
Pierce, rivets, cling.

ON THE PICKET LINE

Key of F
Begins on F
Allegro

Student Song
"Polly-Wolly-Woodie"

To win our strike and all our de-mands, Come and pick-et on the pick-et line; In one

strong un-ion we'll join our hands, Come and pick-et on the pick-et line. On the

Chorus

line, on the line, Come and pick-et on the pick-et line; We will

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

2

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

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 stools,
Come and picket on the picket line,
For you show the boss 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
Allegretto

"Battle Hymn of the Republic"
W. Steffe.

When the union's in-spi-ra-tion through the work-ers' blood shall run, There can

be no pow-er great-er an- y- where be-neath the sun. Yet what

force on earth is weak-er than the fee-b-le strength of one? But the un-ion makes us strong.

Chorus

Sol-i-da-ri-ty for-ev- er! Sol-i-da-ri-ty for- ev- er!

Sol-i-da-ri-ty for-ev- er. For the un-ion makes us strong.

2

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

3

In our hands is placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a
thousandfold.
We can bring to birth the new world from the ash-
es of the old,
For the union makes us strong.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Key of G
Begins on B
Chorus

Pentecostal Hymn,
arr. by D.B.

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

We shall not be moved, Just like a tree plant-ed by the wat- er.

We shall not be moved. The work-ers are in back of us.

We shall not be moved, The work-ers are in back of us, We shall not be moved. Just like a

tree plant-ed by the wat-er We shall not be moved.

2

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.

3

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
Begins on B

Ralph Chaplin

"Marching Through Georgia"

Henry C. Work

Come with us you work-ing-men and join the re-bel band, Come you dis-con-ten-ted ones and

give a help-ing hand. We march a-gainst the par-a-site to drive him from the land, With

one big in-dus-tri-al un-ion Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We're going to paint'er red. Hur-

rah! Hur-rah! The way is clear a-head. We're gain-ing shop de-moc-ra-cy, and

lib-er-ty and bread, With one big in-dus-tri-al un-ion.

In factory ²and field and mine,
We gather in our might,
We're on the job and know the way
To win the hardest fight.
For the beacon that shall guide us,
Out of darkness into light,
Is one big industrial union.

We hate this rotten system ³
More than any mortals do;
Our aim is not to patch it up,
But build it all a new,
And what we'll have for government,
When finally we're through
Is one big industrial union.

OVER ALL THE LANDS

Key of F
Begins on F
Anna Louise Strong

Adapted from Anvil Chorus
f *tr* *tr* *tr* (Il Trovatore) by Verdi.

cresc.
Ov-er the prai-ries and o-ver the moun-tains and up from the cit-ies that front the sea, Out from the mills and the

mines and the for-est is ris-ing the call that shall set men free.

Chorus
Ov-er all the lands it sounds and o-ver all the wa-ters. Earth and the

fruits of earth for all her sons and daugh-ters. No more each for each a-

full force
lone, But un-di-vid-ed, with hearts de-cid-ed, We rise to claim our own.

2

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 homes 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.

PLEASE, MR. BOSS

Key of C
Begins on G
Fast

S.M.P.

Student song
arr. by D.B.

mf Wad-dya gon-na do when you want more pay, Please Mis-ter Boss?

mf Wad-dya gon-na do for a short-er day, Please Mis-ter Boss?

mf Wad-dya gon-na do for a chance to play, Please Mis-ter Boss? No! It's

strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, strike, Not- Please Mis-ter Boss!

2
Waddya gonna do when the scabs crawl in
Please Mr. Boss?
Waddya gonnd do when the spies begin
Please Mr. Boss?
Waddya gonnd do when the gangsters grin
Please Mr. Boss?
No! It's stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, stand, Not-
Please Mr. Boss!

3
Waddya gonnd do when the thugs get thick
Please Mr. Boss?
Waddya gonnd do when the cops come quick
Please Mr. Boss?
Waddya gonnd do when the judge gets slick
Please Mr. Boss?
No! It's fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, Not-
Please Mr. Boss!

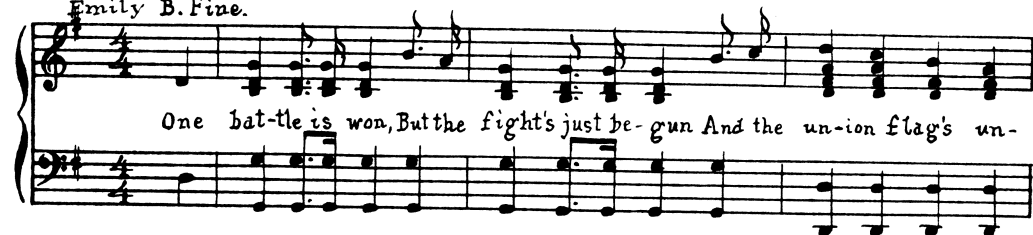
ANTHEM

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

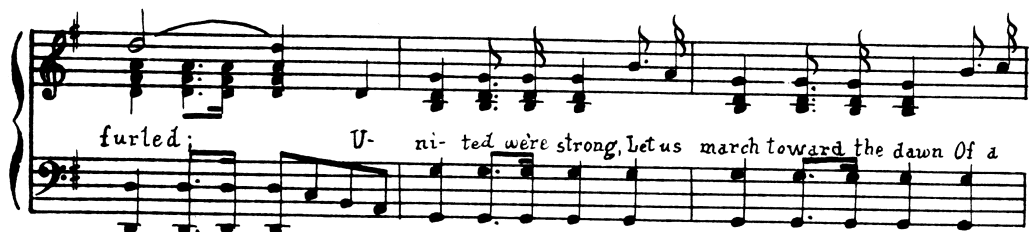
Key of G

Begins on D

Emily B. Fine.



One bat-tle is won, But the fight's just be-gun And the un-ion flag's un-



furled: U- ni- ted we're strong, Let us march toward the dawn Of a



Refrain
brave new work-ers' world. Oh Un-ion of the Gar-ment Work- ers, To



you we ev-er will be true. We'll build and we'll fight and we'll



rise in our might, with the 1. L. G. W. U. 2. 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.

WE'RE COMRADES EVER

Key of Bb
Begins on F
Kendrick P. Shedd
Gracioso

"Santa Lucia"
Italian Folk Tune.
Arr. by D.B.

Com-rades a- wait-ing me, hearts warm and ten-der.

To them where e'er I'll be, my love I'll ren-der. Un-der broad

Heav-en's dome where e'er on earth I roam, With them I feel at home,

We're com-rades ev-er. Un-der broad Heav-en's dome, where e'er on

crescendo *earth I roam, With them I feel at home.* *Broaden out* We're com-rades ev-er.

2

3

That name so true and strong, title endearing, So comrades, one and all, be our endeavor
Let it resound in song, our life course cheering. To heed the Marxist call, let naught us sever.
Bound by a deathless tie, a cause that cannot die, One unit be our band, one cause in ev'ry land.
Hark, hark, the welcome cry--we're comrades ever. For brotherhood we stand--we're comrades ever.
(Repeat last two lines.) (Repeat last two lines.)

I'M LABOR

S. H. F.

Harry Mayer.

1. I dig your ditch-es, I'm la-bor; I man your switch-es, I'm la-bor, I teach your kids and make your shoes, I
 2. I have no say, I'm la-bor; I just o- bey, I'm la-bor, I slaved through years of hate and war, And
 3. I don't get tired, I'm la-bor; or else I'm fired, I'm la-bor, from birth to death my life is spent, In
 4. I fight your fires, I'm la-bor; I cleanse your mires, I'm la-bor, Your towers that top the mount-ain crest, Your

sew your pants and write your news, With brain and brawn, with nerve and thwag, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.) I'm
 spilled my own and my broth-ers' gore, But did I know what the shootin' was for? I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.) I'm
 ho-vel, shack or ten-e-ment, But still come land-lord gets the rent. I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.) I'm
 teem-ing east, your boun-teous west, I wrought them, I, the dis-pos-sessed, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.) I

com-mon folk, I'm la-bor; I'm al-ways broke, I'm la-bor, I run your mails in rain and snow, I
 starved and kicked I'm la-bor; I'm al-ways licked, I'm la-bor, When I ply my nee-dle, I'm a
 ve-ry humble I'm la-bor; I ne-ver grumble, I'm la-bor, In sum-mer heat or win-ter gate I
 drill your sewers I'm la-bor; I plow your moors, I'm la-bor, On earth, in mine, on sea, in sky, I

clear the track, so the trains can go, But some one else gets all the dough, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.)
 de-cent shee-ny, wop or mick, But when I strike I'm a bol-she-vice, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.)
 pack a load or swing a flail, But some one else rakes in the kale, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.)
 swarm and toil and fight and die, But cap-ital takes the risks, not I, I'm la-bor. (All-He's la-bor.)

5
I've no 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 *pogey man*, I'm labor, (He's labor)
I'm strong as a steer, I'm labor; but weak up here, I'm labor.
I always vote for friends you see,
With friends like Frank or Al agree,
But will I ever vote for me? I'm labor. (He's labor.)

6
At last I'm waking, I'm labor, My chains, I'm breaking, I'm labor.
Too long I've waited for this hour,
No more to wealth and name I'll cower,
But rise, unite and use my power, I'm labor, (He's labor).
I'm done with hoping, I'm labor, with waiting, groping, I'm labor.
I'll put to work the boss and drone,
No more they'll reap what I have sown.
I'll come at last into my own, I'm labor, (He's labor.)

SONG OF THE PROLETARIAT

Johann Most

"British Grenadiers"

Who ham-mers brass and stone? Who rais-eth from the mine? Who

weav-eth cloth and silk? Who till-eth wheat and vine? Who la-bor-eth the

rich to feed, Yet lives him-self in gor-est need? It is the men who toil. The

Pro-le-ta-ri-at; It is the men, the men who toil, The Pro-le-ta-ri-at.

2

3

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

Who is from aye a slave
To all the tyrant brood?
Who oft for them must fight
And for them shed his blood?
Oh folk, 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

(AUSTRIAN SOCIALIST SONG)

Key of G

Begins on D

Translated by S.H.R.

Jos. Schew.

Allegro

f Come, sing the work-ers' rise to pow-er From thrall-dom to the

fate-ful hour when la-bor's woes will pass. No blow can break, no snare can

foil, The stur- dy bond of broth- er- hood in toil - Hail

Marcato
work- ing class! Hail work- ing class!

2

The workers struggling in the dark
Always kept aglow 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 fulness of the world will be for all.
Hail, working class! Hail, working class!

THE WORKERS' CARMAGNOLE

Key of E
Begins on E S.M.F.

Old French Dance Tune.
Street Song of the Revolution.
arr. by D.B.

We're out to build a de-cent world that's fit for toil-ers in ev-ry land
We hun-ger though the crops we've raised go waste or rot-ten in ev-ry land

— We're out to scrap a sys-tem meant to serve the spoil-ers in ev-'ry
— We freeze be-cause we've piled up too much wool and cot-ton in ev-'ry

land To-gether to the goal Dance we the car-mag-nole. Come
land To-gether to the goal. Dance we the car-mag-nole.

Chorus
all who make the world, Work-ers of hand, work-ers of brain. We mean to take the

slight ritard *atempo*
world, Ours is the toil, ours be the gain. Come all who make the world, Work-ers of hand, work-ers of

brain. We mean to take the world, Ours is the toil, ours be the gain.

MARCH ON

Key of F
 Begins on C
 stanzas 2,3,4 by S.H.F.
Allegro.

Negro Spiritual.

Way o-ver in the E-gypt land, We shall gain the vic-to-ry,

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

we shall gain the vic-to-ry, March on, and we shall gain the day

2
 Not only on the Egypt strand, we shall gain the victory:
 Do Pharaoh and his cohorts stand, we shall gain the day:

3
 Wherever there's an Egypt land, we shall gain the victory.
 We are an evergrowing band, we shall gain the day:

4
 Yes, when the workers understand, we shall gain the victory.
 They'll slave no more in Egypt land, we shall gain the day.

5
 Come workingmen in every land, we shall gain the victory.
 Take one another by the hand and we shall gain the day.

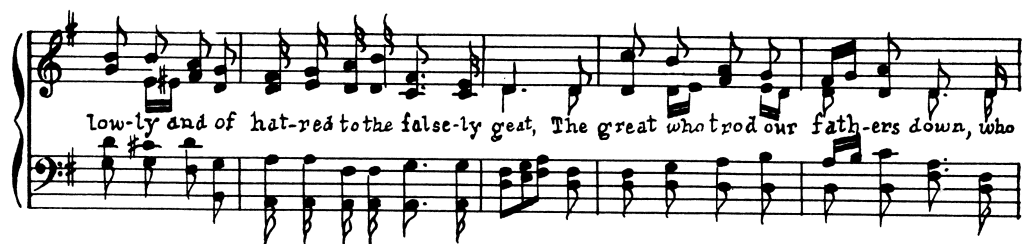
A REBEL SONG

Key of G
 Begins on D

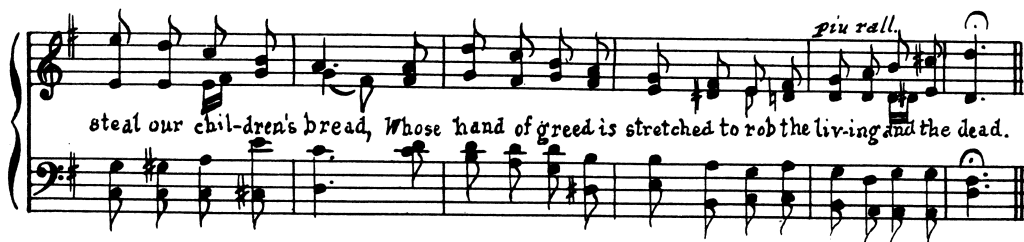
James Connolly.
with spirit

G.W. Crawford.

1. Come work-ers, sing a reb-el song, a song of love and hate, Of love un-to the

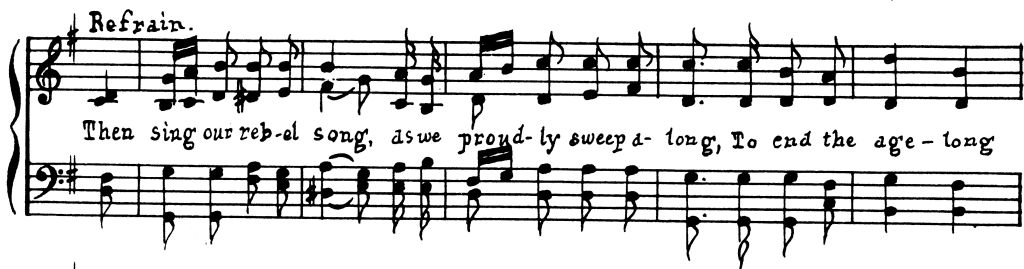


low-ly and of hat-red to the false-ly great, The great who trod our fath-ers down, who

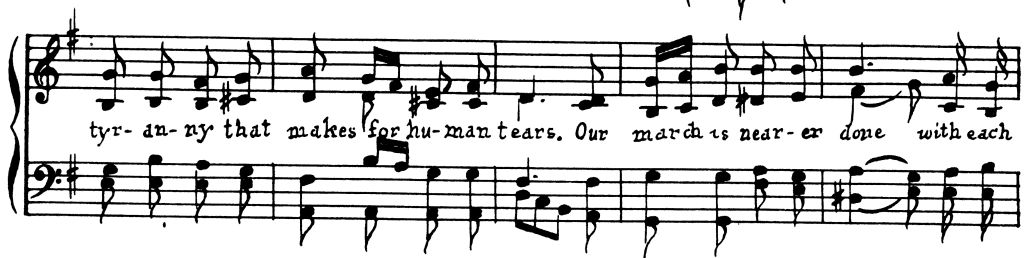


steal our chil-dren's bread, Whose hand of greed is stretched to rob the liv-ing and the dead.

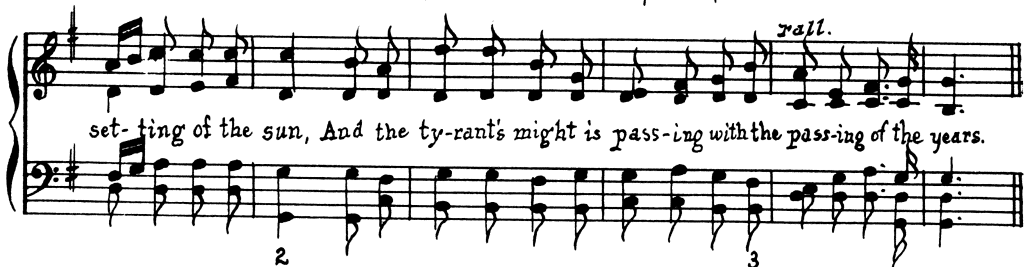
Refrain.



Then sing our reb-el song, as we proud-ly sweep a-long, To end the age-long



tyr-an-ny that makes for hu-man tears. Our march is near-er done with each



set-ting of the sun, And the ty-rant's might is pass-ing with the pass-ing of the years.

2

We sing no more of wailing,
And no songs of sighs or tears,
High are our hopes, and stout 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.

3

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

THE YOUNG GUARDS

Key of G
Begins on D

"Zu Mantua"
German folk song

We're march-ing toward the morn-ing, we're strug-gling com-ra-des all Our aims are set on

vic-to-ry, our en-e-mies must fall. With or-dered step, red flag un-furled. Will

build a new and bet-ter world. We are the youth-ful guards-men of the pro-le-ta-ri-

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

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
We're 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 Murray Chelitz)

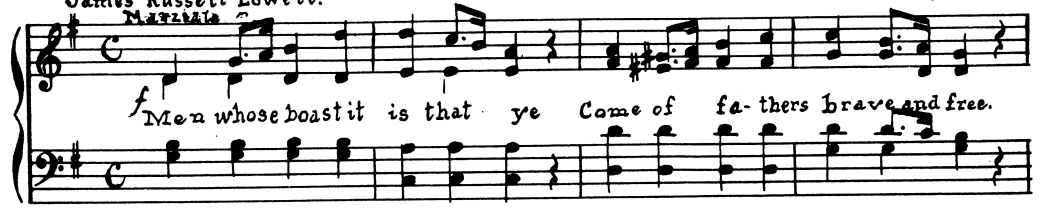
For freedom and equality
The league will stand as one,
When o'er the world our flag's unfurled
Our duty will be done.
Alone we cannot dare to grope—
In union is our only hope.
In labor's mighty vanguard, the Young Circle League.
In labor's mighty vanguard, the Young Circle League.

When labor will arise triumphant
Gone will be our fears;
There'll be a new humanity
To go down through the years.
This duty must not be delayed—
We pledge our solemn word to aid.

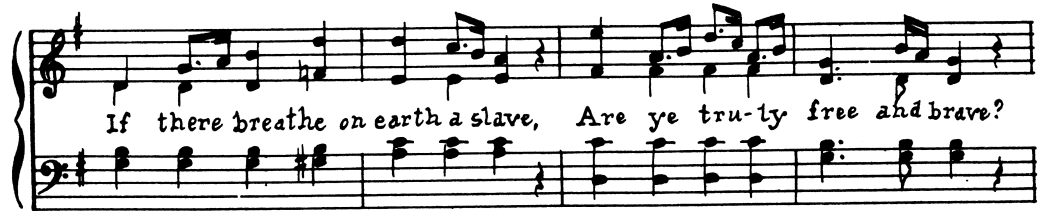
TRUE FREEDOM

Key of G
Begins on D
James Russell Lowell.
March

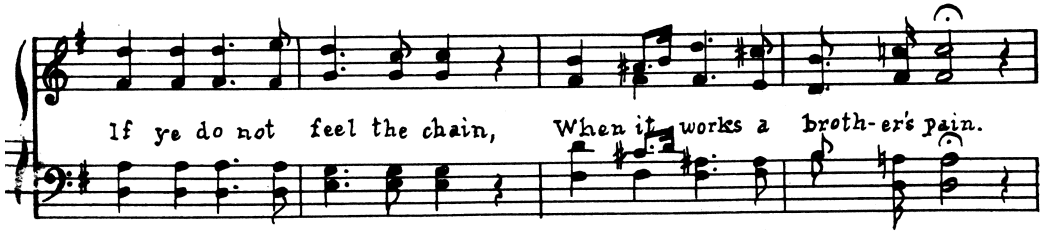
War Song of the Druids
"Norma"



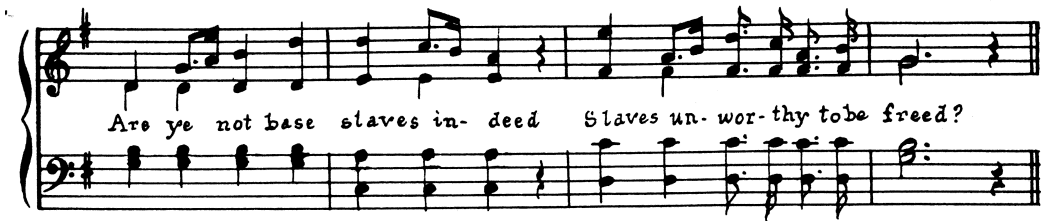
f Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-thers brave and free.



If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru-ly free and brave?



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



Are ye not base slaves in- deed Slaves un- wor- thy to be freed?

2

Is true freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern 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 Hat-red, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

WORKMEN'S CIRCLE HYMN

Key of G

Begins on D Translated by S.H.F.

M. Posner.

Mid the blaze of a world in com-mo-tion, The light of true free-dom we sought. Here at

home and far o-ver the o-cean To the forge of our vis-ion we brought The

fire of our love and de-vo-tion, And our own Work-men's Cir-cle we wrought.*

Refrain

A time-less bond u-nites us, A ring of tem-pered steel. One

ra-diant bea-con lights us To peace and com-mon weal. Stand

all for one and one for all, The work-ing class i-deal.

2

On the anvil of struggle created,
The ring is our armor and shield: **
The branches are links that are mated
In moulding the weapon we wield
So forward with zeal unabated
Our fervor will conquer the field.

(Members of unions can sing the following words where indicated)

* And a union of workers we wrought.

** The union's our armor and shield.

THE SCARLET BANNER

("Bandiera Rossa" Italian Workers' Song)

Key of F

Begins on C Translated by S.H.F.

Vivo e molto con anima

Harmonized by
R. Lieblich

A- rise, O com-rades, and take your sta- tion, Be- hind the ban- ner,

the scar- let ban- ner! To- geth- er win our e- man- ci- pa- tion,

In ev-ry na- tion tri-umph-ant- ly. **Chorus**
Up scar- let ban- ner and

front the foe; Up scar- let ban- ner and for- ward go! Up scar- let

ban- ner that the world may see. So- cial- is- m tri-umph- ing and lib- er- ty.

- 2- From field and workshop and mine appearing. 4- There are no aliens no borders hold us.
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner, Behind our banner, the scarlet banner,
On land and water, our call they're hearing. We scorn the lies our oppressors told us,
The hour is nearing triumphantly. Red flags enfold us triumphantly,
- 3- The suffering masses, the patient toilers, 5- One fearless worker, and then another
Behind our banner, the scarlet banner, Behind our banner, the scarlet banner.
Become an army of stalwart toilers, Have lit a fire no repulse can smother.
To fight the spoilers triumphantly. Stand up, my brother, triumphantly.

UP, SOCIALIST COMRADES

(GERMAN SOCIALIST SONG)

Karl Gramm
Arr. by D.B.

Key of F

Begins on C

Alla marcia Translated by S.H.F.

Up So-cialist. com-ra-des, mass your num-bers, The drums are beat-ing, ban-ners fly, For la-bor's

hosts rise from their slum-bers, And free-dom's cause can nev-er die! We fight to bring to all who toil, The

beau-ty of the sun and soil, The might of know-ledge and the splen-dor. When ser-vice to our class we ren-der.

This is the on-ly war work-ers should fight, This is the on-ly war work-ers will fight;

Ours is the mass; Ours be the might. Ours is the mass; ours be the might!

-2-

Uncounted hosts throughout the nation,
From shop and office, mill and field,
Whose toil means sorrow and starvation,

Learn that the power is yours to wield.
Have done with sighing and with tears;
Close ranks, the hour of freedom nears.
All exploitation we shall banish,
War, waste and want at last will vanish.
This is the only war workers should fight.
This is the only war workers will fight.
Ours is the mass, Ours be the might.
Ours is the mass, Ours be the might.

THE CUDGEL SONG

(Dubinishka)

Key of G

Begins on B

Slowly

Translated by S.H.F.

Russian Folk Song.

arr. by D.P.

I heard songs in my youth that are part of me yet, Songs that told of the sea and the

soil. But there's one home-ly strain I shall nev-er for-get - It's the

chant of the men as they toil. There is one home-ly strain I shall nev-er for-get - It's the

Chorus (slowly)
chant of the men as they toil. Ho, my lit-tle cud-gel make way now!

Ho, the green one will o-bey now and Go on-ward, slow on-ward, To-geth-er!

2

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

2nd Chorus (faster) Ho, my mighty cudgel, arise now;
Ho, the red will win the prize now and
Lift on ward, swift on ward,
Together!

THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE

Key of C
Begins on C

Introduction (optional)

R. Liebick
Simplified by D.B.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an optional introduction in 3/4 time, marked *ff*. The main melody is in the right hand, with the left hand providing a rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a chorus section.

ff

We are com- ing

all u- nit- ed, Throb- bing with un- meas- ured powr. Through the dark- ness

un- af- fright- ed We've wait- ed for this hour.

Now we rise be- for us sweep- ing, All the gall- ing ties that bind, And our

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

Chorus

we are com- ing un- for- giv- ing, And the earth re- sounds our

tread. Done and sin-ew of the liv- ing,

Spir- it of the reb-el dead. You who sow'd the wind of

sor- row, Now the whirl- wind you must dare.

As you face up-on the mor- row. The ad- vanc- ing pro- le-

taire!

2

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

(Famous Socialist Labor Party Song.)

Key of G

Begins on D

Peter E. Burrowes

Platon Braunoff.

Ye men of the work-shop with sweat covered fac-es, Ye wo-men toil-worn for res-pite who long, and

all ye who sob in the wage-mas-ter's trac-es, pre-pare ye, pre-pare ye a ju-bi-lee song

hills give it ee-ho, Ye storm-bil-lows drift it, Thro' streets of all ci-ties, Oh mes-sage take wing. The

Chorus *with fire and energy.*

hand with the ham-mer the arm up-lift-ed will shat-ter the throne of the cap-i-tal king. The

hand with the ham-mer the arm up-lift-ed will shat-ter the throne of the cap-i-tal king.

Ye mystic-eyed babies, who pine for your mothers,
Ye frail little sisters who nurse them and weep,
Ye sore-footed, work-seeking, heart weary brothers,
In the midnight of ignorance no longer sleep,
For light is now spreading; the dark clouds are rifted.
Thro' the streets of all cities, Oh, message take wing.

Hq! Genius, Ho! Honor, the torches are lighted
For wealth-buried manhood the search has begun,
From the tombs of privation, new pilots invited
Shall turn the prow of this ship to the sun,
A way for the willing, a door for the gifted
An era of honor to labor we bring.

HARK! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING

Key of F
Begins on F
H. S. Salt.

"Men of Harlech"
Welsh.

1. { Hark! the bat-tle cry is ring-ing! Hope with-in our bos-oms spring-ing, Bids us jour-ney
Tho we wield nor spear nor sa-bre, We the star-dy sons of la-bor, Help-ing ev'-ry

for-ward, sing-ing, Death to ty-rants' might!
man his neigh-ber, Shrink not from the fight. See our homes be- fore us,

wives and babes im-plore us. So firm we stand in heart and hand and swell the daut- less cho-rus.

Chorus. slower.
Men of la- bor, young or hear- y, Would ye win a name in sto- ry.

Strike for home, for life, for glo- ry. Just- ice, free- dom, right.

-2-

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we born the degradation,
Of the rich man's spite.
Now disdain'g' useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
Often shines the fairest morrow,
After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning,
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds, sublimer deeds,
Shall herald freedom's morning!

WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION

(Marion, N.C. Strike song)

Key of C
Begins on E
Grave

"We are climbing Jacob's Ladder."
Negro Spiritual.
arr. by D.B.

1- We are building a strong u-nion. We are building a strong u-nion.
2- Ev-ry new man makes us strong-er. Ev-ry new girl makes us strong-er.

With lower octave

We are building a strong u-nion. Work-ers in the mill.
Ev-ry new kid makes us strong-er. Work-ers in the mill.

- 3- They have fired the men who joined us. 4- We won't badge until we conquer. We have toiled in dark and danger.
They have fired the girls who joined us. We will stand until we conquer. We have toiled in dark and danger.
They have fired the kids who joined us. We will fight until we conquer. We have toiled in dark and danger.
Workers in the mill. Workers in the mill. Workers in the mine.

NO MORE SLAVES

(Danville, W. Va. strike song)

Key of E
Begins on B
Lento

Gospel Hymn.
"Jesus Saves"

1- We're a band of mil-lions strong. No more slaves, no more slaves, We hope to live to right the
2- We're a band of mil-lions strong. No more slaves, no more slaves, And we will sing our u-nion

wrong, No more slaves, no more slaves. We will fight till we are free, And we're
song, No more slaves, no more slaves. When we win our u-nion right, And we're

gained our vic-to-ry. By our sol-i-dar-i-ty. No more slaves, no more slaves.
ceased the bit-ter fight. All things good will come to light. No more slaves, no more slaves.

BREAD AND ROSES

Key of B $\flat$
Begins on D
James Oppenheim.

Martha L. Coleman.

As we come march-ing, march-ing — In the beau-ty of the
day — A mil-lion dark-ened kitch-ens — A thous-and
work-shops gray — are touch-ed with all the ra-diance — that a
sud-den sun dis-clos-es For the peo-ple hear us sing-ing
"Bread and Ros-es, Bread and Ros-es"

- 2-As we come marching, marching, we battle too, for men.
For they are women's children and we mother them again,
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies; Give us bread, but give us roses.
- 3-As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of bread!
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for-- but we fight for roses, too.
- 4-As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater days
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler-- for that toil where one reposes--
But a sharing of life's glories: bread and roses, bread and roses.

RED FRONT

Key of B $\flat$

Begins on F

Marcia con moto

German Revolutionary Song

Left left left left Drums sound the call to our

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one flat) and common time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Left left left left Drums sound the call to our' are written below the notes.

class; Left left left left

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'class; Left left left left' are written below the notes.

Work-ers are march-ing in mass. There's no time for talk now, we're

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Work-ers are march-ing in mass. There's no time for talk now, we're' are written below the notes.

read-y for deed, We know where the strug-gle for pow-er will lead, We're pre-

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'read-y for deed, We know where the strug-gle for pow-er will lead, We're pre-' are written below the notes.

pared to press on to the fray. No lon-ger we beg for a crumb or dole; We're

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'pared to press on to the fray. No lon-ger we beg for a crumb or dole; We're' are written below the notes.

eag-er to drive to the ul-ti-mate goal: And a par-a-site world sweep a-way.

The sixth system of musical notation concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'eag-er to drive to the ul-ti-mate goal: And a par-a-site world sweep a-way.' are written below the notes.

Chorus

On-ward, com-rades, for-ward to bat-tle. Close up your ranks for the
fight; Shoul-der to shoul-der, Press on the bold-er
Vic-to-ry comes with the night. To left and right are the
foe-men For us is the red bat-tle front.
So-cialist work-ers, Up with your ban-ner. 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.
Lift your arm, raise it high, clench your fist!

GO DOWN, MOSES

Key of E minor

Begins on B

Negro Spiritual

Mourningly

When Is-ra-el was in E-gypt land, Let my peo-ple go, Op-pressed so hard they could not stand. Let my peo-ple

Chorus *> >* *slower.*

go. Go down, Mo-ses, way down in E-gypt land. Tell old Pha-roah, Let my peo-ple go.

- 2- Thus saith the Lord, Bold Moses said, Let my peo-ple go. 4- When they had reached the other shore, Let my people go.
If not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my people go. They sang a song of triumph o'er, Let my people go.
- 3- No more shall they in bondage toil, Let my people go. 5- This world's a wilderness of woe. Let my people go.
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil, Let my people go. O, let us on to Canaan go, Let my people go.
- 6- Your foes shall not before you stand, Let my people go.
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land, Let my people go.

HEIRS OF TIME

Key of G

Begins on D

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

J. W. Elliott.

From street and square, from hill and glen, Of this vast world be-yond my door. I

cresc. *f*

hear the tread of march-ing men, the pa-tient ar-mies of the poor.

2
Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain,
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

3
The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.

4
Some day, without a trumpet's call,
This news will o'er the world be blown:
"The heritage comes back to all!"
The myriads monarchs take their own."

THE OATH

(Die Shruok)

Key of F

Begins on D Translated by S.H.F.

Arr. by D.B.
Bund Song (Revolution of 1905)

Broth-ers and sis-ters who've starved and bled, Har-ried and seat-tered

ov-er all the world, Come gath-er to-geth-er, our flag is un-furled, The

flag of wrath our blood has dyed. The ban-ner of red. Come swear we'll bear it on-ward,

Chorus
liv-ing and dead! Heav-en and earth will bear wit-ness for us, stars hear our fer-vent chor-us. The

pledge of blood and tears we share. We swear, we swear, We swear.

-2-

-3-

We swear we will battle for freedom and right, Assail the oppressor and trample his tools, We swear we will conquer the darkness that rules, And storm the gates of tyranny or fall in the fight. Come swear we'll bear it onward, living and dead.	We swear we'll not flinch in our holy crusade, As long as oppression and hunger endure. No more slave and master, no more rich and poor. A fellowship of freemen in a world we've remade. We swear we'll bear it onward, living and dead.
---	---

THE WORKERS HYMN

Key of Eb
Begins on G Italian Words by Felipe Turati. Translated by S.M.A.
Tempo di Marcia.

"Inno Dei Lavoratori."
Aminatore Galli.

mf
Su fra- tel- li, su com- pa- gne, su ve-
Join the ranks, fel-low work-ers and broth- ers; Com- rades

ni- te in fit- ta schie- ra, Sul- la ti- be- ra ban-
up! ev- er swell- ing the cho- rus, With the red ban- ner proud- ly be-

die- ra fore us, Splen- did sol ad- i- av- ve- nir! Nel- le
And the su- 3 ture's dawn a flame For we

pe- ne e nel- l'in- sul- to ci strin- gem- mo in mu- to
swore in our deg- re- da- tion In the depths of des- pair and star-

pat- to la gran ca-u- sa del ri- scat- to, niun di
va- tion, The great cause of lib- er- a- tion, We shall

noi do- vrà tra- dir! Il ri- scat- to del li-
nev- er bring to shame We have learned that our sal-

Vo-ra- ro- de' suoi fi- gli o- pra o vi-
ra- tion on-ly we sur- selves can ob- sa- rà tain We shall

vre- mo del la- vo- ro, o pu-
con- quer for the work- ers or fight

gnan- do si mor- rà! O vi- vre- mo del la-
on till we are slain. We shall bat- tle a- gainst the de-

vo- ro, o pu- gnan- do o pu- gnan- do si
spoil- ers, and our mar- tyrs shall not have died in

mo- rà! *p* O vi- vre- mo del la- vo- ro, o pu-
vain. We shall con- quer for the toil- ers, And we'll

gnan- do pu- gnan- do si mor- rà- si mor- rà!
fight, yet we'll fight, a world to gain - a world to gain!

NO MORE WAR

Determined.

STANFAS 213.4 by S.M.F.

German Folk Tune.

Arr. by D. B.

No more shall we fight their bat-tles, No more shall we go to war, O, let the high and mighty

slaught-er one an-oth-er. We will wage their wars no more..NO MORE WAR! more

2	3	4
No more shall we make munitions, No more guns and poison gas; O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another. No more for the working class. NO MORE WAR!	No more shall we serve as targets, No more slay our fellow men. O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another. We'll not go to war again, NO MORE WAR.	No more shall we shout their slogans, No more: now that we're awake O, let the high and mighty slaughter one another. Let them taste the hell they make NO MORE WAR!

THE BARRICADES

Key of g minor

Begins on D.

Heavily

Translated by S.M.F.

Arranged by Alexander Solomon.

Chorus

We laugh at guns and pois-on gas, We scorn the fascist blades now. For the free-dom of the work-ing class, Let us

mount the bar-ri-cades now. For the free dom of the work-ing class, Let us mount the bar-ri-cades now!

2	3	4
Their bloody banner soon will pass, Though proudly it parades now; For the freedom of the working class Let us mount the barricades now. (Repeat last two lines)	Their battlements will crack like glass, Their boasted grandeur fades now. For the freedom of the working class, Let us mount the barricades now. (Repeat)	Come, workers, one united mass, Their hosts are only shades now. If we build the might of the working class, We won't need the barricades now. (Repeat)

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES

Key of A
Begins on E

J. B. Glasier.
Allegro

"Yankee Doodle"

1 - Come ev-ry hon-est lad and lass, Too long we've been kept un-der By rust-y chains of fraud and fear Well snap them all a-
2 - The knave who lives in i-dle-ness, By plun-der-ing his neigh-bor, shall learn to use the pick and spade, And live by hon-est
3 - That rob-ber's pad that's styled the law, To fright-en hone-st folks, sirs, We'll set a-blaze and fum-i-gate The coun-try with the

Chorus

sun-der!
la-bor!
smoke, sirs.

When the rev-o-lu-tion comes, The so-cial rev-o-lu-tion, It's com-ing fast, our turn at last, The so-cial rev-o-lu-tion!

4 5

The land-lord and the cap-i-tal-ist,
If you should wish to see 'em
You'll have to take a holiday
And search in the museum.

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

THE BUILDERS

Key of C
Begins on C

With Dignity

Russian folk song.

We are the build-ers; we build the fu-ture, The fu-ture world is in our

hand. We swing our ham-mers; we use our weap-ons, A-against our foes in ev-ry land.

2 3 4

We are the builders; we build the future; Each day of struggle, each hour of battle, And we the workers, who are the builders
And he who hinders us must fall. Each blow we strike breaks yokes and chains We fight, we do not fear to die.
Come join us comrades, our task is mighty, From limbs and shoulders; it frees the workers. "All power and freedom unto the workers"
We need your help, you workers all. In city-fac'tries, fields and plains. Is our defiant battle cry.

MARCH OF THE WORKERS

Key of F

Begins on C Translated by S.M.F.

arr. by D.B.
Finnish Workers' Song
Oskar Merikanto.

Up val-iant heart-ed com-mon folk With souls no long-er

hum-ble; At last you know the ty-rant yoke Be-

fore your might will crum-ble. Night trem-bles as your

host at-tacks: On to the gates with sledge and axe. Night

trem-bles as your host at-tacks, 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.

HOLD UP YOUR LIGHT

O Negro Comrade

Key of D
Begins on F#
Chorus

Negro Spiritual
"Heaven Bound Soldier"
arr. by D.B.

Hold up your light, O Ne- gro com- rade Hold up your
Hold up your light and stand up straight now. Long was the

light O hard- pressed com- rade Hold up your light, O
night the dawn is late now Hold up your light We

val- iant com- rade let your light shine a- round the world
must not wait now let your light shine a- round the world

Fine

Stanza
O, bro- ther don't you weep, don't you pray, Sal-

va- tion is- n't com- ing that way to- geth- er let's press

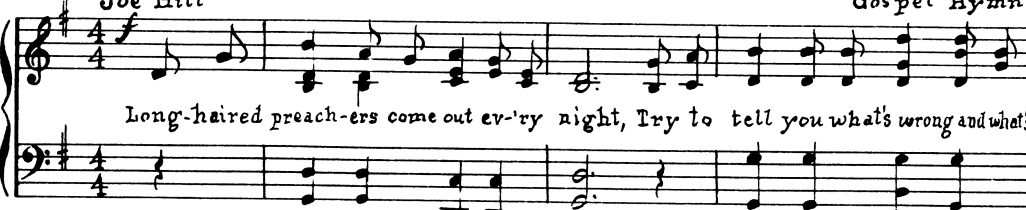
on to the fray Black and white we'll re- build the world.

Repeat Chorus D.C.

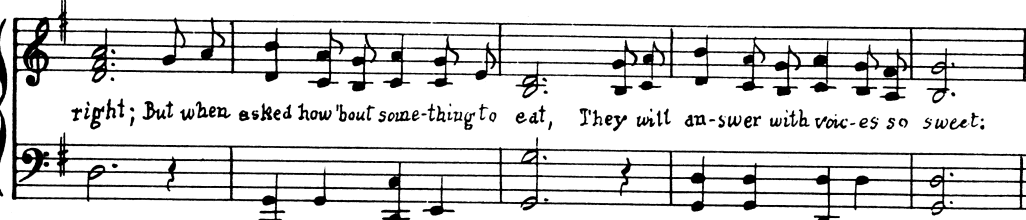
THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

Key of G
Begins on D
Joe Hill

"In the sweet bye and bye"
Gospel Hymn.



Long-haired preach-ers come out ev-ry night, Try to tell you what's wrong and what's

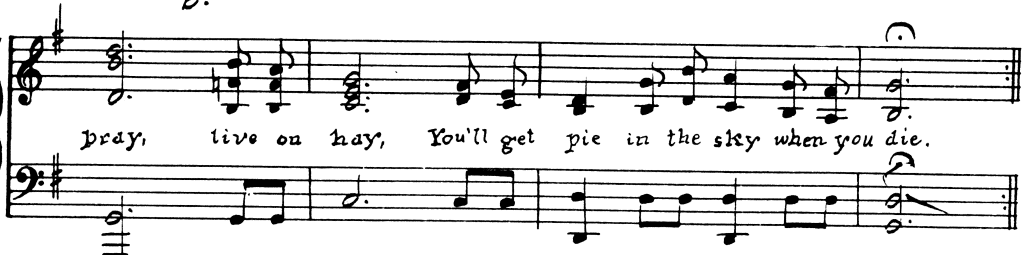


right; But when asked how 'bout some-thing to eat, They will an-swer with voic-es so sweet:

Chorus.



You will eat, by and bye, In that glor-i-ous land a-bove 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.

3

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

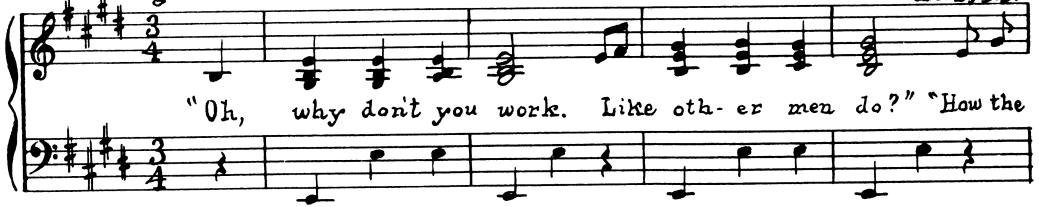
Last Chorus

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

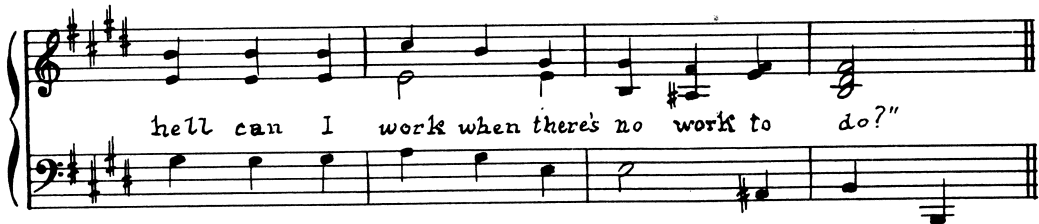
HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

Key of E
Begins on B
Allegro

"Revive us again"
Gospel Hymn.
arr. By D.B.



"Oh, why don't you work. Like oth-er men do?" "How the

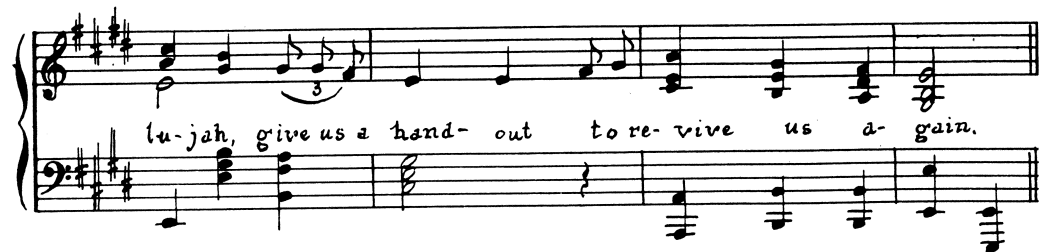


hell can I work when there's no work to do?"

Chorus



Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm a bum; Hal-le-lu-jah, bum-a-gain. Hal-le-



lu-jah, give us a hand-out to re-vive us a-gain."

2
A lady came out
When I knocked at the door,
"You'll get noth-ing here
'Cause I've seen you before."

3
I do love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine.
That's why I'm starving
Out on the bread line.

4
"Oh, Why don't you pray,
For your daily bread?"
"If that's all I did,
I'd be mighty soon dead."

5
"O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?"
"If I did'nt eat
I'd have money to burn."

THE REBEL GIRL

I.W.W. song

Key of E
Begins on B

with spirit.

Words and Music by
Joe Hill

There are wo-men of ma-ny de-scrip-tions
Yes, her hands may be hard- en'd from la-bor , In this
And her

queer world as ev-ry one knows
dress may not be ve-ry fine . Some are liv-ing in beau-ti-ful
But a heart in her bo-son is

man-sions , and are wear-ing the fin-est of clothes
beat-ing , that is true to her class and her kind

. There are blue blood-ed queens and princ-ess-es , Who have charms made of
. And the graft-ers in ter- or are trem-bling , When her spite and de-

dia- monds and pearl- But the on-ly and tho-rough-bred
fi- ance she'll hurl . For the on-ly and tho-rough-bred

la- dy is the re- bel girl
la- dy is the re- bel girl

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That's the Reb- el Girl, That's the Reb- el Girl. To the

work- ing class she's a pre- cious pearl. She brings cour- age, pride and

joy . To the fight- ing reb- el boy

— . We have girls be- fore, but we need some more in the In- dust- rial

Work- ers of the World . For it's great to fight for

free- dom with a Reb- el Girl .

CASEY JONES

Key of Bb
Begins on F

Allegro

Eddie Newton
Arr. by D. C.

The work-ers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call; But Ca-sey Jones, the en-gin-ee, he

would'n't strike at all, His boil-er it was leak-ing and its dry-ers on the bum, And his en-gine and its bear-ings, they were

Chorus

all out of plumb. Ca-sey Jones kept his junk pile run-ning; Ca-sey Jones was work-ing dou-ble time.

Ca-sey Jones got a wood-en med-al, for be-ing good and faith-ful to the S. P. line.

2- The workers said to Casey "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn out track.

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;

Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,

Casey Jones was an Angelino,

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

3- When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate.

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

"You're just the man," Said Peter; "our musicians went on strike,

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;

Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;

Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels.

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

4- The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair.

For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing every where.

The Angels Union Number twenty three, they sure were there,

And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair:

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flyin'

"Casey Jones" The Devil said "On fine,"

"Casey Jones get busy shoveling sulphur,

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

Begins on E

Joseph Whittaker

"Stand up, stand up to Jesus"
G. J. Webb.

Lift up the peo-ple's ban-ner, now trail-ing in the dust: A mil-lion hands are rea-dy to guard the sac-red trust.

With steps that nev-er fal-ter, And hearts that grow more strong: Till vic-tory ends our war fare, We stern-ly march a-long.

2

Through ages of oppression
We bore a heavy load,
While others reaped the harvest
From seeds the people sowed
Down in the earth we burrowed,
Or fed the furnace heats:
We felled the mighty forests,
We built the mighty fleets.

3

But after bitter ages
Of hunger and despair,
The slave has snapped his fetters.
And bids his foes beware.
We will be slaves no longer,
The nation soon shall know
That all who live must labor,
That all who reap must sow.

O, TORTURED AND BROKEN IN PRISON

Slowly

Arr. by D.B.
Russian Folk Song.

O, tor-tured and brok-en in pri-son, You met death glo-ri-ous-ly. In fight-ing for the

work-ers' cause, You died vic-tor-i-ous-ly. You died, You died vic-tor-i-ous-ly.

2

No sorrow lay dark on our souls
No tears welled in our eyes;
We gathered new courage from the grave
Where our brave comrade lies. Comrade lies.
Where our brave comrade lies.

3

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

HEAR A WORD, A WORD IN SEASON

Key of D
Begins on D
William Morris

Old English Air.

mf
Hear a word, a word in sea-son, for the day is draw-ing nigh, When the Cause shall call up-on us,

some to live and some to die! He that dies shall not die lone-ly, many a one hath gone be-fore,

p
He that lives shall bear no bur-den hea-vier than the life they bore. No-thing an-cient is their sto-ry

e'en but yes-ter-day they bled, Young-est they of earth's be-loved, last of all the va-liant 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.
Mourn not therefor, nor lament it 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 pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry, "Oh happy, happy ye that ye were born.
"In the sad slow night's 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

Tom Maguire, *lively, with swinging rhythm*

Old English Air.

March, march, com-rades all, On-ward ev-er bold-ly Heed not the

faint-ling's fall, Nor eyes that on ye look cold-ly. On-ward, smiles or frowns des-pite,

Dead is the sky hangs o'er ye; On-ward from the land of Night, All for the Day be-fore ye.

Chorus

March, march, com-rades all, On-ward ev-er bold-ly

Heed not the faint-ling's fall, Nor eyes that on ye look cold-ly.

2

Sweet days happy days, To the men of labor;
Fair ways, honest ways, 'Tween ones-self and neighbor;
These for all men yet shall be, Ere old earth grows
cooler,
Spite of Parliament say we, Spite of rogue or ruler.

3

Strong, strong, ever on, Strong in our hope increasing.
Day dawn gleams upon, The cause of our strife unceasing.
Lo, we gather a valiant throng, Over the world of na-
tions.
We shall triumph o'er wealth and wrong, Ranks and creeds,
and stations.

MY LORD DELIBERED DANIEL

Key of F
Begins on C
Chorus

STANZAS 2, 3, 4 by S.M.F.

Negro Spiritual
arr by D.B.

My Lord de-lib-ered Dan-i-el, My Lord de-lib-ered Dan-i-el. My

Lord de-lib-ered Dan-i-el Why cant he de-lib-er me?

Fine

Solo

1. I met a pil-grim on the way An' I ask him whar he's a-gwine. I'm

D.C.

bound for Ca-naan's hap-py lan', An' dis is de shout-ing band, Go on

D.C.

2

Oh, Daniel cast in the lion's den,
He pray both night and day.
The angel came from Galilee,
And took the lion away. That's---- so----

3

He deliver Daniel from the lions 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
Begins on G
Ebenezer Elliott.

Josiah Booth

When wilt Thou save Thy peo- ple? O God of mer- cy when? Not

kings and lords, but na- tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a- way, Their

he- ri- tage a sun- less day! O God save the peo- ple.

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 mountains, "No," Thy skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend 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 fair,
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the People!

WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Key of E $\flat$ (c minor)

Begins on G

Grave e Dolente

arr. by R. Liebiok.

f sfz Dy-ing as sol-diers fight-ing for La-bor, So did you fall; An of-fring of your

love for those who share the strife; Glad-ly you gave us tal-ent and treas-ure;

yield-ing your all, The hon-or of the world, your free-dom and your life.

Deep-ly you suf-fer'd, nor shrank from the grave; Judg-es and

hang-men, the fate of the fray; Starv'd in dark dun-geons, beat-en and tor-tur'd

cheer-ful and brave, De-fy-ing chains and jails you march'd up-on your way.

THE SMITH AND THE KING

Key of Bb
Begins on F¹

Edward Carpenter (slightly altered)

"Miller of the Dee"

1- A smith up-on a sum-mer's day, went call-ing on a king.
2- "Dear me! I'll call my Chan-cel-lor, He un-der-stands such things;

The King ex-claim'd "The Queen's a-way, Can I do an-y thing?"
Your claims I can-not can-cel, or Deem them fit themes for kings"

"Sir pray you can" the Smith re-plied "I want a bit of bread"
Chan-cel-lor, why here's a wretch who starves like rats and mice!"

"Why?" cried the King. The fel-low sighed: "I'm hun-gry, sir," he said.
The Chan-cel-lor re-plied, "I'll fetch The First Lord in a trice."

3

4

The first Lord came, and by his look
You might have guessed he'd shirk
Said he, "Your Majesty's mistook
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,
Atas, 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
Well nigh 'ere we'd begun it."

5

"Thanks," said the Smith "O fools and vile
Go rot 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^b (c minor)

Begins on G

In sturdy march time

Rudolf Siebich

mf

1. We have fed you all for a thous-and years And you
2. There is nev-er a mine blown sky-ward now But we're

p *mf* *f*

hail us still un-fed. Tho' there's nev-er a dol-lar of all your wealth But marks the work-ers'
bur-ied a-live for you. There's nev-er a wreck drifts shore-ward now But we are its gha-st-ly

dead. We have yield-ed our best to give you rest And you lie on a crim-son wool. Then if
crew. Go reck-on our dead by the forg-es red And the fac-to-ries where we spin. If

p

blood be the price of all your wealth, Good God we have paid it in full.
blood be the price of your curs-ed wealth, Good God we have paid it in.

mf

We have fed you all for a thou-sand years. ———. For that was our doom you

f

Know, From the days when you chain'd us in your fields To the strike of a week a-go. You have

eat-en our lives and our ba-bies and wives. And we're told it's your leg-al share. But if

p

blood be the price of your law-ful wealth. Good God! we have bought it fair.

SOUP SONG

Key of Bb
Begins on F

*My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean
Folk Song

I'm spend-ing my nights at the flop-house — , I'm spend-ing my days on the

street — . I'm look-ing for work and I find none — . I

wish I had some-thing to eat — . Soo- up Soo-

up, They give me a bowl of soo- oo- up Soo-

up, Soo- up, They give me a bowl of soup — .

2

3

I spent twenty years in the factory
I did ev-ery thing I was told
They said I was loyal and faithful
Now even before I get old:

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

4

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

Key of Eb (C minor)
Begins on Eb

THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN

Reginald Wright Kaufman

Adoroso

Agnes Cunningham

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics 'In the dream of your down-y couch-es, through the shades of your pain-pered sleep, Give ear, you can hear it'. The second system continues with 'com-ing, the tide that is stead-y and deep. Give ear for the sound is grow-ing from the des-ert and dun-geon and'. The third system continues with 'den. The tramp of the march-ing mil-lions the march of the hun-gry men.' The fourth system is marked 'Refrain cresc. poco a poco' and begins with 'Give ear for the sound is grow-ing from the des-ert and dun-geon and den; The'. The fifth system continues with 'tramp of the march-ing mil-lions, the march of the hun-gry men.'

2
It is coming another army
Your wit can not 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.
3
They bear no sword nor rifle,
Yet their ladders are on your walls.
Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper,
The jambreaux to overalls.
They come from locomotive,
From cab and cobbler's bench;
They are armed with the pick and the
jackplane,
The sledge and the axe and the wrench.

4
And some come empty handed,
With fingers gnarled and strong,
And some are dumb with sorrow,
And some come drunk with song.
But all you thought were buried
Are stirring and lithe and quick.
And they carry a brass-bound scepter
The brass composing-stick.
5
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 marrow, perhaps to marrow.
You will waken and see and then
You will hand the keys of the cities
To the ranks of the Hungry Men.

MEN OF THE SOIL

Key of C
Begins on C
Harold M. Hildreth
Vivace

"Hoesten"
Danish Harvest Song

1. Men of the soil! We have labored un-end-ing;
2. Men of the soil! Now the torch we have light-ed;
3. Men of the soil! We are com-ing in judge-ment

We have fed the world up-on the grain that we have grown,
Kin-dle fires in ev-'ry land where rings the har-vest song!
To tell the world 'til jus-tice rules there is no lib-er-ty.

Now with the star of the new day as-cend-ing,
Shoul-der to shoul-der in cour-age u-nit-ed
We in our strength are a-ris-ing as pro-phets,

Gi-ants of the earth, at last we rise to claim our own.
From ev-'ry race we come to join the til-lers' might-
March-ing on to show the world the dawn that is to be.

Just-ice through-out the land, Hap-pi-ness as God has planned.
Earth ne'er shall eat a-gain, Bread gain'd through blood of men.
There's a light-ning in the sky, There's a thun-der shout-ing high;

Who is there de-nies our right to reap where we have sown?
We have sworn to right for ev-er more the an-cient wrong.
We will nev-er stop un-til the sons of men are free.

SOLIDARITY

Key of D
Begins on D

Douglas Robson.

Scotch Folk Song.

There's a word that's in the air, 'tis So-LI-DA-RI-TY! Hark! the work-ers ev-ry where, shout So-LI-DA-RI-TY!

'Tis the hope of ev-ry slave, from op-press-ion it will save, 'tis the slo-gan of the brave, what? So-LI-DA-RI-TY.

2

3

What can make the tyrants bend? Grim SOLIDARITY.
What will conquer in the end? Strong SOLIDARITY.
What alone has ever made lords of labor all afraid?
'Tis the iron palisade: Class SOLIDARITY.

All for one and one for all, That's SOLIDARITY.
Wage slaves listen to the call of SOLIDARITY.
There is naught it can not do, it can make the world anew,
Working men, it's up to you! Use SOLIDARITY.

FIGHTING SONG

"Kampflied des jüdischen Proletariats"

Key of F

Begins on D

Translation - R. Lieblich.

arr. by D.B.
Yiddish Revolutionary Song.

Broth-ers we stand here u-ni-ted, U-ni-ted in death as in life. To

bat-tle we hast-en as com-rades, The red flag shall hal-low our strife. To

bat-tle we hast-en as com-rades, The red flag shall hal-low our strife

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Key of A
Begins on E

Civil War Melody
George F. Root

In our pov-er-ty and toil, Lock-ing out up-on the world We can see the gath-er-ing ar-mies of the poor. And we

feel our-selves a part Of the new re-sist-less power That shall sweep-a-way op-pres-sion and its laws.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp, you hear us march-ing, Mil-lions now are on the way And our

ar-my ne'er shall pause, Till the right to live is ours, And the sun has ris-en on a fair-er day.

2

In the days that are to be
When the cause we love has 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 that comrades brave have sown.

I.W.W. VERSION

In the prison cell we sit.
Are we broken-hearted? nit;
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;
For we know that every wob
Will be busy on the job,
Till they swing the prison doors 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.

BUDENNY'S MARCH

Key of C
Begins on E

Arranged by
R. Liebich.

Ho, see the brave red cav-al-ry of wide re-nown in leg-end and

sto-ry we are wide-ly known, Or drear-y day or cloud-y night, in

storms or when the stars are bright, we gal-lop, we gal-lop to the fight!

Fine

Refrain

O, lead, Bu-den-ny, lead us ev-er on, Mid fire or flood when tem-pests loud-ly roar, O,

brav-est com-rade, lead us ev-er on-'Tis fight-ing makes our cour-age soar!

2

3

D.C.

Budenny is our brother and his best command: Above us high in bluest sky the Red Flags wave
"Heads up and look forward to our future grand!" Like lightning our horses bear us, bold and brave.

For Varashilov is with us,
The reddest and most chivalrous,
And each man can die a hero Russ.

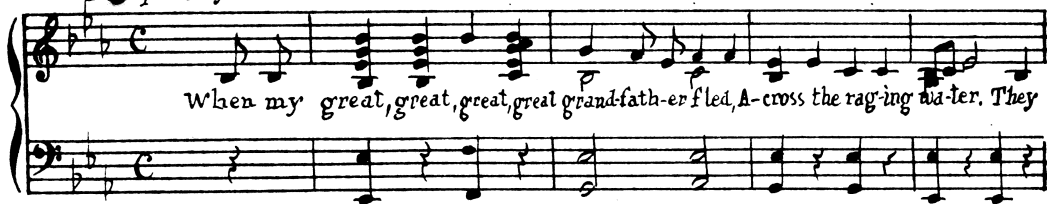
We strike out with a lion's vim,
To reach the enemy so grim,
We thunder, we thunder towards the Krim.

D.A.R. SONG

(Satire)

Key of Eb
Begins on Bb
Pompously S.M.F.

Harry Mayer.



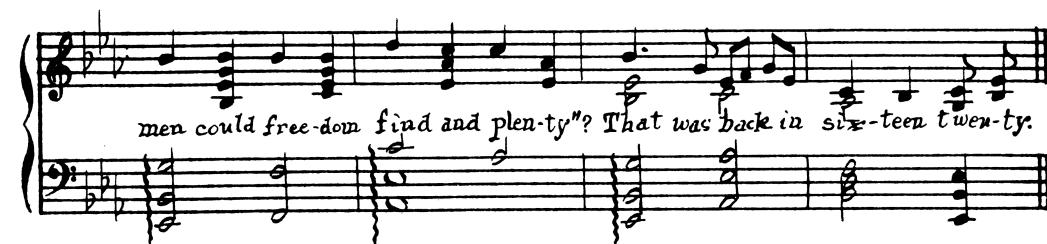
When my great, great, great, great grand-fath-er fled, A-cross the rag-ing wa-ter, They



found the na-tives here all red (and thus con-demned to slaugh-ter.) "You



say they sought a ref-uge here, Where nev-er big-ots could ap-pear, Where



men could free-dom find and plen-ty"? That was back in six-teen twen-ty.

2

My ances-tors left tyrant sod
Priest scorn-ers and throne shak-ers,
They wel-comed all who wor-shipped God,
(Ex-cept those sil-ly Quak-ers.)

"You say they glad-ly greet-ed those
Who dealt op-pression lus-ty blows,
Though they might wealth and cul-ture
lack?"
That was many cen-turies back.

My grand sires flashed a wicked gun
In free-dom's cause a-risen,
For British tax-riled pa-triot's son
(That graft by rights was his'n.)

"You say they overthrew a King
With blood-shed and with riot-ing?
Why that sounds like the Bol-she-viks!"
That was sev-en-teen sev-en-ty six.

4

My fa-ther swore that slav-ery broke
God's laws through-all the a-ges
He fought to end the bonds men's yoke,
(He'd rather cut their wages)

"You say he sought to break the chain
Of those who toiled in fear and pain
That hence-forth work-ers would be free?"
That was Eigh-teen sixty three!

5

My sons were moved by Wil-son's plea
To end all strife they bore guns
They fought to save democ-racy,
(They saved the Fords and Morgans)

"You say their ardors banished war
Dictators barred forever more;
That now no want or woe is seen?"
That was nine-teen sev-en-teen!

THE RED FLAG

Jim Connell

Key of C
Begins on C
Quick Time

"The White Cockade"
(old version)

The people's flag is deep-est red, It shroud-ed oft our mar-tyred dead, And

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a common time signature 'C'. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

ere their limbs grew stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its ev-'ry fold. Then

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

Chorus
raise the scar-let stand-ard high. With-in its shade we'll live and die: Though cow-ards flinch and

This system contains the third line of music, which is the beginning of the chorus. The vocal line starts with a new melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present at the start of the piano part.

trait-ors sneer, We'll keep the red flag fly-ing here.

This system contains the fourth line of music. It continues the chorus. The vocal line has a final note with a fermata. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

For other verses of song, see previous pages.

ORGANIZE UNIONS

S.M.F.

By Bobby Heath
Micky Marr &
Archie Fletcher.

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked *Moderato*. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the third measure of the introduction. The lyrics are as follows:

Ev-'ry time You say "I'm sick of ap-ple sauce, Hours are long and
Now and then You meet men who say it wont pay, "Dont you join, just
wag-es 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." Starve and save for- ev- er,

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except give you the sack?
if you're a work-ing man.

"If you don't like con-di-tions here, get out and don't come back! So
Un-less you build your un-ion strong, you'll end as you be-gan, so

Chorus

Or-ga-nize un-ions, learn to fight to- geth-er.

p-f

Keep it up un-til the job is done. (You tell 'em!) Or-ga-nize

un-ions learn your might to- geth-er Work-ing one for all and all for

one ——— . If you're tired of drudg-ery and pri-

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

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

or- ga-nize your un-ions ev-ry where ——— .

UNITY

(a call to labor)

Key of G
Begins on E
W. Gilton
March time (with spirit)

Norman Mable.

Long the slaves en- dured their fet- ters, Cowed by fear, a- fraid to rise.

Till they saw the mys- tic let- ters, Glow be- fore their up- turned eyes.

Then u- nite! Ye sons of la- bor: Yours the world to take and mould; In- to

plough- shares beat the sa- bre, Strive for peace, and not for gold

2

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

3

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
Begins on C
J. A. Symonds

"Simeon"
S. Stanley.

1. These things shall be, a loft-ier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
2. They shall be gen-tle, brave, and strong To spill no drop of blood, but dare

With flame of free-dom in their souls, and light of know-ledge in their eyes:
All that may plant man's lord-ship firm on earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

- 3- Nation with nation, land with land
Unarmed shall live as comrades free:
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one frater-nity.
- 4- Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undisturbed song

- 5- New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And might-ier music thrill the skies
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.
- 6- There shall be no more sin nor shame
Though pain and passion may not die
For man shall be at 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 cap-i-tal-is-tic war. We'll spend ev-ry cent on

get to pre-vent any cap-i-tal-is-tic war. Boss-es ex-pect they can col-lect.

mon-ey for war Work-ers re-fuse, You're nath-ing to lose. Keep up that roar!

Da Capo

Song to the MEN OF ENGLAND

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Key of D.
Begins on A

Leonard Pearce.

1- Men of En-gland, where-for plough For the lords who lay ye low? Where-for
3- Shrink to your cel-lars, holes and cells, In hall's ye deck an-oth-er dwells, Why shate the

weave with toil and care The rich robes your tyr-ants wear? Where-for
chains ye wrought? ye see The steelye tem-pered glance on ye. with plough and

feed and clothe and save, From the era-ble to the grave, Those un-
spade and hoe and loam, Trace your grave and build your tomb. Where your

grate- ful drones who would Drain your sweat-nay, drink your blood?
wind- ing sheet, till fair En-gland be your se-pul-chre!

2

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stingless drones may 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
Begins on C

Russian Folk song.

- 1- The sun o'er the steppes now is set-ting. And far off is gild-ing the grass. And naught now is heard but the
2- They walk heads all shav-en and hat-less As thou-sands be-fore them have march'd With brows that are fur-row'd in
3- The shad-ows are length-en-ing ev-er In dark-ness are wag-on and horse And on-ly the guards come

- clank-ing of chains, As the pris-on-ers pass. Cling, clang, ding, dang. Pris-on-ers' chains are drag-ging. Cling, clang, ding, clang
an-guish, With sore hearts and lips that are parch'd. heard now, Whose hearts feel no pain nor re-morse.

- Wear-y steps are lag-ging. Cling, clang, ding, dang. Tells the hope-less knell, As they lead our brav-est com-rades to Si-be-ria's hell.

- 4- A voice then is heard in the darkness.
"Brave brothers, betray not your gloom,
The brave show self-mastery always
And never are crushed by their doom,"
- 5- They sing of the great mother Volga
A mighty and gladdening tune.
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 hid-don their anguish
And only the chains can be heard.

COMRADES, THE BUGLES ARE SOUNDING

Key of Bb
Begins on F.
Martially

Russian Folk song

Com-rades, the bu-gles are sound- ing, Shoul- der your arms for the
fray! Bold- ty we'll fight for our free- dom,
Brave-ly we'll hew out a way. Bold-ty we'll fight for our
free- dom Brave-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. (Repeat last two lines)

3

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

4

Firm is our faith we shall conquer,
Slavery's yoke we shall break.
Welcoming death even gaily,
Fighting for liberty's sake. (Repeat)

MONEY PAY-TRIOTS

Kendrick P. Shedd

Moderato

"O My Darling Clementine"

1- Join the par-ty that is rul-ing, Hand the boss what brains you've
2- Go to church and talk like hon-ey; Kiss the flag and shout a

got; Play the roost-er; be a boost-er; Then you'll be a pa-tri-ot.
lot. That will make you, for they'll take you For a bloom-ing pa-tri-ot.

Oh my coun-try! Oh my coun-try! How I love each bloom-ing spot! Aint it

fun-ny how for mon-ey One may be a pa-tri-ot.

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 bus'ness, Boom your bus'ness.
Brother love it matters not.
Use your gall, sir, "do" them all, sir,
Then you'll be a patriot.

THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

Allons - debout nous les Jeunes !

Texte Erich
Translated by S.H.F.
Marche

Paul Arnua
Arr by Iva Wasson

They're all pre-pared to start the slaugh-ter, The men who make the guns and gas. Are
Les Ar-se-naux et les u-si-nés, S'ap-prêtent à la Pro-chaine guerre. Qui

you pre-pared to die for "glo-ry," and for the prof-its of their class? Then shout de-fi-ance to jin-goes, Youth's
done veut mourir pour la gloi-re Et pour les marchands de ca-nons? Al-lons de-bout nous les Jeunes! Lan-

chal-lenge must be hurled: "We'll fight no more for imperialists; We will strike for a brave new
çons nous à l'as-saut Con-tre les Im-pé-ria-lis-tes Et fai-sons un mon-de nou-

world. We'll fight no more for imperialists; We will strike for a brave new world."
veau! Con-tre les Im-pé-ria-lis-tes Et fai-sons un mon-de nou-veau!

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE

Key of F minor
Begins on F.
John C. Neihardt

Agnes Cunningham

Trem-ble be-fore your chat-tels, Lord of the scheme of things. Fight-ers of all earth's bat-tles,

Ours is the might of Kings! Guid-ed by seers and sag-es, The world's heart-beat for a drum, Snap-ping

the chains of ag-es, Out of the night we come! Lend us no ear that pil-ies; Of-fer no alm-o-ner's

hand; Arms for the build-ers of cit-ies- When will you un-der-stand? Down with your pride of

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

We are the work-ers and mak-ers. We are no lon-g'er dumb. Trem-ble, O Shirk-ers and Tak-ers,

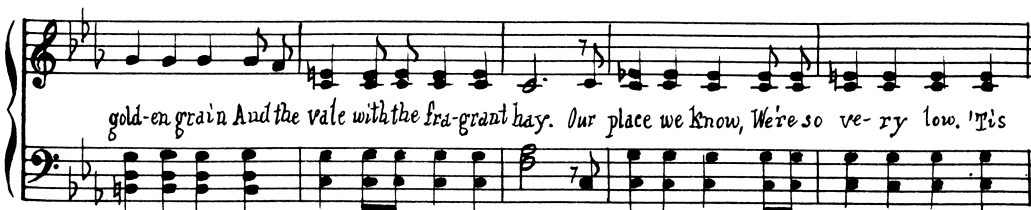
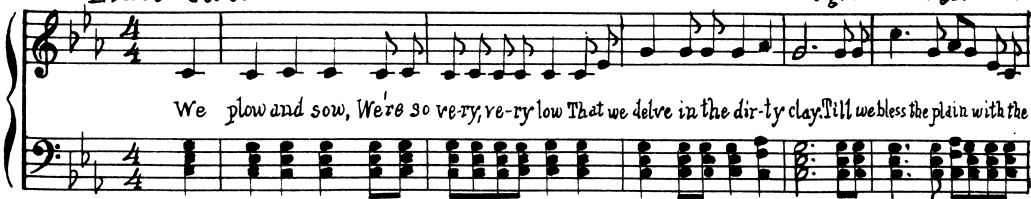


SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES

Key of C minor
Begins on C

Ernest Jones

Agnes Cunningham.



2 - Down, down we go, We're very, very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
Where the crown of a despot shines.
And whenever he lacks - upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay.
We're far too low to vote the tax
But not too low to pay.
3 - We're low - we're low - mere rabble, we know
But at our plastic Power
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower,
Then prostrate fall - in the rich man's hall
And cringe at the rich man's door.
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
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow - and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get - and what we give -
We know and we know our share:
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear,
We're low - we're low - we're very, very low
And yet when the trumpet's ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king
We're low - we're low - our place we know
We're only the rank and file
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

FORWARD, FORGETTING NEVER

(Vorwärts und Nicht Vergessen)

Translated by S.H.F.

German Workers' Sport Song.

For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er How stead-fast and strong we must be. Though hun-ger haunts us
For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er Our dream of a world that is free. Though dan-ger greets us

er-er, For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er Our sol-i-dar-i-ty. Though our toil is hard and bit-ter.
ev-er, For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er Our sol-i-dar-i-ty. Sun and stream and mea-dow lure us.

Though our leis-ure hours are few, We are train-ing to be fit-ter For the job we have to do.
From the ci-tys dirt and din, And our grow-ing ranks as-sure us That the work-ers' cause will win.

For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er Ours the world we will bring to birth For-ward, for-get-ting nev-er

Whom these streets and fields be-long to, Just whose earth is this earth!

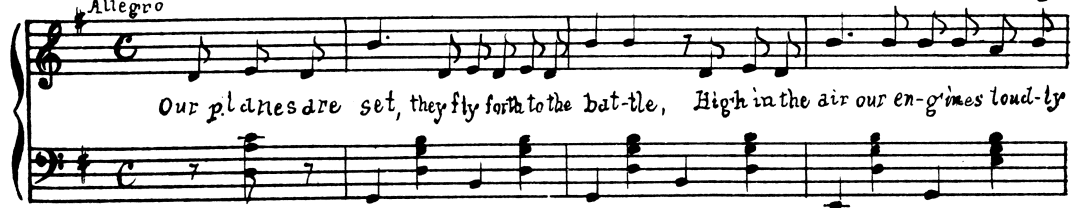
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin unsere Stärke besteht.
Beim Hungern und beim Essen
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Die Solidarität!
Erstens sind hier nicht wir alle
Zweitens ist es nur ein Tag
Wo die Arbeit einer Woche
Uns noch in den Knochen lag.
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Wessen Welt ist die Welt!

Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Worin unsere Stärke besteht.
Beim Hungern und beim Essen
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Die Solidarität!
Erstens sind hier nicht wir alle,
Zweitens ist es nur ein Tag
Und zwar liegt nur auf der Wiese
Was sonst auf der Strasse lag
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen
Wessen Strasse ist die Strasse
Wessen Welt ist die Welt!

SONG OF THE RED AIR FLEET

Key of G
Begins on D
Allegro

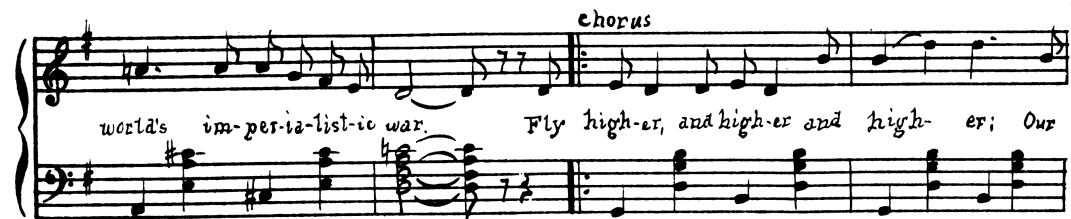
Soviet Song.



Our planes are set, they fly forth to the bat-tle, High in the air our en-gines loud-ly



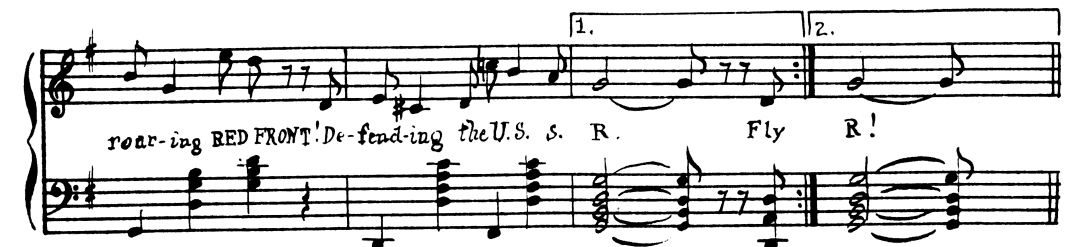
roar, Our planes are set, we're rea-dy for the strug-gle A-gainst the



world's im-per-is-tic war. Fly high-er, and high-er and high-er; Our



emb-lem the So-viet star. And ev'ry pro-pel-ler is



1. 2.
roar-ing RED FRONT! De-fend-ing the U.S. S. R. Fly R!

2

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

HUNGER BLUES SONG

Key of A
Begins on E

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 or-gan-ize and

all fight hard. Trying to chase those hun-ger blues a-way

2
Come with me on the picket line (sing 3 times)
We'll stay there till the bosses sign
Trying to chase those hunger blues away

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

4
In seventeen we fought "the huns" (three times)
We've better use now for our guns.
We're trying to chase those hunger blues away.

5
In bosses' war we all did get (three times)
Our belly-full of bayonet.
Now we're trying to chase those hunger blues away.

6
We'll fight again in no man's war (three times)
We're going to know what were fighting for
Trying to chase those hunger blues away

7
Here's our answer to the boss. (three times)
Beat it, bo, you ain't no loss.
We're trying to chase those hunger blues away.

8
We'll take over the machines (three times)
Then you'll know what free dom means.
For we will chase those hunger blues away.

Miners' Song

1
We went on the picket line (sing three times)
To keep the scabs out of the mine.
'Cause all our rights been taken away.

2
Oh the thugs they yell and cuss (three times)
And then they slug and tear-gas us.
'Cause all our rights been taken away.

3
We were then taken to a cell (three times)
And there we raised all kinds of hell.
'Cause all our rights been taken away.

4
Our comrades freed us from the pen (three times)
We went right back to fight again
'Cause all our rights been taken away.

5
We'll fight on to victory (three times)
We'll win by solidarity.
'Cause all our rights been taken away.

GENERAL STRIKE SONG

Key of C
Begins on C
Louis Burcar

I. W. W. Song
Ippolitov - Ivanov

ov-er the land, ov-er the sea, comes the call to join the fight- the strike to be free, Now ev-ry-where,

ring'-ing on the air. Reb-el voic-es min-gle in wrath-ful har-mo-ny. Bay down your tools, Leave your ma-chine Come

up from the mines, out of the mea-dows green Tie up the ships, Close down the shops. Let the par-a-sites get

wise as they get lean. Deep down in mines. Shut in shops of steel. Let them do the speed-up till their

brains be-gin to reel. But no gears could work. Starr-a-tion would lurk, with-out us noth-ing moves Not a sin-gle wheel!

2

Then take up your tools, work your machine.

Run your ships and factories, till the meadows green:
But close the gates up tight- lock out the parasite,
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.
No more to slave, no more to toil
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;
Strike now at once, fight for our right
To all that we produce from factory or soil.
So let us strike - strike to be free:
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery
Join in the song, strike with the strong.
All power to the union - the world for the free!

WE SHALL BE FREE

Key of D minor
Begins on A

Words and Music by
Edith Berkowitz

We shall be free When we un-der-stand the strength, the

power, the glor-ious hour that lie in our hand. That hour will come.

with our un-i-ty We'll make the ma-chines that be-tray us o-bey us - We'll be free!

LABOR'S ENDLESS CHAIN

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

repeat endlessly

CAPITALISM'S ENDLESS CHAIN

Introduction

We steal a mil-lion from the poor. To re-in-vest that mil-lion till it

steals an-oth-er mil-lion from the poor To re-in-vest that mil-lion till it steals an-oth-er mil-lion from the poor to

repeat endlessly



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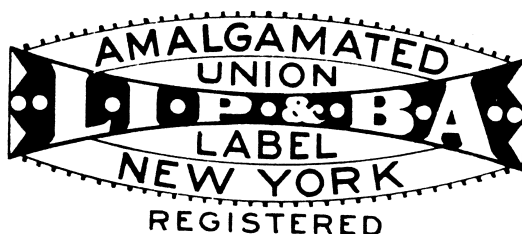
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