



Coming  
to a town near you...

# JOE HILL 100 ROADSHOW

*Honoring the Life, Times & Legacy of  
Joe Hill on the Centenary of His Execution*

Celebrate the works of the world's most famous labor songwriter, Joe Hill, with the Joe Hill 100 Roadshow. Dozens of musicians are participating in this effort. If you're interested in joining in or hosting a show, get in touch by writing [joe.hill.centenary@gmail.com](mailto:joe.hill.centenary@gmail.com), or use the links below. In the meantime, use this songsheet to learn some favorite songs!



To find out more, check out  
The Joe Hill 100 Tour on Facebook  
or [www.joehill100.com](http://www.joehill100.com)

## *There Is Power In A Union* by Joe Hill

Would you have freedom  
from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial  
band;  
Would you from mis'ry  
and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, lend  
a hand!

*Chorus:*  
There is power, there is power  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a power, that's a power  
That must rule in every land -  
One Industrial Union Grand.

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

*Repeat chorus*  
If you've had enough of  
"the blood of the lamb,"  
Then join in the grand Industrial  
band;  
If, for a change,  
you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a  
man.

*Repeat chorus*

If you like sluggers to beat off your  
head,  
Then don't organize, all unions  
despise,  
If you want nothing before you are  
dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and  
look wise.

*Repeat chorus*  
Come, all ye workers, from every  
land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial  
band,  
Then we our share of this earth  
shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, lend a  
hand!

*Repeat chorus*

## *The Preacher & the Slave* by Joe Hill

Long-haired preachers come out  
every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and  
what's right,  
But when asked about something  
to eat,  
They will answer in voices so sweet:

*Chorus:*  
You will eat bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky.  
Work and pray, (work and pray),  
Live on hay, (live on hay),  
You'll get Pie in the Sky,  
When you die, (that's a lie!)

And the starvation army they play,  
They sing and they dance and they

pray,  
Till they get all your coin on the  
drum,  
Then they tell you when you're on  
the bum:

*Repeat Chorus*

If you fight hard for the good things  
in life,  
They will tell you to stop all the  
strife,  
Be a sheep for the bosses they say  
Or to hell you are surely on the way!

*Repeat Chorus*

Workingfolk 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.  
(That's no lie!)





## ***The Tramp*** by Joe Hill

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it,  
too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story  
everywhere.

### *Chorus:*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on  
a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best  
thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet,  
In a house he spied a lady cooking  
stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him  
feel so blue. *Repeat chorus*

'Cross the street a sign he read,

"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance,  
I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the  
preacher cry: *Repeat chorus*

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you  
blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't  
come around." *Repeat chorus*

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven  
when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face  
and loudly cried: *Repeat chorus*

## ***Casey Jones: The Union Scab*** by Joe Hill

The workers on the S.P. line to  
strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he  
wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its  
drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings,  
they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile  
running;

Casey Jones was working double  
time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the  
S.P. line.

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

When Casey got up to heaven to  
the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy  
who 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 like he did to the workers on  
the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they  
said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around

a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure  
were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey  
down the Golden Stair.

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

## ***Where the Fraser River Flows*** by Joe Hill

Fellow workers pay attention to  
what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the  
Workers of the World.  
That we should all be ready,  
true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when  
the Red Flag is unfurled.

### *Chorus:*

Where the Fraser River flows, each  
fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed  
us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way,  
boys, for shorter hours and better  
pay, boys,  
And we're going to win the day,  
boys; where the Fraser River  
flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors  
have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors,  
each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to stick together in  
fine or dirty weather,  
And we'll show no white feather,  
where the Fraser River flows.

### *Repeat chorus*

Now the boss the law is stretching,  
and the bulls and pimps he's  
fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as  
Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them,  
and why the devil spared them,  
Are questions we can't answer,  
where the Fraser River flows.

### *Repeat chorus*

## ***Joe Hill's Last Will***

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kind don't need to fuss and moan --  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."

My body? Ah, If I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you.

– Joe Hill