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

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,
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!)

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

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 we’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

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 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.

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

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