

## **Song List: Revolutionary Trade Unionism**

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## Wurk

*Music and Lyrics by Linqua Franqa, 2022*

Which side are you on, my people, which side are you on? (x4)

Workers ship the boxes  
They swiffer and the mop and  
Look chipper whenever talking  
And whipping the shopping carts  
They pack the beer in the walk-ins  
And stack the weird little boxes  
Keep our kitchen fridges stocked and  
Our financial markets solvent  
They clock in for a pithy fitty bucks  
And bear the coughing of like sixty thrifty chad's  
And get spit on like sitting ducks  
And they are sick of getting fucked  
So you ever wanted to honor them?  
Here's my ask for all my hominids: collective bargainin  
Amazon and Target and Fedex and Walmart and Instacart and Whole Foods  
Til we all get what we oughta get  
Workers run the company, there isn't any argument  
So are you with them, are you in?

El pueblo unido jamás será vencido (x4) || Which side are you on, my people, which side are you on? (x4)

Imagine a minute,  
Millions of average women and men in the tragic position  
Of trading in passion for wages in cash 'cause they shackled by capitalism  
Imagine a minute,  
Millions of average citizens planting the spinach and waxing the kitchens and stacking the linens,  
Contractors and renters and tenants, their labor extracted for pittance  
What if they coordinated to address the sordid state of it in an organization?  
Guess fucking what! That's what organized labor does  
And not even sort of, it's more of the crux  
Taking the power from hoarders of bucks, big bankers offshoring their cuts  
Returning the value of labor to those who create it the billionaires owe it to us  
So if you jaded and surly 'bout waking up early to earn a bag,  
If you sad about Bernie, if you've got a curious yearning and had it with passively lurking  
We got your back and we happy to have ya  
Out on the picket line actively working going

Which side are you on, my people, which side are you on? (x4) || El pueblo unido jamás será vencido (x4)

## Y en eso Llego Fidel

*Music and Lyrics by Carlos Puebla, 1976*

## **English Translation:**

Aquí pensaban seguir  
Ganando el ciento por ciento  
Con casas de apartamentos  
Y echar al pueblo a sufrir

*Here they wanted to continue  
taking a hundred percent,  
with (luxurious) houses,  
and making the people suffer.*

Y seguir de modo cruel  
Contra el pueblo conspirando  
Para seguirlo explotando  
Y en eso llegó Fidel

*And they continued in the cruel way  
to conspire against the people  
to continue exploiting them.  
And then arrived Fidel.*

*[Coro]*

Se acabó la diversión  
Llegó el Comandante y mandó a parar  
Se acabó la diversión  
Llegó el Comandante y mandó a parar

*[Chorus]*

*The fun was over.  
El Comandante arrived and he ordered them to stop.  
The fun was over,  
El Comandante arrived and he ordered them to stop.*

Aquí pensaban seguir  
Tragando y tragando tierra  
Sin sospechar que en la Sierra  
Se alumbraba el porvenir

*Here they thought they would continue  
swallowing and swallowing the land,  
not suspecting that in Sierra Maestra  
the future was being illuminated.*

Y seguir de modo cruel  
La costumbre del delito  
Hacer de Cuba un garito  
Y en eso llegó Fidel

*And they continued in the cruel way  
the custom of crime,  
turning Cuba into a gambling den.  
And then arrived Fidel.*

*[Coro]*

Aquí pensaban seguir  
Diciendo que los cuatrerros  
Forajidos bandoleros  
Asolaban al país

*[Chorus]*

*Here they thought they would continue,  
saying that rustlers,  
outlaws, bandits  
were devastating the country.*

Y seguir de modo cruel  
Con la infamia por escudo  
Difamando a los barbudos  
Y en eso legó Fidel

*And they continued in the cruel way  
with disgrace as their shield,  
to defame the Barbudos  
and then arrived Fidel.*

*[Coro]*

Aquí pensaban seguir  
Jugando a la democracia  
Y el pueblo que en su desgracia  
Se acabara de morir

*[Chorus]*

*Here they wanted to continue  
playing "democracy,"  
and people would in their misfortune  
would just die.*

Y seguir de modo cruel  
Sin cuidarse ni la forma  
Con el robo como norma.  
Y en eso llegó Fidel

*And they continued in the cruel way,  
without caring how it was done,  
with robbery as a rule  
and then arrived Fidel.*

*[Coro]*

*[Chorus]*

## The Rebel Girl

*Original Music and Lyrics by Joe Hill, 1915, written in honor of labor leader Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.  
Lyrics adapted by Hazel Dickens, 1973.*

There are women of many descriptions  
In this cruel world, as everyone knows.  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There's the blue blooded queen or the princess,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearls  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

She's the Rebel Girl, the Rebel Girl!  
She's the working class, the strength of this world.  
From Maine to Georgia you'll see  
Her fighting for you and for me.  
Yes, she's there by your side with her courage and pride.  
She's unequalled anywhere.  
And, I'm proud to fight for freedom  
With the Rebel Girl.

Though her hands may be hardened from labor  
And her dress may not be very fine  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the bosses know that they can't change her  
She'd die to defend the worker's world.  
And the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

She's the Rebel Girl, the Rebel Girl!  
She's the working class, the strength of this world.  
From Maine to Georgia you'll see  
Her fighting for you and for me.  
Yes, she's there by your side with her courage and pride.  
She's unequalled anywhere.  
And, I'm proud to fight for freedom  
With the Rebel Girl.

## Workers' Song

*Music and Lyrics by Ed Pickford, 1981.*

*Inspired by and referencing the music of IWW organizer and songwriter, Joe Hill.*

Come all of you workers  
Who toil night and day  
By hand and by brain  
To earn your pay  
Who for centuries long past  
For no more than your bread  
Have bled for your countries  
And counted your dead

In the factories and mills,  
In the shipyards and mines  
We've often been told  
To keep up with the times  
For our skills are not needed,  
They've streamlined the job  
And with slide-rule and stopwatch  
Our pride they have robbed

*[Chorus]*

We're the first ones to starve  
The first ones to die  
The first ones in line  
For that pie-in-the-sky  
And always the last  
When the cream is shared out  
For the worker is working  
When the fat cat's about

But when the sky darkens  
And the prospect is war  
Who's given a gun  
And then pushed to the fore  
And expected to die  
For the land of our birth  
When we've never owned  
One handful of earth?

*[Chorus]*

All of these things  
The worker has done  
From tilling the fields  
To carrying the gun  
We've been yoked to the plough  
Since time first began  
And always expected  
To carry the can

## We Shall Not Be Moved

*"I Shall Not Be Moved" was a slave spiritual dating to the early 19th century American south. The song became popular on picket-lines in Black-led and integrated unions throughout the 1930s. Versions of the song were revived during the Black revolutionary struggle of the 60s and again during the 70s anti-war and anti-nuke movements. Verses are easily added and adapted for various struggles; protesters popularly interweave Spanish verses as well.*

*[Chorus]*

We shall not, we shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved

Just like a tree that's standing by the water *[1st time: that's planted by the water]*

We shall not be moved

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved!

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved!

Just like a tree that's standing by the water

We shall not be moved

We are Black and white together...

We will stand and fight together...

We're gay and straight together...

We're not afraid of tear gas...

We're not afraid of police...

*[Spanish verses:]*

No, no, no nos! No nos moverán!

No, no, no nos! No nos moverán!

Como un árbol firme junto al río

No nos moverán

Unidos en la lucha, no nos moverán

Unidos en la lucha, no nos moverán

Como un árbol firme junto al río

No nos moverán

## Union Train

*“Union Train a-Comin” Original Lyrics by Lee Hays, 1941. Original Tune: ‘The Old Ship of Zion.’  
Music updated by organizer Tristan Lion, 2022, during the ALU union drive.*

What’s that I see yonder coming?  
What’s that I see yonder coming?  
What’s that I see yonder coming?  
Get on board! Get on board!

It’s that Union train a-coming.  
It’s that Union train a-coming.  
It’s that Union train a-coming.  
Get on board! Get on board!

It has saved many a thousand.  
It has saved many a thousand.  
It has saved many a thousand.  
Get on board! Get on board!

It will carry us to freedom.  
It will carry us to freedom.  
It will carry us to freedom.  
Get on board! Get on board!

## The Guillotine

*Music and Lyrics by The Coup, 2012.*

*This album developed into Boots Riley's union and communist propaganda film, "Sorry to Bother You."*

[Intro]

Hey you!  
We got your war  
We're at the gates  
We're at your door  
(x2)

[Hook]

We got the guillotine  
We got the guillotine, you better run  
(x4)

[Verse 1]

We want to thank you for flying with us  
We know you coulda stayed home, just cried and cussed  
May all your guns go off if it's time to bust  
May all they tanks have time to rust  
They got the armies turning bullets into gold  
They got the hookers turning tricks in the cold  
And every time the police kicks in the do'  
An angel gas brake dips in the O  
And even if a d-boy flips him a O  
It ain't enough to buy shit anymore  
Sleep in the doorway, piss on the floor  
Look in the sky, wait for missiles to show  
It's finna blow cause  
They got the TV, we got the truth  
They own the judges and we got the proof  
We got hella people, they got helicopters  
They got the bombs and we got the, we got the

[Hook]

We got the guillotine  
We got the guillotine, you better run  
(x4)

[Bridge:]

Don't talk about it  
It's not a show  
Be about it  
It's 'bout to blow  
(x2)

[Verse 2]

I just spit the dope lines, I don't snort 'em  
Tell the boss to call police to escort him  
You don't write all them lies, you just quote 'em  
Get offline, plug in to this modem  
No, you can't out-vote 'em  
The rules is still golden  
Only jewels we holding is if we guarding our scrotum  
If you press your ear to the turf that is stolen  
You can hear the sound of limitations exploding  
Please sir, may we have another portion?  
We're children of the beast that dodged the abortion  
Neck placed firm 'tween the floor and the Florsheim  
We'll shut your shit down, don't call it extortion  
Caution -- we're coming for your head  
So call the Feds and get files to shred  
Every textbook read said bring you the bread  
But guess what we got you instead?

[Hook]

We got the guillotine  
We got the guillotine, you better run  
(x4)

[Outro:]

Keep it banging like a shotgun  
We in a war before we fought one  
Now if you're tired of working so they can play  
A common enemy, we got one  
(x2)

Don't talk about it  
It's not a show  
Be about it  
It's 'bout to blow  
(x2)

## The Internationale

*Original Lyrics by Eugene Pottier, 1871, written at the Paris Commune. Music by Pierre deGeyter, 1888.  
Adapted from the Charles H. Kerr IWW translation, 1915.*

1. Arise! ye prisoners of starvation  
Arise! ye wretched of the earth  
For justice thunders condemnation:  
A better world's in birth!  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us  
Arise ye slaves, no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations  
We have been naught, we shall be all!

*[Refrain]*

It's the final conflict  
Let each take their place  
The International working class  
Shall free the human race!  
(x2)

2. Behold them seated in their glory  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In strongholds of the idle few  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only claim their due.

*[Refrain]*

3. No more deceived by propaganda  
On Capitalists we'll make war  
We soldiers too will take strike action  
We'll break ranks and fight no more  
And if the Generals keep trying  
To sacrifice us to their pride  
They soon shall hear the bullets flying  
We'll shoot the Leaders on our own side.

*[Refrain]*

4. We toilers from all lands united  
Join hand in hand with all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if those evil birds of prey  
Should vanish from the sky some morning  
The blessed sunlight then will stay.

*[Refrain]*

### **First Verse and Refrain -- Translations:**

*[L'Internationale - original 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  
Foule esclave, debout! debout!  
Le monde va changer de base  
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!  
  
C'est la lutte finale  
Groupons-nous et demain  
L'Internationale  
Sera le genre humain.

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*[La Internacional - versión Cubana]*

Arriba los pobres del mundo,  
De pie los esclavos sin pan.  
Y gritemos todos unidos:  
¡Viva la Internacional!  
Removamos todas las trabas  
Que oprimen al proletario.  
Cambiemos al mundo de fase  
Hundiendo al imperio burgués.

¡Agrupémonos todos,  
En la lucha final!  
Y se alcen los pueblos  
¡Por la Internacional!

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*[Интернационал - Russian transliteration]*

Vstavaj prokliatem zaklejmennyj,  
Ves mir golodnykh i rabov!  
Kipit nash razum vozmushchionnyj  
I v smertnyj boj vesti gotov.  
Ves mir nasilia my razrushim  
Do osnovania, a zatem  
My nash my novyj mir postroim,  
Kto byl nikem tot stanet vsem!

Ehto est nash poslednij  
I reshitelnyj boj  
S Internatsionalom  
Vosprianet rod liudskoj

## There is Power in a Union

*Adapted from original Lyrics by Joe Hill, 1913.*

*Tune: 'There is Power in the Blood of the Lamb.'*

Oh, would you have freedom from wage slavery  
Then come join the grand Industrial band  
Would you from misery and hunger be free  
Come on, do your share, lend a hand

*[Chorus]*

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of working-folks  
When they stand hand in hand  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land:  
One Industrial Union Grand!

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

*[Chorus]*

Oh, if you like sluggers to beat in 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

*[Chorus]*

So come, all ye workers, from every land  
And come, join the grand industrial band  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand  
Come on, do your share, lend a hand

*[Chorus]*