

Songs of Joe Hill Sung by Joe Glazer

Folkways Records FA 2039

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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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FOLKWAYS FA 2039

Songs of Joe Hill

Casey Jones

Mr. Block

The Tramp

Preacher and the Slave (Pie in the Sky)

The Rebel Girl

There is Power in the Union

We Will Sing One Song

Joe Hill and Joe Hill's Last Will



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FP 2039
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The Songs of Joe Hill

*Casey Jones · Scissor Bill · Rebel Girl
There is Power in a Union · The Preacher
and the Slave · Joe's Last Will · Mr. Block
The Tramp · We Will Sing One Song.
The Joe Hill Song*

Sung by Joe Glazer with Guitar





Joe Glazer is well known as singer and interpreter of American labor songs which he has collected and sung for many years. During his long career as labor educator he has sung in almost every state of the U. S. and throughout Canada at union meetings, banquets, schools, conventions and on picket lines. He has come to be known as "the union song-man."

JOE HILL

by Earl Robinson and Alfred Hayes

Many songs and poems have been written to commemorate the death of Joe Hill. This one, written by Earl Robinson and Alfred Hayes, has achieved relatively wide popularity.

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you and me,

Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."

"I never died," says he.

"I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I

Him standing by my bed,

"They framed you on a murder charge,"

Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe,

They shot you, Joe," says I.

"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"

Says Joe, "I didn't die."

Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life

And smiling with his eyes,

Joe says, "What they forgot to kill

Went on to organize,

Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,

Joe Hill ain't never died,

Where workingmen are out on strike

Joe Hill is at their side,

Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine

In every mine and mill,

Where workers strike and organize,"

Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you and me,

Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."

"I never died," says he,

"I never died," says he.

WE WILL SING ONE SONG

by Joe Hill

One of Joe Hill's more sentimental ballads on behalf of the downtrodden and the oppressed. It is written to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home."

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horny-handed son of the soil;
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

CHORUS

Organize, O toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' common-
wealth

Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playground and schools,
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In the sweatshops mid the looms and spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the one big union grand,
The hope of the toiler and the slave;
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave. CHORUS

SCISSOR BILL

by Joe Hill

"Scissorbill" was one of the derogatory names used by the Wobblies to describe anti-union workers who refused to organize.

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.
He's found upon the desert, he's upon the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk.
He'll say this is my country with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

Chorus: Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried
to trace.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill he says he'll get rewarded a thousandfold,
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold,
But I don't care who knows it and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I will go to Hell.

Chorus: Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says "Not me, by heck!"
Scissor Bill, gets his reward in heaven,
Oh, sure, he'll get it, but he'll get it in
the neck.

MR. BLOCK

by Joe Hill

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you,
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue."
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.
And Block he thinks he may
Be President some day.

Chorus: Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,
You take the cake,
You make me ache.
Tie a rock on your block and then jump
in the lake,
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with
his truck,
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out
of luck.

He shouted, "That's too raw,
I'll fix them with the law."

Chorus

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to
state;

He climbed the golden ladder up to the Pearly Gate.
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,
I'd like to meet the Astor-bilts and John D. Rockefeller."
Old Pete Said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below."

Chorus

THE REBEL GIRL

by Joe Hill

"The Rebel Girl" was composed by Joe Hill while awaiting execution by the state of Utah in 1915. The official IWW song book reports that it was dedicated to Katie Phar, a staunch Wobbly girl, called the "Songbird of the Wobblies." It was sung for the first time at Hill's funeral services.

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world as everyone knows.
Some are living in beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothes.
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;
But the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl!

CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!
To the working class she's a precious pearl.
She brings courage, pride and joy
To the fighting rebel boy.
We've had girls before, but we need some more
In the Industrial Workers of the World!
For it's great to fight for freedom,
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,
And her dress may not be very fine,
But her heart in her bosom is beating,
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are trembling
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
For the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

CHORUS

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

by Joe Hill

This is perhaps Joe Hill's best known song: It is a parody of the popular gospel hymn, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" and is familiarly known as "Pie in the Sky".

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 with voices so sweet:

CHORUS

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

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray.
Till they get all your coin in the drum,
Then they tell you when you're on the bum. CHORUS

Holy rollers and jumpers come out
And they holler and jump and they shout.
And when eating time comes 'round they say,
"You will eat on that glorious day." CHORUS

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

Workingmen of all countries unite,
Together we'll stand and we'll fight.
When the world and its wealth we have gained,
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

CHORUS

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

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

by Joe Hill

Many of Joe Hill's songs were directed against the "pie in the sky" kind of preaching which the Wobblies heard on the street corners and in the religious missions on Skid Row. This is written to the tune of the hymn "There is Power in the Blood."

Would you have freedom from wage slavery?
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from misery and hunger be free,
Then come do your share like a man.

CHORUS

There is pw'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
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.

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. CHORUS

If you've had enough of the blood of the lamp
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. 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. CHORUS

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come join the grand industrial band,
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, like a man! CHORUS

CASEY JONES - THE UNION SCAB

by Joe Hill

This is a Joe Hill song which still appears in most union song books. It is a big hit whenever it is sung by union men and women -- even though it was written more than forty years ago. The letters, "S. P.", refer to the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The tune is the same as the original railroad ballad about Casey Jones.

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 junkpile 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 someone put a bunch of railroad ties across
the 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 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 anytime 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 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 Angels 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, "Fine."

Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,

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

THE TRAMP

by Joe Hill

Much of the Wobblies support came from the migratory workers, the casual workers who travelled from job to job -- on the farm and in construction gangs. Here, Joe Hill's popular song, "The Tramp", recites the trials and troubles of one of these workers.

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it and threadbare,
He was not the kind that 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. 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." CHORUS

Finally came the 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,
Saint Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
etc.

JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

Joe Hill wrote his will in the form of a poem in his cell, on November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution.

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin 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

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Songs of JOE HILL

Sung by Joe Glazer with Guitar

FA-2039-A
(FP 39 A)

SIDE 1

1. JOE HILL (Earl Robinson & Alfred Hayes)
2. WE WILL SING ONE SONG
3. SCISSOR BILL
4. MR. BLOCK
5. THE REBEL GIRL

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Songs of JOE HILL

Sung by Joe Glazer with Guitar

SIDE 2

FA-2039-B
(FP 30 B)

1. THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE
("Pie in the Sky")
2. THERE IS POWER IN THE UNION
3. CASEY JONES
4. THE TRAMP
5. JOE HILL'S LAST WILL