

FARMER-LABOR-CO-OP PICNIC

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd
At the twilight's last gleaming
Whose bright stars and
bright stripes
Through the perilous night
O'er the ramparts we watch'd
Were so gallantly streaming.
And the rockets red glare,
Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there,
Oh, say does that Star Spang-
led Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

HOLD THE FORT

1. SUGGESTION
We meet today in freedom's
cause
And raise our voices high
We'll join our hands in
union strong
To battle or to die
(Chorus)
Hold the fort, for we are
Union men be strong
Side by side we battle onward
Victory will come.
2. SUGGESTION
Look, my comrades, see the
banners waving high
Reinforcements now appearing
Victory is nigh.

Chorus

See our numbers still increas-
ing,
Hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Chorus

WRITE ME OUT MY UNION CARD
Tune: Hand me Down My
Walking Cane
O write me out my union card
O write me out my union card
O write me out my union card
Organize, we'll all fight hard
Time to fight those hunger
blues away.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave;
But his soul goes marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His soul goes marching on.

PROGRAM

10 A.M. to 12 P.M.

Get Acquainted Period
Games
Sports

12 P.M. to 1 P.M.

Lunch

1 P.M. to 2 P.M.

Games
Music

2 P.M. to 3:30 P.M.

Speakers:

Rev. C. Michael Mitzel

Anthony Lehner

John Edelman

George Rhoades

3:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Conferences

4:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Baseball Game

5:30 P.M. to 7:00 P.M.

Dinner

7:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

Report of Conferences

Speaker:

Jacob Baker

8:30 P.M. to ?

MOVIES:

"The Plow That Broke
The Plains"
&
"Millions of Us"

Singing
Dancing

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful, for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountains' majesty
Above the fruited plain.

America, America, God shed his
grace on thee
And crown thy good with
Brotherhood
From sea to shining sea

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

Tune: Battle Hymn of Rep.

1.
The workers learned their
lesson now
As everyone can see
The workers know the bosses
are
Their greatest enemy. win
We'll fight and fight until we
Our final victory.
For the Union makes us strong.

Chorus

Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
For the Union makes us strong.

2.

The men all stick together and
the boys are fighting fir
The women and the girls are all
right on the picket line.
No shots, no threats can stop
as we all march out (sit down)

on time

Through One Big Solid Union.

Chorus

Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
For the Union makes us strong.

BE A MAN

There's a cry that starts them
shaking
As they sit upon their thrones
There's a cry that leaves them
quaking

As a chill runs thru' their
bones
There's a cry that serves them
notice

That they can't do as they like
It's the workers' call to action
It's the workers' call to fight

Chorus

It's the call of fellow worker:
Be a man! (Be a man!)
Not a man shall be a shirker,
Be a man! (Be a man!)
It's the fighting call of
brother
We are fighting for each other
Every man shall help another;
Be a man! Strike!

Jacob Baker 532-175 N.W. Washington

TARRIER'S SONG

(An American folk tune from the West, originally sung by Irish workers on the railroad. It became so popular it was sung on vaudeville stages all over the country. Tarriers are rock drillers, workers on the railroad. The song is to be sung with the sound of blast and the drill in your ears)

Every mornin' at seven o'clock
There's twenty tarriers a-working at
the rock
And the boss comes along and he says
"Kape still,
And come down heavy on the cast iron
drill
And drill, ye tarriers, drill!

CHORUS:

AND DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL!
IT'S WORK ALL DAY FOR SUGAR IN
YOUR TAY
DOWN BEHIND THE RAILWAY
AND DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL.
AND BLAST! AND FIRE!

Now our new foreman was Jean McCann
By God, he was a blame mean man.
Past week a premature blast went off
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill!

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

We're fighting for our freedom
We shall not be moved.
We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water,
We shall not be moved.

Co-operation gives us strength
We shall not be moved
The Union is our leader
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved.

We'll rise and fight together,
We shall not be moved.
We'll rise and fight together,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved.

KEVIN BARRY

This is an Irish folk tune with words from the Revolution of 1916. It is only one of hundreds of songs which express the unquenchable desire of the Irish for freedom from England. But it is one of the most famous. It deserves to be sung wherever men lift their heads up to fight for progress.

Early on a Sunday morning
High upon a gallows tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
Only a lad of eighteen summers
Yet there's no one can deny.
That he went to death that morning
Nobly held his head up high.

CHORUS:

SHOOT ME LIKE AN IRISH SOLDIER,
DO NOT HANG ME LIKE A DOG.
FOR I FOUGHT FOR IRELAND'S FREEDOM
ON THAT BRIGHT SEPTEMBER MORN--
ALL AROUND THAT LITTLE BAKERY
WHERE WE FOUGHT THEM HAND TO HAND.
SHOOT ME LIKE AN IRISH SOLDIER
FOR I FOUGHT TO FREE IRELAND."

On that morning that they left him
Down there in his lonely cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
Them the names of his brave compan-
ions
And other things they wished to
know

"Turn informer, and we'll free you"
Proudly, Barry answered, "NO!"

CHORUS

WE AIN'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE
Tune: It Ain't Gonna Rain No
More

The bosses tried to cheat us
They robbed us left and right;
But now we know our power,
We'll organize and fight.

CHORUS:

OH, WE AIN'T GONNA SLAVE NO
MORE, NO MORE
WE AIN'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE.
WE'RE FIGHTING FOR A LIVING

WAGE

WE AIN'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE.

Oh, join a fighting union,
It is the only way
You'll ever get a living wage;
Come and join today.

CHORUS.