STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleam
Those bright stars and shining bright stripes
Through the perilous night
C'est les rampants de la France
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-spangled banner
Still wave o'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave?

HOLD THE FORT

1. At least today in freedom
And make our voices light
Shall issue out the land
To battle brave.

Hold the fort, for we are
Union men strong and strong
Side by side we battle on
Victory will come.

Look up, we conquer, see the
Rainbrowrments now appearing;
Victory is nigh.
Chorus

See our numbers still increasing,
Hear the bugles blow
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.
Chorus

WRITE ME OUT MY UNION CARD

Tune: Head me Down My
Walking Home
0 write me out my union card
0 write me out my union card
0 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 emaulding in the grave,
John Brown's body lies emaulding 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

Lunch

1 P.M. to 2 P.M.
Games
Music

3 P.M. to 3:30 P.M.
Speakers:
Rev. C. Michael Mittel

Anthony Lehner

John Edelman

George Rhodes

5:30 P.M. to 6:30 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

BE A MAN

There's a cry that starts them shakin'
As they sit upon their thrones
There's a cry that leaves, then
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 act
It's the workers' call to fight
Chorus:
It's the call of fellow worker:
Bo a man! (Bo a man!)
Not a man shall be a shirker,
Bo a man! (Bo a man!)
It's the fighting call of brother
To be fighting for each other
Every man shall help another;
Bo a man! Strike!
TABLE BAY'S SONG

(An American folk tune from the West, originally sung by Irish workers on the railroad. It became so popular it was sung in vaudeville stages all over the country. Terriers 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 terriers a-working at
the rock
And the boss comes along and he says
"Kapo still,
And comin' down heavy on the blast iron drill;
And drill, ye terriers, drill!

CHORUS:
AND DRILL, YE TERRIERS, DRILL!
IT'S OUR WORK ALL DAY FOR SUGAR IN
YOUR DAY
DOWN BEHIND THE RAILWAY
AND DRILL, YE TERRIERS, DRILL.
AND BLOT! AND FIRE!

Now our new foreman was Tom McGann
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 terriers, 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 hands 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 SHUN ME LIKE A DOG.
FOR I Fought for Ireland's Freedom,
ON THAT BRIGHT SEPTEMBER MORNING--ALL AROUND THAT LITTLE BAKERY WHERE I FOUGHT THE TROOPS OF HAN.
SHOOT ME LIKE AN IRISH SOLDIER,
FOR I Fought for 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 Then the names of his brave companions And other things they wished to know
"Turn informer, and we'll free you"
Proudly, Barry answered, "NO!"

CHORUS:

WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE
Tune: "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"
The boss tried to cheat us
They robbed us left and right; But now we know our power,
We'll organize and fight.

CHORUS:
OH, WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE
WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE
WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE
WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE

WE DON'T GONNA SLAVE NO MORE.
WE'RE FIGHTING FOR A LIVING PLACE.

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