

The Farmer-Labor Train

From the high Canadian Rockies to the land of Mexico,
City and the country, wherever you may go,
Through the wild and windy weather, the sun and sleet and rain,
Comes a-whistlin' through the country this Farmer-Labor train.

Listen to the jingle and the rumble and the roar,
She's rollin' through New England to the West Pacific shore.
It's a long time we've been waitin', now she's been whistlin' 'round the
bend,
Roll on into Congress on that Farmer-Labor train.

There's lumberjacks and teamsters and sailors from the sea,
There's farmin' boys from Texas and the hills of Tennessee,
There's miners from Kentucky, there's fishermen from Maine;
Every worker in the country rides that Farmer-Labor train.

There's warehouse boys and truckers and guys that skin the cats,
Men that run the steel mills, the furnace and the blast,
Through the smoky factory cities, o'er the hot and dusty plains,
And the cushions they are crowded, on this Farmer-Labor train.

Listen to the jingle and the rumble and the roar,
She's rollin' through New England to the West Pacific shore.
It's a long time we've been waitin', now she's been whistlin' 'round the
bend,
Ride on on into Congress on that Farmer-Labor train.

There's folks of every color and they're ridin' side by side
Through the swamps of Louisiana and across the Great Divide,
From the wheat fields and the orchards and the lowing cattle range,
And they're rolling onto victory on this Farmer-Labor train.

This train pulled into Washington a bright and happy day,
When she steamed into the station you could hear the people say:
"There's that Farmer-Labor Special, she's full of union men
Headin' onto White House on the Farmer-Labor train."