

A Song of the Sea

By:James Morris

Music by Winfield S. Weeden

The brutalizing tyranny endured before the mast
By rebel toilers of the sea throughout the ages past
Has fanned the flames of discontent and urged us all anew
To join the union of our Class: the M.T.W.

Seamen, let's go and join the O.B.U.
Firemen, stewards, and longshoremen, too;
No master class shall wine and dine while we on swill must eat;
We'll take the things we helped create and give ourselves a treat.

From battles of the past we learn to organize aright;
Divided then, we couldn't hope to win in any fight;
But now in One Big Union we will march to victory;
And with our might we'll win the fight to end our slavery.

Seamen, let's go and join the O.B.U.
Firemen, stewards, and longshoremen, too;
No master class shall wine and dine while we on swill must eat;
We'll take the things we helped create and give ourselves a treat.

No more we'll hike around the town and to our masters plead
A chance to work that we might buy the wife and kids a feed;
We'll put the boss in overalls and sign him for a trip
And work him in the hell-holes that constitute a ship.

Seamen, let's go and join the O.B.U.
Firemen, stewards, and longshoremen, too;
No master class shall wine and dine while we on swill must eat;
We'll take the things we helped create and give ourselves a treat.