

Bring the good old red book, boys
One Big Industrial Union
Melody Marching Through Georgia>
G. G. Allen

Bring the good old red book, boys,
We'll sing another song.
Sing it to the wage slave
Who has not yet joined the throng
Of the revolution that
Will sweep the world along,
To One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus:

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,
Is One Big Industrial Union.

2. How the masters holler when
They hear the dreadful sound
Of sabotage and direct action
Spread the world around;
They's getting ready to vamoose
With ears close to the ground,
From One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus:

3. Now the harvest String Trust
They would move to Germany.
The Silk Bosses of Paterson,
They also want to flee
From strikes and labor troubles,
But they cannot get away
From One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus:

4. You migratory workers
Of the common labor clan,
We' sing to you to join
And be a fighting Union Man;
You must emancipate yourself,
You proletarian,
With One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus:

Hooray! Hooray! Let's set the wage slave free.
Hooray! Hooray! With every victory
We'll hum the workers' anthem till you finally must be
In One Big Industrial Union.