

I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night

By:Paul Robeson

lyrics by Alfred Hayes; music by Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you and me.

Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."

"I never died," says he.

"I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,

"They framed you on a murder charge."

Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe;

They shot you, Joe," says I.

"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"

Says Joe, "I didn't die."

Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life

And smiling with his eyes,

Joe says, "What they forgot to kill

Went on to organize:

Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,

"Joe Hill ain't never died.

Where working folk are out on strike,

Joe Hill is at their side:

Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine

In every mine and mill,

Where workers strike and organize,"

Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

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