

Organize

By:James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited working folk
And fight for Freedom's cause
For you are bound both hand and foot
By capitalistic laws.
Your voices, you can raise no more.
Your lips, you now must seal
For, if you rise to speak a word,
A gunman is at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,
And fight the common foe.
The rustling card with all its faults,
This time must surely go.
The "seven days" and "safety first,"
Alas, they are no more.
So, now's your time to fall in line
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true.
Red wealth, he has galore.
And all good things that Labor brings,
He's locked up in his store.
But if, like Wobs, you'll organize,
His reign will be no more,
And he will go where he belongs:
A-shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day
Must be our first demand
For miners from our ranks each day
From death receive a call.
The miner's "con," you soon will see,
Will lose its deadly pall,
And we'll make this camp a grand, old spot
For the workers, one and all.