

Overalls and Snuff

By:Unknown

an Irish folk song; from the 1914 Wheatland,
California Hop Pickers' Strike

One day as I was walking along the railroad track,
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back;
He was an old-time hop picker; I'd seen his face before;
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore;
By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore;
He was an old-time hop picker; I'd seen his face before;
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.

He took his blankets off his back and sat down on the rail
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail;
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike;
Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike;
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in the pen;
If they catch a Wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and then;
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more;
We can always get some more, we can always get some more,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more;
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.

Oh, Horst and Durst are mad as hell, they don't know what to do;
And the rest of those hop barons are all feeling mighty blue;
Oh, we've tied up all their hop fields, and the scabs refuse to come;
And we're goin' to keep on striking till we put them on the bum;
Till we put them on the bum, till we put them on the bum,
And we're goin' to keep on striking till we put them on the bum;
Oh, we've tied up all their hop fields, and the scabs refuse to come,
And we're goin' to keep on striking till we put them on the bum.

Now, we've got to stick together, boys, and strive with all our might;
We must free Ford and Suhr; boys, we've got to win this fight;
From these scissorbill hop barons, we are taking no more bluff;
We'll pick no more damned hops for them for overalls and snuff;
For our overalls and snuff, for our overalls and snuff,
We'll pick no more damned hops for them for overalls and snuff;
From these scissorbill hop barons, we are taking no more bluff;
We'll pick no more damned hops for them for overalls and snuff.