

The Long, Long Fight
By:Richard Brazier
Music by Alonzo Elliot

Where the orange trees are blooming,
Where all seems bright and fair,
Behind prison walls above them looming
Lie our fellow workers there,
Waiting for their One Big Union
To fight and conquer all,
Waiting for that happy morning
When all prison walls shall fall.

But there's a long, long fight
For us yearning to set our Class War Pris'ners free,
And our hearts with zeal are burning
To restore their liberty.
So, a song of hope we must be singing.
Then, by the Wobblies' three stars bright,
Soon the prison doors we'll be swinging
To bring them out into the fight.

Where the pine trees in their beauty
Wave on wooded heights,
Wobblies who have done their duty
In a hundred Class War fights
Behind high prison walls are lying
Because they fought for workingmen,
Wond'ring if we all are trying
To bring them out into the fight again.

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For us yearning to set our Class War Pris'ners free,
And our hearts with zeal are burning
To restore their liberty.
So, a song of hope we must be singing.
Then, by the Wobblies' three stars bright,
Soon the prison doors we'll be swinging
To bring them out into the fight.

Down in sunny California
At the mercy of the foe,
In Walla Walla and Centralia,
They are waiting for us all to go.
So, while the master class is scheming
To enslave all workingmen,
Shall workers still lie idly dreaming,
Forgetting those who are in the pen?

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