

November Nineteenth  
By: John E. Nordquist

They've shot Joe Hill; his life has fled;  
They've filled his mortal heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near;  
And bids each fellow worker stand and cheer.

On high the blood red banners wave:  
The flag for which his life he gave.  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers, shed no tear  
For brave Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen low:  
"I am ready! Fire, boys! Let her go!"

On high the blood red banners wave:  
The flag for which his life he gave.  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers' wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

On high the blood red banners wave:  
The flag for which his life he gave.  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs;  
While angry sabs shall prowl the night  
To show the One Big Union's might.

On high the blood red banners wave:  
The flag for which his life he gave.  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.

On high the blood red banners wave:  
The flag for which his life he gave.  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.