



*Timeless Songs of Protest
For Today's Anarchist*

Dedication

*« Une foi profonde
Nous fait entrevoir ce bienheureux monde
Qu'hélas notre esprit dessine à tâtons
Il semble encore loin ce temps d'anarchie
Mais, si loin soit-il, nous le pressentons »*

This booklet is dedicated in memory to those who gave their lives to further the cause of Anarchism. Those who, as Bartolomeo Vanzetti wrote shortly before his execution: “fought modestly to abolish crimes from among mankind and for the liberty of all.” May their rebellious spirit live on through the songs in this booklet. Admiration goes out to Joe Hill, himself a martyr of the cause, writer of a good portion of the songs.

For this 2025 Labor Day edition, further dedication is made to those who, in these dark times, answer the call to resist the forces of colonialism and imperialism around the globe, often against all odds and at a terrible cost, in Palestine, Kurdistan, Sudan, Kongo, Yemen and anywhere colonialism raises its many ugly heads. May their bravery be sung in future songs!

Solidarity Forever !

Anarkantus

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Timeless Songs of Protest For Today's Anarchist

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Labor Day 2025 Edition

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The state crushes us with taxes
 It has to pay its judges and its cops
 And if we protest too loudly
 In name of order we're mowed down
 The masters have changed 100 times
 It's the game of their politics
 A few will be those who make the laws
 And it's always the same clique

To defend the interests
 Of the lobbyists of big industry
 They command us to be ready
 To die for our country
 We don't own anything
 We abhor war
 Thieves, guard your goods
 It's not up to us to do it !

The Internationale

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
 Arise, ye wretched of the earth!
 For justice thunders condemnation,
 A better world is in birth!
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
 Arise ye slaves, no more in thrall!
 The earth shall rise on new foundations,
 We have been naught, we shall be all.

CHORUS:

*It's the final conflict,
 Let each stand in their place.
 The International (whatever)
 Shall be the human race.*

We want no condescending saviors
 To rule us from a judgment hall;
 We workers ask not for their favors;
 Let us consult for all.
 To make the thief disgorge his booty
 To free the spirit from its cell,
 We must ourselves decide our duty,
 We must decide, and do it well.

La révolte

Nous sommes les persécutés
De tous les temps et de toutes les races
Toujours nous fumes exploités
Par les tyrans et les rapaces
Mais nous ne voulons plus fléchir
Sous le joug qui courba nos pères
Car nous voulons nous affranchir
De ceux qui causent nos misères

CHORUS :

*Église, Parlement,
Capitalisme, État, Magistrature
Patrons et Gouvernants,
Libérons-nous de cette pourriture
Pressant est notre appel,
Donnons l'assaut au monde autoritaire
Et d'un cœur solidaire
Nous réaliserons l'idéal libertaire*

Ouvrier ou bien paysan
Travailleur de la terre ou de l'usine
Nous sommes dès nos jeunes ans
Réduits aux labeurs qui nous minent
D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout
C'est nous qui créons l'abondance
C'est nous tous qui produisons tout
Et nous vivons dans l'indigence

L'État nous écrase d'impôts
Il faut payer ses juges, sa flicaille
Et si nous protestons trop haut
Au nom de l'ordre on nous mitraille
Les maîtres ont changé cent fois
C'est le jeu de leur politique
Quels que soient ceux qui font les lois
C'est bien toujours la même clique

Pour défendre les intérêts
Des flibustiers de la grande industrie
On nous ordonne d'être prêts
À mourir pour notre patrie
Nous ne possédons rien de rien
Nous avons horreur de la guerre
Voleurs, défendez votre bien
Ce n'est pas à nous de le faire !

Translation of La révolte : The Revolt

We are the persecuted
Of all times and all peoples
Always we were exploited
By the tyrants and their vultures
But we no longer want to bend
Under the yoke that held our fathers
As we want to get rid
Of those who cause our miseries

CHORUS :

*Church, parliament,
Capitalism, state, magistrates
Bosses and rulers,
Let's rid ourselves of that garbage
Urgent is our call,
Attack the authoritarian world
And from a friendship-filled heart
We will realise the libertarian ideal*

Worker as well as farmer,
Laborer of the earth or the factory
We are from our younger years
Reduced to the work that weighs on us
From one end of the world to the other
It's us who create abundance
It's us all who produce all
And we live without dignity

Introduction

Nothing like a good song to lift up spirits during acts of resistance and activism! This booklet contains the lyrics of leftist protest songs, some classics, some relatively new, selected to be of use to anarchists who may be looking for something to sing at protest and other events. It's just the lyrics, no musical information is provided, so look them up in other media or sing along with people who know them.

For this 2025 Labor Day edition have been added, among other new entries, some songs about the Palestinian liberation struggle.

The songs are diverse in origin. Some are not from Anarchist traditions but (in my opinion) help Anarchists bring a point across. The aim was not to give a historically precise representation of the original songs. Some lyrics have been altered to better fit today's Anarchist ideologies. For instance, a few expressions have been made gender-neutral, such as "workingmen" which was changed to "workingfolk". Be sure to look up the originals in other media and make changes to the lyrics of your own! The idea is to have new voices breathe new life into them, allowing new generations of activists to enjoy the old repertoire of revolutionary leftist songs. Let's take them out into the sunlight, rid them of the dust of old age, propagate revolutionary and anarchist culture to new generations, energize protests and other direct activities, and enjoy ourselves when we go out making trouble for the conquest of joy and freedom for all.

Hoch die Anarchie !

Boom Went the Boom

I had a job in twenty-nine,
When everything was going fine.
I knew the pace was pretty fast,
But thought that it would always last.
When organizers came to town,
I'd always sneer and turn them down.
I thought the boss was my best friend;
He'd stick by me to the end.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
Ain't got a word to say,
He chiseled down my pay,
Then took my job away.
"Boom" went the boom one day,
It made a noise that way,
I wish that I'd been wise,
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,
Not very much a small amount,
Which to the savings bank I took;
And all they gave me was a book.
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,
I hardly ever spent a cent,
My little savings grew and grew;
I thought I'd be a big shot too.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
There went my hard-earned pay;
Saved for a rainy day.
Oh what a dirty trick,
This soup-line makes me sick,
Where can that banker be?
He's eating soup with me.

Then finally it came to pass
That all I had to-eat was grass.
The wolf don't bother any more,
He starved to death right by my door.
With soup and gas and club and gun
They tried to make the system run.
They said, "Dear friends now don't get sore,
We'll make it like it was before."

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It busted up one day,
Those guys that stole my pay
Went flying every way.
All that I've got to say,
I hope they've gone to stay;
Each dog must have his day,
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

Dump the Bosses Off Your Back

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?
And dump the bosses off your back.
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back.

Translation of A la volonté du peuple : To the Will of the People

To the will of the people
Whose voice is never silenced
And whose chant is ever reborn
As it is being revived already
We want for the light
To rip apart the mask of night
To illuminate our earth
And to change life

The glorious day will come
when in its march towards its ideal
humankind will progress
from bad to good, false to true
A dream may die but
The future is never entombed
Join the crusade
Of those who believe in humanity
For a single barricade that falls
A hundred more will rise tomorrow
For the will of the people
A herald sings in the distance
He comes to announce the great day
And it's a day away

Translation of Le Triomphe de l'Anarchie The Triumph of Anarchy

Take over now the factory
Of capital, be no longer the servant
Retake the tools and retake the machine
All is for all, nothing for the exploiter
Without prejudice follow nature's laws
And produce but out of necessity
Easy job or hard work
have no value but in their use

CHORUS :

*Arise, arise, comrades in misery
The hour is here, we must revolt
That my blood run and stain the earth
But that it may be for our freedom
It's backward to stay in place, that's
where too much philosophizing gets you
Rise up, rise up, revolutionaries,
And Anarchy will triumph at last !*

We dream of love without borders
We dream of love also on your side
We all dream of love in all nations
Delusion takes the place of reality
Yes the Fatherland is an absurdity
A sentiment backed up by cowardice
Do not become cannon fodder,
Young conscript,
you're better off as a deserter

When your thought appeals to confidence
It has to reconcile with science
Knowledge forges moral character
The ignorant being is unreliable
If energy is the mark of character,
The debate tells of its quality
Listen, respond, but don't become sectarian
Your future is in truth

Place for all at the banquet of life,
Only our appetite could limit that
That for all the table may be made,
With full stomachs, people can debate
That peace, as well as respect
Be the guarantors of reasonable discussion
If needed, we'll overturn the kettle
But let us be cured of our ills

A la volonté du peuple

A la volonté du peuple
dont on n'étouffe jamais la voix
Et dont le chant renaît toujours
Et dont le chant renaît déjà
Nous voulons que la lumière
Déchire le masque de la nuit
pour illuminer notre terre
et changer la vie

(REPEAT REST OF SONG BELOW x1) :

Il viendra le jour glorieux
ou dans sa marche vers l'idéal
l'homme viendra vers son progrès
du mal au bien du faux au vrai
Un rêve peut mourir mais
on n'enterre jamais l'avenir
Joignez-vous à la croisade
de ceux qui croient en genre humain
pour un seul barricade qui tombe
cent autres se lèveront demain
à la volonté du peuple
un tambour chante dans le lointain
il vient annoncer le grand jour
et c'est pour demain !

Le Triomphe de l'Anarchie

Empares-toi maintenant de l'usine,
Du Capital, ne sois plus serviteur,
Reprends l'outil et reprends la machine,
Tout est à tous, rien n'est à l'exploiteur.
Sans préjugés, suis les lois de nature,
Et ne produis que par nécessité,
Travail facile ou besogne très dure
N'ont de valeur qu'en leur utilité.

CHORUS :

*Debout, debout, compagnons de misère,
L'heure est venue, il faut nous révolter.
Que mon sang coule et rougis la Terre,
Et que ce soit pour notre Liberté.
C'est reculer que d'être stationnaire,
On le devient de trop philosopher.
Debout, debout, les révolutionnaires,
Et l'anarchie enfin va triompher!
Debout, debout, les révolutionnaires,
Et l'anarchie enfin va triompher!*

On rêve amour au-delà des frontières,
On rêve amour aussi de ton côté,
On rêve amour dans les nations entières,
L'erreur fait place à la réalité.
Oui, la Patrie est une baliverne,
Un sentiment doublé de lâcheté,
Ne deviens pas de la viande à caserne,
Jeune conscrit, mieux te vaut désert.

Quand ta pensée invoque ta confiance,
Avec la science il faut te concilier,
C'est le savoir qui forge la conscience,
L'être ignorant est un irrégulier.
Si l'énergie indique un caractère,
La discussion en dit la qualité,
Entends, réponds, mais ne sois pas sectaire,
Ton avenir est dans la vérité.

Place pour tous au banquet de la vie,
Notre appétit seul peut se limiter,
Que pour chacun la table soit servie,
Le ventre plein, l'Homme peut discuter.
Que la Paix comme le Respect
Soient là pendant qu'on discute Raison,
S'il est besoin, renversons la marmite,
Mais de nos maux, hâtons la guérison.

It's a Long Way Down to the Soup Line

Bill Brown was just a working man
like others of his kind.
He lost his job and tramped the streets
when work was hard to find.
The landlord put him on the stem
the bankers kept his dough,
And Bill heard everybody sing
no matter where he'd go:

(CHORUS:)

*It's a long way down to the soup line,
it's a long way to go
It's a long way down to the soup line
and the soup is thin I know
Good bye, good old pork chops
farewell beefsteak rare;
It's a long way down to the soup line
but my soup is there.*

So Bill and many millions more
responded to the call
To force the hours of labor down
and thus make jobs for all.
They picketed the industries
and won the four-hour day
And organized a General Strike
so folks don't have to say:

The workers own the factories now
where jobs were once destroyed
By big machines that filled the world
with hungry unemployed.
They all own homes, they're living well
they're happy, free and strong,
But billionaires wear overalls
and sing this little song:

Popular Wobbly

I'm as mild mannered man as can be,
And I've never done them
harm that I can see;
Still, on me, they put a ban
and they threw me in the can:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of rascality,
But I can't see why
they always pick on me;
I'm as gentle as a lamb
but they take me for a ram:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh, the cop, he went wild over me,
And he held his gun
where everyone could see;
He was breathing rather hard
when he saw my union card:
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the jailor went wild over me,
And he locked me up
and threw away the key;
It seems to be the rage,
so they keep me in a cage:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me;
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;
They disturb my slumber deep,
and I murmur in my sleep:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part,
in the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

The Commonwealth of Toil

In the gloom of mighty cities
Mid the roar of whirling wheels
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels,
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

CHORUS:

*But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When all people live their
lives secure and free;
When the earth is owned by labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.*

They would keep us cowed and beaten,
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between
each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven
when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on
beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime,
With our children doomed
to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present
fades away,
We shall live with love and laughter,
We who now are little worth, And we'll not
regret the price we have to pay

Workingfolk Unite !

Conditions they are bad
And some of you are sad
You cannot see your enemy
The class that lives in luxury
You workingfolk are poor
Will be forevermore
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny

CHORUS :

*Shall we still be slaves
and work for wages
It is outrageous
Has been for ages
Oh, This earth by right
belongs to toilers
And not to spoilers of liberty*

The master class is small
But they have lots of "gall"
When we unite to gain our right
If they resist we'll use our might
There is no middle ground
This fight must be one round
To victory, for liberty
Our class is marching on

Workingfolk, unite
We must put up a fight
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny
This fight is not in vain
We've got a world to gain
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool
And serve your enemy

Translation of Heureux Temps Happy Times

When we are in the time of anarchy
Merry humans will have a big heart
And light belly
Happily one will know - holy reward -
In the love of others
to double one's happiness
When we are in the time of anarchy
Merry humans will have a big heart

When we are in the time of anarchy
We will no longer see hungry beings
With other people drunk
Sober we will be and rich in food
Of the evils engendered, it will be the end
When we are in the time of anarchy
All will satisfy their hunger healthily

When we are in the time of anarchy
Work will be recreation
Instead of being pained
The body will be free and the soul serene
In peace will evolve
When we are in the time of anarchy
Work will be recreation

When we are in the time of anarchy
Our grandchildren will have in the cradle
Mothers' kisses
All will be pampered, all equal, all brothers
Thus will this new world grow
When we are in the time of anarchy
Our children will have the same crib

When we are in the time of anarchy
The beloved elderly, poet-pastors
Blessing the Earth
Will die out blissful under the Mystery Sky
Having lived well far from its heights
When we are in the time of anarchy
The old will be very sweet shepherds

When we are in the time of anarchy
Nature will be a paradise of love
Woman sovereign!
Slave today, tomorrow our queen
We will wait on your orders of the day
When we are in the time of anarchy
Nature will be a paradise of love

This time of anarchy still seems far away
But, far away as it may be, we sense it
A deep faith
gives us a glimpse of this blessed world
That alas, our mind draws but in groping
This time of anarchy still seems far away
But, as far away as it may be, we sense it

Translation Zwart-rode vaandel Black-red banner

From the factories and from the mines
The bosses very soon have to disappear
From the roads too we will sweep them
With our black-red banner high!

*Black-red banner lead the people to battle
Black-red banner make us ready to fight
Black-red banner of the new age
Up with anarchy and solidarity!*

Heureux Temps

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Les humains joyeux auront un gros coeur
Et légère panse
Heureux on saura - sainte récompense -
Dans l'amour d'autrui doubler son bonheur
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Les humains joyeux auront un gros coeur

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
On ne verra plus d'êtres ayant faim
Auprès d'autres ivres
Sobres nous serons et riches en vivres
Des maux engendres ce sera la fin
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Tous satisferont sainement leur faim

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Le travail sera récréation
Au lieu d'être peine
Le corps sera libre et l'âme sereine
En paix fera son évolution
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Le travail sera récréation

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Nos petits enfants auront au berceau
Les baisers des mères
Tous seront choyés, tous égaux, tous frères
Ainsi grandira ce monde nouveau
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Nos enfants auront un même berceau

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Les vieillards aiment, poètes-pasteurs
Benissant la Terre
S'éteindront béats sous le Ciel-Mystère
Ayant bien vécu loin de ses hauteurs
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Les vieillards seront de bien doux pasteurs

Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Nature sera paradis d'amour
Femme souveraine!
Esclave aujourd'hui, demain notre reine
Nous rechercherons tes "ordres du jour"
Quand nous en serons au temps d'anarchie
Nature sera paradis d'amour

Il semble encore loin ce temps d'anarchie
Mais, si loin soit-il, nous le pressentons
Une foi profonde
Nous fait entrevoir ce bienheureux monde
Qu'hélas notre esprit dessine à tâtons
Il semble encore loin ce temps d'anarchie
Mais, si loin soit-il, nous le pressentons

Zwart-rode vaandel (melody “baniera rossa”)

Uit de fabrieken en uit de mijnen
Moeten de bazen heel snel verdwijnen
Ook van de wegen gaan we ze vegen
Met onze zwart-rode vaandel hoog!

*Zwart-rode vaandel voer het volk ten strijd
Zwart-rode vaandel maak ons strijdbereid
Zwart-rode vaandel van de nieuwe tijd
Hoog de anarchie en de solidariteit!*

The Tramp

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it,
and threadbare
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere:

CHORUS :

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping,
that's the best thing you can do.*

He walked up and down the street,
"Till the shoes fell off his feet,
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him
made him feel so blue:

'Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said,
"Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor,
"Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating-time he
heard the preacher cry:

Down the street he met a cop,
And the Copper made him stop,
And he asked him,
"When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh, fudge,
Bums that have no money
needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,
When he reached the pearly gate,
Saint-a-Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face
and loudly cried:

The Rebel Girl

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world, as everyone knows.
Some are living in beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothes.
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;
But the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

CHORUS :

*That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!
To the working class she's a precious pearl.
She lends a mighty fighting hand
Upon whose strength we can depend.
We've had girls before, but we need some more
In the Industrial Workers of the World.
For it's great to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.*

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,
And her dress may not be very fine;
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are trembling
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
For the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

The Preacher and the Slave

Long-haired preachers
come out every night
Try to tell you what's wrong
and what's right
But when asked about something to eat
They will answer in voices so sweet

CHORUS:

*You will eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky
Work and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die
(that's a lie)*

And the starvation army they play
And they sing and they clap and they pray
Til they get all your coin on the drum
Then they tell you when you're on the bum

If for freedom and fairness you strive
Try to get something good in this life
You're a sinner and bad one, they tell
When you die you will sure go to hell

Holy rollers and jumpers come out
They holler, they jump, and they shout
Give your money to Jesus they say
He will cure all diseases today

Working folk of all countries unite
Together we'll stand and we'll fight
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the gifiers we'll sing this refrain :

FINAL CHORUS :

*You will eat, bye and bye
When you've learned how to cook and to fry*

*Plant some woods for our good
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye (that's no lie)*

50000 Lumberjacks

Fifty thousand lumberjacks,
fifty thousand packs
Fifty thousand dirty rolls
of blankets on their backs
Fifty thousand minds made up
to strike and strike again
For fifty years, they've packed a bed
but never will again

CHORUS :

*"Such a lot of devils,"
that's what the papers say
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours
and a raise in pay
They left the camps, the lazy tramps,
they all walked out as one
They say they'll win the strike
or put the bosses on the bum"*

Fifty thousand wooden bunks
full of things that crawl
Fifty thousand restless folks
have left them once for all
One by one, they dared not say,
"The hours are much too long"
But they can shout it now
because they're fifty thousand strong

Now, take a tip, Mr. Boss,
plan some cozy rooms
Six or eight spring beds in each,
with towels, sheets and brooms
Shower baths for folks who work,
to keep them well and fit
A laundry, too, and drying room

Translation of La Marianne de 1883 (The Marianne of 1883)

My proper name is Marianne,
A name known throughout the universe,
As I like to wear with pride,
My red bonnet over my head.
And, sturdy daughter of the people,
On the day that pride swells in us,
I want, under the broad shining sun,
The people of the world for my lover !

*Go, go, Marianne,
To finish with your enemies,
Sound, sound the alarm
To those who fell asleep !*

Hardened blacksmith, sublime builder,
Blackened miner, exiled from the day,
Sailor who passes over the abyss,
Old laborer, mother of corn,
Your overlords the greedy caste
In heaven promises you good days
For shame ! Their heaven is empty,
And your hell fills up by the day !

I hate wars of conquest,
I hate kings and ceasars ;
Triumphant, over your heads,
Did they not roll their chariots ?
The butcherers they glorify,
I will wither them away,
I have put the brand of infamy
On the shoulder of the Gallifets !

My republic, oh proletarian,
Eternal victim of destiny,
Means at the table of equality
Your table set from morning ;
And, before men, I proclaim,

for my sex, liberty :
We have to rekindle from women
The wisdom of humanity !

Fall, fall, ancient obstacles,
On the new day of reason ;
Fall, prejudices and borders,
With the last prison.
Next, this will be the deliverance,
Work so slowly accomplished :
The Bastille of ignorance,
It is the hardest to demolish !

Translation of De gedachten zijn vrij Thoughts are Free

Thoughts are free, who could deny them ?
They come racing by, by their own laws
No person can guess or grasp or hurt them
No matter how strong : thoughts are free !

I think what I will, who will forbid ?
My thinking goes silently, wherever it wants
My wish and desire no one can capture
No matter how strong : thoughts are free !

And if they shut me in dark dungeon
Then I mock them, the spirit is stronger
He breaks lock and latch without restraint,
And casts them aside : thoughts are free !

La marianne de 1883

Mon nom a moi, c'est Marianne,
Un nom connu dans l'univers,
Car, j'aime à porter d'un air crâne,
Mon bonnet rouge, de travers.
Et, du peuple robuste fille,
Au jour des fiers enivrements,
Je veux, au grand soleil qui brille,
le peuple du monde pour amant !

CHORUS :

*Va, va, Marianne,
Pour en finir avec tes ennemis,
Sonne, sonne la dianne
Aux endormis ! Aux endormis !*

Dur forgeron, batteur sublime,
Noir mineur, du jour exilé,
Marin qui passe sur l'abîme,
Vieux laboureur, mère du blé,
Des dirigeants la caste avide
au ciel te promets des beaux jours -
Dérisions ! Leur ciel est vide,
Et votre enfer s'emplit toujours !

Je hais les guerres de conquêtes,
Je hais les rois et les césars ;
En triomphateurs, sur vos têtes,
N'ont-ils pas fait rouler leurs chars ?
Des massacreurs qu'on glorifie,
J'en flétrira chaque forfait,
J'ai mis la marque d'infamie
Sur l'épaule des Gallifets !

Ma république, ô prolétaire,
Eternel vaincu du destin,
C'est à la table égalitaire,
Ton couvert mis, dès le matin ;
Et, devant l'homme, j'y réclame,

Pour mon sexe, la liberté :
Il faut relever dans la femme
L'aïeule de l'humanité !

Tombez, tombez, vieilles barrières,
Au jour nouveau de la raison ;
Tombez, préjugés et frontières,
Avec la dernière prison.
Puis, ce sera la délivrance,
Oeuvre si lente à s'accomplir :
La Bastille de l'ignorance,
C'est la plus dure à démolir !

De gedachten zijn vrij

De gedachten zijn vrij, wie kan ze beletten?
Zij ijlen voorbij, naar eigene wetten.
Geen mens kan ze raden
of grijpen of schaden,
Hoe sterk hij ook zij: de gedachten zijn vrij!

Ik denk wat ik wil, wie zal 't mij verbieden?
Mijn denken gaat stil
waarheen het wil vlieden.
Mijn wens en verlangen
neemt niemand gevangen
Hoe sterk hij ook zij: de gedachten zijn vrij!

En als men mij sluit in donkere kerker,
Dan lach ik ze uit, de geest is toch sterker.
Hij breekt onverdroten de grendels en sloten,
En werpt ze terzij: de gedachten zijn vrij!

would help a little bit
And get some dishes, white and clean;
good, pure food to eat
See that cook has help enough
to keep the table neat
Tap the bell for eight hours;
keep the workload sane
And fifty thousand lumberjacks
may come to work again

Halleluia I'm a Bum

CHORUS :

*Halleluia I'm a bum, halleluia bum again
Halleluia give us a handout
to revive us again*

Oh why don't you work like other folk do ?
How the hell can I work
when there's no work to do ?

Then just get a job, like other folks do
I can't pay the rent even tho I have two !

I went to a house and asked for some bread
The lady came out says the baker is dead

I went to a house I knocked on the door
The lady said scram bum
you've been here before

Oh I love my boss
he's a good friend of mine,
that's why I am starving
out on the breadline

Oh why don't you save
all the money you earn ?
If I didn't eat I'd have money to burn

Bread and Roses

As we come marching, marching
in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens
a thousand mill-lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance
that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing,
"Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses."

As we come marching, marching,
we battle, too, for men—
For they/we are women's children
and we/they mother them/us again.
Our days shall not be sweated
from birth until life closes—
Hearts starve as well as bodies:
Give us Bread, but give us Roses.

As we come marching, marching,
unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
their ancient call for bread;
Small art and love and beauty
their trudging spirits knew—
Yes, it is Bread we fight for—
but we fight for Roses, too.

As we come marching, marching
we bring the Greater Days—
The rising of the women
means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler—
ten that toil where one reposes—
But a sharing of life's glories:
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

Paint 'er Red

Come with us, you workingfolk,
and join the rebel band;
Come, you discontented ones,
and give a helping hand,
We march against the parasite
to drive him from the land.
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

CHORUS :

*Hurrah! hurrah! we're gonna paint 'er red!
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—
We're gaining shop democracy
and liberty and bread
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!*

In factory and field and mine
we gather in our might,
We're on the job and know the way
to win the hardest fight,
For the beacon that shall guide us
out of darkness into light,
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line;
we'll fill the boss with fears;
Red's the color of our flag,
it's stained with blood and tears—
We'll flout it in his ugly mug
and ring our loudest cheers
For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us working folk,
inferior by birth,
But when we hit their pocketbooks
we'll spoil their smiles or mirth—
We'll stop their dirty dividends
and drive them from the earth
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system
more than any mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up,
but built it all anew,
And what we'll have for government,
when finally we're through,
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Which side are you on ?

Come all of you good workers,
good news to you I'll tell,
Of how the good old Union
has come in here to dwell.

CHORUS :

*Which side are you on?
Which side are you on? (repeat)*

My daddy was a miner,
and I'm a miner's daughter
I'll stick with the Union
come hail or come high water

They say in Harlan county,
there are no neutrals there:
You're either with the union,
or a thug for J.H. Blair.

O workers can you stand it?
O tell me how you can?
Will you be a lousy scab
or lend us all a hand?

Don't scab for the bosses,
don't listen to their lies.
Us working folk don't have a chance,
unless we organize.

L'internationale noire

Debout les damnés de la terre !
Les despotes épouvantés
Sentant sous leurs pas un cratère,
Au passé se sont acculés.
Leur ligue folle et meurtrière
Voudrait à l'horizon vermeil
Éteindre l'ardente lumière
Que verse le nouveau soleil,

CHORUS :

*Debout, debout, les damnés de la terre !
Ceux qu'on écrase en les charniers
humains,
Debout, debout, les forçats de misère !
Unissons-nous, tous les êtres humains.*

Que la troisième République
Se prostitue au tsar pendeur ;
Qu'une foule extralunatique
Adore l'exterminateur !
Puisqu'il faut que tout disparaisse,
Peu nous importe ! C'est la fin,
Partout les peuples en détresse
S'éveillent se donnant la main,

Les potentats veulent la guerre
Afin d'égorger leurs troupeaux :
Pour cimenter chaque frontière
Comme on consacrait les tombeaux.
Mais il vient le temps d'Anarchie
Où, dans l'immense apaisement,
Loups de France et de Sibérie,
Loups humains jeûneront de sang,

Translation of L'internationale Noire : The Black Internationale

Arise, damned of the earth !
The rulers getting scared
Sensing the pit below their feet,
Turn to cling to the past.
Their crazy and murderous league
Would love to see at the red horizon
extinguished the blazing light
That streams from the new sun,

*Arise, arise, damned of the earth !
Those getting crushed in human mass-graves
Arise, arise, those condemned to misery !
Let's unite, all human beings.*

That the Third Republic
prostitutes itself to the hang-man Tsar ;
That utterly insane mob
adores the exterminator !
All of this has to go away,
what do we care ? This is the end,
Everywhere people in despair
Rise up joining hands

The potentates want war
To slaughter their flock :
To cement every border shut
As if consecrating graves
But the time will come of Anarchy
When, in an immense appeasement,
Wolves of France and of Siberia,
Human wolves will fast from blood.

A las barricadas

Negras tormentas agitan los aires
nubes oscuras nos impiden ver.
Aunque nos espere el dolor y la muerte
contra el enemigo nos llama el deber.

El bien máspreciado es la libertad
hay que defenderla con fe y valor.

Alza la bandera revolucionaria
que del triunfo sin cesar nos lleva en pos.
Alza la bandera revolucionaria
que del triunfo sin cesar nos lleva en pos.
(REPEAT PREVIOUS)

En pie el pueblo obrero, a la batalla
hay que derrocar a la reacción.

¡A las barricadas! ¡A las barricadas!
por el triunfo de la Confederación.
¡A las barricadas! ¡A las barricadas!
por el triunfo de la Confederación.

Translation of A las barricadas : To the Barricades

Black stormclouds stir up the airs
Dark clouds prevent us from seeing
Although we expect suffering and death
against the enemy our duty calls us

The dearest good is liberty
It must be defended with faith and valor

Raise the revolutionary banner
May it lead us to triumph without end (x2)
(the entire previous part is repeated)

Onto your feet, working folk, to battle
We have to stave off the reactionaries

To the barricades ! To the barricades !
For the triumph of the Confederacy (x2)

Op de barricades (Dutch version by Your Local Pirates)

Gitzwarte stormen schudden de luchten
Donkere wolken ontnemen ons het licht
Ook al verwachten we pijn en de dood
De vijand bestrijden zijn we
aan onszelf verplicht

Want onze vrijheid
is ons het allerdierbaarst
Laat ons met moed
en vertrouwen hier staan

Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
van de overwinning en we
houden nooit meer op
Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
van de overwinning en we
houden nooit meer op

Sta op, verdrukten, doe mee aan de strijd nu
Tegen de repressie en tegen apathie!

Op de barricades! Opr de barricades!
Voor de overwinning van de anarchie!
Op de barricades! Op de barricades!
Voor de overwinning van de anarchie!

Solidarity Forever

When the union's inspiration
through the workers blood shall run
There can be no power greater
anywhere beneath the sun
Yet what force on Earth is weaker
than the feeble force of one but
The union makes us strong

Chorus:
Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
For the union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common
with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom
and would crush us with his might
Is there anything left to us
but to organize and fight? For...
The union makes us strong

It is we who plowed the prairies,
build the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and build the workshops,
endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast and starving
'mid the wonders we have made but
The union makes us strong

They have taken untold millions
that they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle
not a single wheel can turn
We can break their haughty power,

gain our freedom when we learn that
The union makes us strong

In our hands is placed a power
greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies
magnified a thousand-fold
We can bring to birth a new world
from the ashes of the old for
But the union makes us strong

Hold the Fort

We meet today in freedom's cause
And raise our voices high;
We'll join our hands in union strong
To battle or to die.

CHORUS:
Hold the fort for we are coming.
Union folks, be strong!
Side by side we battle onward;
Victory will come.

Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugle blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages
But we will not fear.
Help will come when'er it's needed.
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

There is Power in a Union

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free.
Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

CHORUS :

*There is pow'r, there is pow'r
in a band of working folk.
When they stand hand in hand;
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
that must rule in every land;
One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly.
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had nuf of the "blood of the lamb,"
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If for a change, you would have eggs & ham,
Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise.
If you want nothing before you are dead.
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land.
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;
Then we our share
of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share. Lend a hand.

Stung Right

When I was hiking 'round the town
to find a job one day,
I saw a sign that a thousand men
were wanted right away,
To take a trip around the world
in Uncle Sammy's fleet,
I signed my name a dozen times
upon a great big sheet.

CHORUS:

*I was stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,
Stung right, stung right,
E. Z. Mark, that's me
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There'll be no more trips
around the world for me.*

The man he said, "The U. S. Fleet,
that is no place for slaves,
The only thing you have to do
is stand and watch the waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock,
they woke me from my snooze,
To scrub the deck and polish brass,
and shine the captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform
to me commenced to shout,
I simply plugged him in the jaw,
and knocked him down and out;
They slammed me right in irons then
and said, "You are a case."
On bread and water then I lived
for twenty-seven days.

Wa Ana Amsji

Aa...

Muntasibel qa ah mati amsji)
Marfuwa al ha a mati amsji) 2x
Fihi kaffi qasfatu zaij tunin
Wahala katifi nahasji

Waanaa aamsji) x3
Waana waana waanaa aamsji.

Aa...

Qalbi qamarun achmar)
Qalbi bustaan)
Fihi fihi louwseidj)
Fihir rajhaan) 2x

Sjafataija sama un tumter)
Naaran hienan huban achyaan) 2x

Fihi kaffi kasfatu zaij toenin
Waala katifi naasji

Waanaa aamsji) 3x
Waana waana waanaa aamsji.

Muntasibel qa ah mati amsji)
Marfuwa al ha a mati amsji) 2x
Fihi kaffi qasfatu zaij tunin
Wahala katifi nahasji

Waanaa aamsji) x3
Waana waana waanaa aamsji.

Translation of Wa Ana Amshji

As I Walk

Aa...

I walk with my back held straight,)
I walk with my head held high) x2
I hold an olive branch in my palm,
and on my shoulders I carry my coffin

As I walk (x3), as I- as I- as I walk

Aa...

My heart is a red moon,)
my heart is a garden)
It is filled with boxthorn,)
it is filled with basil) x2

My lips are like a stormy sky)
Raining fire one moment and love the other)
x2

I hold an olive branch in my palm, and on
my shoulders I carry my coffin

As I walk, as I walk, as I walk, as I- as I- as I
walk

Raise Your Voice

When the genocidal army came
to lay the people low,
to spirit them away from lands
their feet had always known,
the leaders of the “free world”
turned away their greedy eyes
to protect the settler colony and
spread outrageous lies

Chorus:

*Raise your voice for humanity
Raise your voice to the indignity
Raise your voice for
the thousands who’ve been slain
We sing their names for
freedom yet to still be attained*

When the young folk made a stand to fight
for all the human race,
our leaders called them evil
as they blinded them with mace,
yet stronger still they cried out loud
for freedom to ring true,
oh an end to the apartheid is so long overdue

Now we see the rich folk smiling
at their galas and soirées,
as the children of Gaza
their mangled bodies laid,
their hungry eyes and blood soaked hair
still left out in the shade
of the dimly shining ego
lining pompous parade

To all the gallant heroes
who boycott and divest,

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who stand against a occupying
army’s evil zest,
I say to you dear comrades
stay strong until the end,
free Palestine forever is
the message we will send

The Fields of Palestine

By a lonely border wall
I heard a mother crying
“Waladay, they’re tak’n you away
For you dared to throw them stones
At the mighty Israeli drones
Now an army truck lies waiting in the lane”

Chorus:

*Low lie the fields of Palestine
Where every Spring
the olive trees did bloom
Our love was in the toil,
as we nurtured land and soil,
Now it’s lonely ‘round
the fields of Palestine*

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young boy calling
“Nothing matters, mother, when you’re free
Against soldiers taking our land
I tried to take a stand
Now I’m forced to suffer cold indignity”

By a lonely harbor wall
She watched the last stars falling
As missiles lit up the evening sky
Still in hope, she dwells, night and day,
For her kin she fervently prays.
It’s so lonely ‘round the fields of Palestine

One day the captain said, “Today
I’ll show you something nice,
All hands line up, we’ll go ashore
and have some exercise.”
He made us run for seven miles
as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back
that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam
he had a war with Spain,
And many of the boys in blue
were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though;
no, not by any means,
The biggest part that died were killed
by Armour’s Pork and Beans.

Workers of the World Awaken!

Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains. demand your rights.
All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?

CHORUS:

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Fight for your own emancipation;
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.
In One Union grand.
Our little ones for bread are crying,
And millions are from hunger dying;
The end the means is justifying,
‘Tis the final stand.*

If the workers take a notion,
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean
They can tie with mighty chains.
Every wheel in the creation,
Every mine and every mill
Fleets and armies of the nation,
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,
Men and women, side by side;
We will crush the greedy shirkers
Like a sweeping, surging tide;
For united we are standing,
But divided we will fall;
Let this be our understanding —
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth that you are making,
It belongs to you by right.
No one will for bread be crying,
We’ll have freedom, love and health.
When the grand red flag is flying
In the Workers’ Commonwealth.

Two Good Men

CHORUS :

*Two good men a long time gone,
Sacco and Vanzetti are gone
Two good men a long time gone,
Left me here to sing this song.*

Say, there, did you hear the news?
Sacco worked at trimming shoes;
Vanzetti was a peddling man,
Pushed his fish cart with his hands.

Sacco was born across the sea
Somewhere over in Italy;
Vanzetti was born of parents fine,
Drank the best Italian wine.
Sacco sailed the sea one day,
Landed up in Boston Bay;
Vanzetti sailed the ocean blue,
Landed up in Boston, too.

Sacco's wife three children had,
Sacco was a family man;
Vanzetti was a dreaming man,
His book was always in his hand.
Sacco earned his bread and butter
Being the factory's best shoe cutter;
Vanzetti spoke both day and night,
Told the workers how to fight.

I'll tell you if you ask me
'Bout this payroll robbery;
Two clerks was killed by the shoe factory
On the street in South Braintree.
Judge Thayer told his friends around
He would cut the radicals down;
Anarchist bastards was the name
Judge Thayer called these two good men.

I'll tell you the prosecutors' names,
Katsman, Adams, Williams, Kane;
The judge and lawyers strutted down,
They done more tricks than circus clowns.
Vanzetti docked here in 1908;
He slept along the dirty streets,
He told the workers "Organize"
And on the electric chair he dies.

All you people ought to be like me,
And work like Sacco and Vanzetti;
And every day find some ways to fight
On the union side for workers' rights.

I've got no time to tell this tale,
The cops and bulls are on my trail;
But I'll remember these two good men
That died to show me how to live.
All you people in Suassos Lane
Sing this song and sing it plain.
All you folks that's coming along,
Jump in with me, and sing this song.

Dai monti di Sarzana

Momenti di passione,
giornate di dolore,
ti scrivo, cara mamma,
domani c'è l'azione
e la Brigata Nera
noi la farem morir.

Dai monti di Sarzana
un dì discenderemo
all'erta partigiani
del battaglione "Lucetti".

Il battaglione "Lucetti"
son libertari e nulla più,
coraggio e sempre avanti!
La morte e nulla più.
Coraggio e sempre avanti!
La morte e nulla più.

Bombardano i cannoni
dai monti sarzanesi
all'erta partigiani
del battaglione "Lucetti"
più forte sarà il grido
che salirà lassù
fedeli a Pietro Gori
noi scenderemo giù.
Fedeli a Pietro Gori
noi scenderemo giù.

Translation Dai monti di Sarzana From the mountains of Sarzana

Moments of passion,
Days of sorrow:
I write you, dear mother,
That we'll move tomorrow
And the Black Brigade
We're ordered to destroy.

From the mountains of Sarzana
We'll get downhill one day
(Stand to) Attention, Partisans
Of Lucetti Battalion!

The Lucetti Battalion,
Are all Libertarians:
Don't be afraid! Let's move!
Death is waiting for us!
Don't be afraid! Let's move!
Death is waiting for us!

The guns are bombing
From the Sarzana mountains
Attention, Partisans
Of Lucetti Battalion!
And our cry will be louder,
It will be heard in the sky,
Faithful to Pietro Gori
We shall get downhill.
Faithful to Pietro Gori

All you fascists bound to lose

I'm gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organized
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

CHORUS :

*All of you fascists bound to lose:
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:
Yes sir, all of you fascists bound to lose:
You're bound to lose! You fascists:
Bound to lose!*

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
Your poll tax and Jim Crow
And greed has got to go
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose.

There's people of every color
Marching side by side
Marching across the fields
Where a million fascists died
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

I'm going into this battle
And take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

The Day The Nazi Died

We're told that after the war
The Nazis vanished without a trace
But battalions of fascists
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell
Of their defeat in '45
But they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau
Was a symbol of defeat
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world
Would never materialize
So why did they all come out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots
The maggots are getting fat
They're making a tasty meal of all
The bosses and bureaucrats

They're taking over the boardrooms
And they're fat and full of pride
And they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died
So if you meet with these historians
I'll tell you what to say
Tell them that the Nazis
Never really went away
They're out there burning houses down
And peddling racist lies
And we'll never rest again...
Until every Nazi dies...

Joe Hill

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" said he,
"I never died" said he.
"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"

"In Salt Lake City, Joe," 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."
And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes.
Says Joe "What they can never kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize"

From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where working men defend their rights,
It's there you find Joe Hill,
It's there you find Joe Hill!

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" said he,
"I never died" said he !

Paper Heart (tribute to Joe Hill)

There's a long, long line of people
Trying to keep from crying
There's always someone dying
But today's just not the same

There's a man shot dead in Utah
With a paper heart pinned on him
Framed up without pardon
I guess you know his name

CHORUS:

*You say you saw him out last night
But I hear him every day
In the voices of the people
In the songs they sing and play
They framed him up
and they shot him down
This whole wide world's
his burying ground
But the songs of the working people
Are his marking stone*

If Heaven is One Big Union
I know that's where I'll find him
Playing cards with Big Bill Haywood
Telling jokes with Mother Jones

Casey Jones and long-haired preachers
Mr. Block and Scissor Bill
Sent to hell a-flying
By songs no one can kill

De Centen van Soros

(Your Local Pirates)

Toen ik klaar was met school en studeren
Wist ik niet wat of ik ging doen
Ik ging toch zo graag demonstreren
Maar hoe kwam ik dan aan mijn poen?
Ik piekerde en prakkizeerde
Totdat ik het eindelijk wist
Weet je wat? Riep ik wijl ik me scheerde
Ik word straks beroepsactivist!
Maar...

CHORUS :

*Waar blijven de centen van Soros?
'k Heb nooit een betaling gezien!
Waar blijven de centen van Soros?
Alsof ik nie beter verdien!*

Eerst dacht ik terwijl ik betoogde
In Havana daar hebben ze geld
En Pyongyang wil vast ook wel betalen
Daar had ik mijn hoop op gesteld
Alras bleek dat ik me vergiste
Met praatjes slechts hield men me zoet
Terwijl ik maar acties ging voeren
Ging t rooie stel donors bankroet
Dus...

Gelukkig, ik kon snel weer verder
Met mn sit-ins, blokkades en strijd
Toen ik hoorde van de man met de centen
Altijd tot doneren bereid.
Maar ook hij is beroerd met betalen
De kas hier blijft verstoken van poen
Straks zullen we nog zo ver komen

Dat we t allemaal zelf moeten doen
Want...

FINAL :

*Waar bleven die centen van Soros?
Ik werd nooit een betaling gewaar
Rot op met je centen van Soros
We fiksken het zelf voor elkaar!*

Wat Gaan We Eraan Doen?

(Your Local Pirates)

Ze maken de planeet kapot
voor een zak vol poen
Ze douwen de dieren door je strot
Wat gaan we eraan doen?

CHORUS :

*We hebben het helemaal gehad
We vechten tegen de poen
We leggen de hele wereld plat
Dat gaan we eraan doen!*

Ze steken de bossen in de brand
voor een zak vol poen
Ze steken de koppen in het zand
Wat gaan we eraan doen?

Ze pompen de olie uit de grond
voor een zak vol poen
Ze houden de lucifer bij het lont
Wat gaan we eraan doen?

Ze smelten de gletsjers en het ijs
voor een zak vol poen
Ze slopen de wereld tot elke prijs
Wat gaan we eraan doen?

Makhnovstchina

CHORUS :

*Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina,
Tes drapeaux sont noirs dans le vent
Ils sont noirs de notre peine,
Ils sont rouges de notre sang.
Ils sont noirs de notre peine,
Ils sont rouges de notre sang.*

Par les monts et par les plaines,
Dans la neige et dans le vent
à travers toute l'Ukraine,
Se levaient nos partisans.
À travers toute l'Ukraine,
Se levaient nos partisans.
Au printemps les traités de Lénine
Ont livré l'Ukraine aux Allemands.
À l'automne la Makhnovstchina
Les avait jetés au vent.
À l'automne la Makhnovstchina
Les avait jetés au vent.

L'armée blanche de Denikine
Est entrée en Ukraine en chantant,
Mais bientôt la Makhnovstchina
L'a dispersée dans le vent.
Mais bientôt la Makhnovstchina
L'a dispersée dans le vent.
Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina,
Armée noire de nos partisans,
Qui combattait en Ukraine
Contre les rouges et les blancs.
Qui combattait en Ukraine
Contre les rouges et les blancs.
Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina,
Armée noire de nos partisans,
Qui voulait chasser d'Ukraine
à jamais tous les tyrans.

Translation of Makhnovstchina (pronounced « mak-novs-tchee-nah »)

CHORUS :

*Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina,
Your flags are black in the wind
They are black with our suffering,
They are red with our blood*

By the mountains and by the plains,
In the snow and in the wind
Throughout the whole of the Ukraine,
Arise our partizans
In springtime the treaties of Lenin
Delivered the Ukraine to the Germans
In Autumn the Makhnovstchina
Had thrown them to the wind

The white army of Denikine
Had entered Ukraine singing
But soon the Makhnovstchina
Had dispersed them in the wind
Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina
Black army of our partizans
That fought in Ukraine
Against the reds and the whites
Makhnovstchina, Makhnovstchina
Black army of our partizans
That would chase out from Ukraine
Forever away all tyrants.

Le chant des marais

Loin vers l'infini s'étendent
De grands prés marécageux
Et là-bas nul oiseau ne chante
Dans les arbres secs et creux

CHORUS :
O terre de détresse
Où nous devons sans cesse
Piocher, piocher, piocher.

Dans ce camp morne et sauvage
Entouré de murs de fer
Il nous semble vivre en cage
Au milieu d'un grand désert

Bruit des pas et bruit des armes
Sentinelles jour et nuit
Et du sang des cris, des larmes
La mort pour celui qui fuit

Mais un jour dans notre vie,
Le printemps refleurira
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Je dirais tu es à moi

O terre enfin libre
Où nous pourrions revivre
aimer, aimer, aimer.

Translation of Le chant des Marais

The chant of the moors

Far towards infinity extend
Great morrass plains caught in mire
And there no bird sings
In the dry and crooked trees

CHORUS :
Oh land of despair
Where we must without pause
Work on and on and on

In that camp so savage and mournful
Surrounded by iron walls
It seems to us as living in a cage
In the middle of a great desert

Noise of marching and noise of arms
Sentinels day and night
And blood and cries, and tears
Death for those who flee

But one day within our lifetime
Spring will flourish again
Liberty, dear liberty
I will say you are mine

Oh land freed at last
Where we can relive
To love, to love, to love

Translation of De Centen van Soros : (The Bucks of Soros)

When I finished school and studies
I didn't know whatever I'd do
I loved going out to demonstrate
But how would I get some dough ?
I worried and fretted
Until finally I realized
« You know what ? » I cried while shaving
I'll become a professional activist !
But...

CHORUS :
Where are those Soros Bucks ?
I never saw a payment !
Where are those Soros Bucks ?
As if I don't deserve any better !

First I thought as I was protesting
In Havana they have money
And Pyongyang surely wants to pay up
On that I rested my hopes
Shortly it turned out I was wrong
They appeased me with empty words
While I kept on campaigning
The club of red donors went bankrupt
So...

Fortunately, I could soon continue
With my sit-ins, blockades and struggle
When I heard about the man with the bucks
Always willing to donate.
But he too is too shabby to pay up
My funds still bereft of their dough
In a while, it'll get so bad
That we'll have to do it all ourselves
Because...

FINAL :
Where are those Soros Bucks ?
I never knew of any payment
Get lost with your Soros Bucks
We'll manage to make it by ourselves !

Translation of Wat Gaan We Eraan Doen ?

(What are we gonna do about it ?-

They ruin the whole planet
For a bag of money
They shove the animals down your throat
What are we gonna do about it ?

We're all through with it
We fight against the money
We shut down the whole world
That's what's we're gonna do about it !

They set fire to the forests
For a bag of money
They shove their heads down the sand
What are we gonna do about it ?

They pump the oil from the ground
For a bag of money
They hold the match to the fuse
What are we gonna do about it ?

They melt the glaciers and the ice
For a bag of money
They wreck the world at any price
What are we gonna do about it ?

It Isn't Nice

It isn't nice to block the doorway,
It isn't nice to go to jail.
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nice ways always fail !
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once, you told us twice,
Well if that is freedom's price
We don't mind !

It isn't nice to carry a banner,
Or to sit in on the floor
Or to shout out crying « freedom »
At the hotel and the store.
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once you told us twice,
Well if that is freedom's price
We don't mind !

We have tried negotiations
And the the three-man picket-line.
Mr Charlie didn't see us
And he might as well be blind.
Now our new ways aren't nice,
As we deal with men of ice,
But if that is freedom's price
We don't mind !

How about those years of lynchings
And the shot in Evers' back ?
Did you say it wasn't proper,
Did you stand out on the track ?
You were quiet just like mice,
Now you say we aren't nice,
Well if that is freedom's price,
We don't mind !

It isn't nice to block the doorway,
It isn't nice to go to jail.
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nice ways always fail !

It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
Well thanks for your advice
But if that is freedom's price
We don't mind, we don't mind !

Banks of Marble

I travelled 'round this country,
From shore to shining shore.
It really made me wonder,
Why some are rich and others poor.
I saw the weary farmer,
Ploughing sod and loam ;
I heard the auction hammer,
Just a-knocking down his home.

CHORUS :

*But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer/sailor/miner sweated for*

I saw the sailor standing,
Idly by the shore ;
I heard the bosses saying :
« Got no work for you no more. »

I saw the weary miner,
Scrubbing coal-dust from his back
I heard his children crying :
« got no coal to heat the shack ! »

I saw the people working,
Throughout this mighty land.
I knew we'd get together,
And together make a stand !
*Then we'll own those banks of marble,
And we'll open every door
And we'll share those vaults of silver,
That we all have sweated for.*

«È questo il fiore del partigiano»
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
«È questo il fiore del partigiano,
morto per la libertà!»

Translation of Onverschilligheid (Indifference)

Just after the last war
They thought now it's done
Now they'll never come through again
We'll never let them
If one pops up again
It's right time right away
To sharpen the spirit against indifference

It was the cancer of humanity
A black, dark night
And it should never be allowed again
Such an abomination of power
And we'll never let be taken
What was so dearly liberated, so
We'd sharpen spirits against indifference

But from the draughty crevices
Of new society
They stealthily crept up again
And again found acceptance
With the same old slander and bother
The same old insult, so
We'd sharpen minds against indifference

From Brussels to London
From Paris to Berlin
In their suits you see them prancing
With eyes filled with chagrin
The preachers of self-interest

Of their own selfish benefit, but
We'd sharpen minds against indifference

Just after the last war
They thought now it's done...
But in cold backrooms
it all kept going
It's all coming up again
In a whole new era
But we'll sharpen the minds
Against indifference

Translation of Bella Ciao (Goodbye Beautiful)

One morning I was awoken
Oh goodbye Beautiful
And confronted with the invader

Oh Partizan, carry me for my life
Oh goodbye Beautiful
For I feel I will die

And if I die a Partizan
Oh goodbye Beautiful
You will have to bury me

And let me be buried in the mountains
Oh goodbye Beautiful
Under the shade of a pretty flower

And all the people who will pass
Oh goodbye Beautiful
Will tell me « what a pretty flower »

« It is the flower of the partizan »
Oh goodbye Beautiful
« Who died for freedom ! »

Onverschilligheid

Net na de laatste oorlog
dacht men nu is het gedaan
Nu komen ze er nooit meer door
nooit laten we nog begaan.
Als er eentje weer komt kijken
wordt het meteen de hoogste tijd
Om de geesten weer te scherpen
tegen onverschilligheid.

Het was de kanker van de mensheid
een zwarte donkere nacht
En het mocht nooit meer gebeuren
die ontsparing van de macht
En we laten nooit nog kisten
wat zo moeizaam werd bevrijd
Dus we zouden de geesten scherpen
tegen onverschilligheid.

Maar uit de tochtige kloven
van de nieuwe maatschappij
kwamen ze stilletjes weer naar boven
en hoorden z'er weer bij
Met dezelfde laster en hetze
het zelfde verwijt
Maar we zouden de geesten scherpen
tegen onverschilligheid.

Van Brussel tot in Londen
van Parijs tot in Berlijn
In hun maatpak zie je ze pronken
met hun ogen vol chagrijn
De predikers van het eigen belang
hun eigenste profijt
Maar we zouden de geesten scherpen
tegen onverschilligheid.

Net na de laatste oorlog
dacht men nu is het gedaan...
Maar in koude achterkamers
bleef 't allemaal bestaan
't komt allemaal weer naar boven
in een hele and're tijd
Maar we zullen de geesten scherpen
tegen onverschilligheid !

Bella Ciao

Una mattina mi sono svegliato
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Una mattina mi sono svegliato
e ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano, portami via
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
O partigiano, portami via
ché mi sento di morir.

E se io muoio da partigiano
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E se io muoio da partigiano
tu mi devi seppellir.

E seppellire lassù in montagna
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E seppellire lassù in montagna
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

Tutte le genti che passeranno
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao!
bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Tutte le genti che passeranno
Mi diranno «Che bel fior!»

Poor Old Dobbin

We're thirty days out from
the port of Tacoma
For New Caledonia we're bound
On an old hulk square-rigger,
the Star of Russia
But she'll ne'er again sail Puget sound
For she's seen her day,
now they've sold her away
Under sail it's her last long trip
No longer at large,
stripped down for a barge
Tomorrow she'll be no tall ship

Chorus:
And it's salt cod and poor old Dobbin
Who pulled that old "one-hoss shay"
Horse meat so tough it chews like leather
And ancient pork fat every day.

Fellow workers back home
loaded her down with lumber
A million board feet, we were told
Handsome profit for someone
on Washington timber
When it's delivered and sold
But the dollars are few
for us laboring crew
Hard life on these endless waves
Weak mind and strong back's
what they pay you for, Jack
To them we are nothing but slaves

Our cook hasn't bathed
since the birth of the Savior
So the galley gives off quite a stink
With the smell of the horse meat,
the pig fat and fish
It'll drive a poor sailor to drink

Hard work night and day,
and a pittance for pay
And we're livin' like rats down below
So we all got wise, and we organized
Now we won't be their slaves anymore

We wrote our demands and took
them to the skipper
Fair treatment and uniform scale
He called, "Cast off lines!" and
with arms crossed we stood
Sayin, "Agree, or the Russia won't sail!"
So he had to choose, but how could we lose?
What else could he do but give in?
It paid to rebel, now they treat us quite well,
Each worker says, "I Will Win!"

Chorus:
No more salt cod and poor old Dobbin...

So the captain he called in
the handsome young mess boy
Askin', "Are you a double-U, son?
You'd best keep clear
of those double-U's young man,
They make trouble for everyone."
But the boy raised his head,
to the skipper he said,
Standin' so brave and tall,
"When all is done, an injury to one
Is an injury to us all!"

Final chorus:
Now we're Wobblies and seafarin' rebels,
for all each one of us stood
No longer their slaves
when we stand together
Our union delivers the goods!

El Pueblo Unido

El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!

De pie cantar , que vamos a triunfar,
avanzan ya banderas de unidad
y tú vendrás marchando junto a mi
y así verás tu canto y tu bandera
florecer. La luz de un rojo amanecer
anuncia ya la vida que vendrá.
De pie marchar , el pueblo va a triunfar;
será mejor la vida que vendrá,
A conquistar nuestra felicidad
y en un clamor mil voces de combate
se alzarán; dirán
canción de libertad.
Con decisión el pueblo vencerá.

CHORUS :

*Y ahora el pueblo que se alza en la lucha
con voz de gigante gritando; adelante!
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!*

El pueblo está forjando la unidad;
de norte a sur, se movilizará,
desde el salar ardiente y mineral,
al bosque austral, unidos en la lucha
y (en) el trabajo, irán, el mundo cubrirán.
Su paso ya anuncia el porvenir.
De pie cantar , el pueblo va a triunfar.
Millones ya imponen la verdad;
de acero son, ardiente batallón,
sus manos van llevando la justicia y la razón.
Mujer, con fuego y con valor
ya estás aquí junto al trabajador.

Translation of El Pueblo Unido :

The People United Will Never Be Defeated !

Rise up, sing, that we are going to triumph
Advance now banners of unity
And you come march beside me
and so will see your song and your banner
glow with light of a red dawn
announcing yet the life that is to come
Arise, march, the people will triumph
it will be better, the life to come
to conquer our happiness
and in one clamor a thousand voices
will rise, uttering
songs of freedom
Decisively, the people will overcome

CHORUS :

*And then the people that rises to struggle
with giant's voice cries out : forward !
The people united will never be defeated !*

The people has forged unity
from north to south it mobilizes
from the salt plains, hard and mineral
to the southern forest, united in the struggle
and in work, it will cover the earth
as its pace announces the future
Arise, sing, the people will triumph
millions now impose the truth
On fire are its steely battalions
it will lift on its hand justice and reason
women, with fiery resolve
are already there, together with the worker

¡No pasarán!

Los fascistas que trajo Franco
en Madrid quieren entrar.
Mientras queden milicianos
los fascistas no pasarán.
Mientras queden milicianos
los fascistas no pasarán.

¡No pasarán! ¡No pasarán!

Aunque me tiren el puente
y también la pasarela
me verás pasar el Ebro,
en un barquito de vela.
Me verás pasar el Ebro,
en un barquito de vela.

¡No pasarán! ¡No pasarán!

Diez mil veces que los tiren,
diez mil veces los haremos.
Tenemos cabeza dura
los del Cuerpo de Ingenieros.
Tenemos cabeza dura
los del Cuerpo de Ingenieros.

¡No pasarán! ¡No pasarán!

En el Ebro se han hundido
las banderas italianas
y en los puentes sólo quedan
las que son republicanas.
Y en los puentes sólo quedan
las que son republicanas.

¡No pasarán! ¡No pasarán!
¡No pasarán! ¡No pasarán!

Translation :

They Will Not Pass !

The fascists that Franco brought
want to enter Madrid
As long as there are militiafolk
the fascists will not pass

They will not pass

Even though they shoot up the bridge
and as well the causeway
you'll see me pass the Ebro
in a little row boat

They will not pass

Ten thousands times they shoot them up
Then thousand times we'll rebuild them
Take hard resolve
those of the corps of engineers

They will not pass

In the Ebro are drowned
The Italian banners
and on the bridges remain alone
those that are Republican

They will not pass...

La Lega

O li o li o la !
Sebben che siamo donne
Paura non abbiamo
Per amor dei nostri figli (x2)
Sebben che siamo donne
Paura non abbiamo
Per amor dei nostri figli
In lega ci mettiamo

CHORUS :
O li o li o la... e la lega crescerà
E noialtri lavoratori, e noialtri lavoratori
O li o li o la... e la lega crescerà
E noialtri lavoratori vogliam la libertà

E la libertà non viene
Perché non c'è l'unione
Crumiri col padrone (x2)
E la libertà non viene
Perché non c'è l'unione
Crumiri col padrone
Son tutti da ammazzar

Sebben che siamo donne
Paura non abbiamo
Abbiam delle belle buone lingue (x2)
Sebben che siamo donne
Paura non abbiamo
Abbiam delle belle buone lingue
E ben ci difendiamo

E voialtri signoroni
Che ci avete tanto orgoglio
Abbassate la superbia (x2)
E voialtri signoroni
Che ci avete tanto orgoglio
Abbassate la superbia
E aprite il portafoglio

Translation of La Lega

The Union

Oh-li-o-li-o-la !
Although we are women
We have no fear
Out of love for our children
We band together in the union

CHORUS :
O li o li o la... And the union grows
And our workers
they want freedom

And freedom doesn't come
For there is no unity
Scabs and bosses
Are to be « taken for a little walk »

Although we are women
We have no fear
We have beautiful and good tongues
And defend ourselves well

And you high ladies
That have such pride
Lower your hubris
And loosen your purse-strings

Y Como No

En la selva de mi pais
La vida decidio luchar
Milles personas abrazados
A la raiz de su pasado
Contra la transnational
Y la madera pega un grito
Y defienden todos el rio
De la diversidad

CHORUS :
Y como no
Voy a cantar le a este amor
Que dia a dia m'enseñat la dignidad
Y como no ?
Llevar el mundo al corazon

Si el agua es para todos como el sol

En la sierra de mi pais
La mina se puso a temblar
Por que los hijos de la tierra
Que ayer se han puesto en pie de guerra
Quieren de recho comunal
Contra el silencio del cemento
La coca senala en el viento
Olor a poder popular

...si somos hijos de la tierra y su calor
En la costa de mi pais
Un pescador quiere volver
Con el almuerzo para casa
Y en la ciudad el pueblo rechaza
L'economia del poder
En las calles y en las plazas
Canta su canto la esperanza
Por que no tiene que comer

...todas las manos al gobierno des amor

Translation of Y Como No : And Why Not

In the forest of my country
Life decides to struggle
Thousands of people, holding fast
To the roots of their past
against the multinationals
And the woods cry out
And all defend the river of diversity

CHORUS :
And why not
I will sing of that love
That teaches me daily dignity
And why not take the world to heart
If water is for all, like the sun

In the mountains of my country
The mines begin to tremble
For the children of the earth
That yesterday were at war
Desire common justice
Against the silence of concrete
The hints of coca on the breeze waft
the sweet scent of popular power
As we're children of the earth & its warmth

On the coast of my country
A fisher wants to go home with a meal
And in the city people renounce
The economics of power
In the streets and on the squares
Sing their song of hope
For those who have nothing to eat
...All hands to the government of love

A la huelga

A la huelga, compañero;
no vayas a trabajar.
Deja quieta la herramienta
que es la hora de luchar.

CHORUS :

*A la huelga diez, a la huelga cien,
a la huelga, madre, yo voy también.
A la huelga cien, a la huelga mil,
yo por ellos, madre, y ellos por mí.*

Contra el gobierno del hambre
nos vamos a levantar
todos los trabajadores,
codo a codo con el pan.

Desde el pozo y el arado
desde el torno y el telar,
¡vivan los héroes del pueblo,
a la huelga federal!

Todos los pueblos del mundo
la mano nos la van a dar
para devolver a España
su perdida libertad

Yo te nombro Libertad

Por el pájaro enjaulado
Por el pez en la pecera
Por mi amigo, que está preso
Porque ha dicho lo que piensa
Por las flores arrancadas
Por la hierba pisoteada
Por los árboles podados
Por los cuerpos torturados
yo te nombro, Libertad
Por los dientes apretados
Por la rabia contenida

Por el nudo en la garganta
Por las bocas que no cantan
Por el beso clandestino
Por el verso censurado
Por el joven exilado
Por los nombres prohibidos
yo te nombro, Libertad

CHORUS :

*Te nombro en nombre de todos
por tu nombre verdadero
Te nombro y cuando oscurece
cuando nadie me ve
escribo tu nombre
en las paredes de mi ciudad
Escribo tu nombre
en las paredes de mi ciudad
Tu nombre verdadero
Tu nombre y otros nombres
Que no nombro por temor*

Por la idea perseguida
Por los golpes recibidos
Por aquel que no resiste
Por aquellos que se esconden
Por el miedo que te tienen
Por tus pasos que vigilan
Por la forma en que te atacan
Por los hijos que te matan
yo te nombro, Libertad
Por las tierras invadidas
Por los pueblos conquistados
Por la gente sometida
Por los hombres explotados
Por los muertos en la hoguera
Por el justo ajusticiado
Por el héroe asesinado
Por los fuegos apagado
yo te nombro, Libertad
(after chorus) *Yo te nombro : Libertad*

Translation of A la huelga:

To the strike

To the strike, comrade
Don't go to work
leave your working tools
for it's time to fight

CHORUS :

*To the strike, ten, to the strike, hundred
To the strike, mother, I will too
To the strike hundred, to the strike 1000
Me for them, mother, and them for me*

Against the government of hunger
we will rise
All the workers
Side by side with the bread

From the quarry and the plow
from workbench and the loom
Long live the heroes of the people
to the general strike !

All peoples of the world
will lend a hand
to restore to Spain its lost freedom

Translation of Yo te nombro Libertad : I Name You Liberty

For the caged bird
For the fish in the fish-tank
For my friend that was taken
For having said what he was thinking
For the torn up flowers
For the trampled grass
For the molested trees
For the tortured bodies
I name you: Liberty

For the clenched teeth
For the pent up anger
For the lump in the throat
For the mouths that don't sing
For the clandestine kiss
For the censored verse
For the banished youth
For the forbidden names
I name you Liberty

CHORUS :

*I name you in the name of all
By your true name
I name you when darkness falls
When nobody can see me
Write your name
On the walls of my city
Your true name
Your name and other names
That I do not name for fear*

For the persecuted idea
For the received blows
For those who don't resist
For those in hiding
For the fear they have of you
For your steps that they are watching
For the ways in which they attack you
For the children they have taken from you
I name you : Liberty
For the invaded countries
For the conquered peoples
For the oppressed,
For the exploited people
For the dead on the gallows
For the wrongfully convicted
For the assassinated hero
For the fires that were put out
I name you : Liberty
I name you : Liberty