



OHIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Researching History through Music

Miscellaneous Song Lyrics

Labor Movement

Solidarity Forever, by Ralph Chaplin

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

1. When the union's inspiration though 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 strength of one,
But the union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 For the union makes us strong

2. They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel could turn.
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That the union makes us strong.
3. 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 the union makes us strong.

No Irish Need Apply, by J.F. Poole

1. I'm a decent boy just landed from the town of Ballyfad;
I want a situation and I want it very bad.
I have employment advertised, "It's just the thing," says I,
But the dirty spalpeen ended with "No Irish need apply." "Whoo," says I,
That is an insult, but to get the place I'll try,
So I went to see the black-guard with his "No Irish need apply."
Some do think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor to be born an Irishman.

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2. I started out to find the house; I got there mighty soon.
I found the old chap seated; he was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for, when he in a rage did fly.
“No!” he says, “You are a Paddy, and no Irish need apply.”
Then I gets my dander rising, and I’d like black his eye
For to tell an Irish gentleman “No Irish Need Apply.”
3. I couldn’t stand it longer so a-hold of him I took,
And I gave him such a beating as he’d get at Donnybrook,
He hollered ”Milia Murther,” and to get away did try,
And swore he’d never write again “No Irish Need Apply.”
Well, he made a big apology; I told him then goodbye,
Saying, “When next you want a beating, write ‘No Irish Need Apply.’”

Bread and Roses, words by James Oppenheim

1. 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!”
2. As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are women’s children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!
3. As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread.
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for – but we fight for roses, too!
4. 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 like’s glories: Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

Temperance

Song 50

Tune: “Wait for the Wagon”

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1. Will you sign the pledge, poor drunkard? We wish to set you free
From appetite and passion, and custom's slavery;
Strong drink has been your ruin we ask you to abstain;
Come throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
Throw down the bottle, throw down the bottle,
Throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
Oh, your wife will smile with gladness to know that you have signed:
She'll bid adieu to sadness, for comfort she will find;
2. Within your home what pleasure what happiness will reign;
Then throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
Oh, your children, too, will bless you, they'll dance with very glee,
And joyfully caress you, as they climb upon your knee;
Their little eyes will sparkle, as they sing the joyous strain,
We've thrown down the bottle, and we'll never drink again,
Then come along, my brother, tho' fallen you may rise;
You then may help another who now in bondage lies;
The best of men will bless you; you will not live in vain;
So, throw down the bottle, and never drink again.

Suffrage Movement

We Worried Woody Wood

Tune: "Captain Kidd"

1. We worried Woody-wood,
As we stood, as we stood,
We worried Woody-wood,
As we stood.
We worried Woody-wood,
And we worried him right good;
We worried him right good as we stood.
2. We asked him for the vote,
As we stood, as we stood,
We asked him for the vote
As we stood,
We asked him for the vote,
But he'd rather write a note,
He'd rather write a note--so we stood.

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3. We'll not get out on bail,
Go to jail, go to jail--
We'll not get out on bail,
We prefer to go to jail,
We prefer to go to jail--we're not frail.

4. We asked them for a brush,
For our teeth, for our teeth,
We asked them for a brush
for our teeth.
We asked them for a brush,
They said, "There ain't no rush,"
They said, "There ain't no rush--darn your teeth."

5. We asked them for some air,
As we choked, as we choked,
We asked them for some air
As we choked.
We asked them for some air
And they threw us in a lair,
They threw us in a lair, so we choked.

6. We asked them for our nightie,
As we froze, as we froze,
We asked them for our nightie,
As we froze.
We asked them for our nightie,
And they looked--hightie-tightie--
They looked hightie-tightie--so we froze.

7. Now, ladies, take the hint,
As ye stand, as ye stand,
Now, ladies, take the hint,
As ye stand.
Now, ladies, take the hint,
Don't quote the Presidint,
Don't quote the Presidint, as ye stand.