

1980

Workers and Trade Union Songs

Sinn Féin The Workers' Party

Follow this and additional works at: <https://arrow.tudublin.ie/workerpmat>



Part of the [Political History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Sinn Féin The Workers' Party, "Workers and Trade Union Songs" (1980). *Materials*. 51.
<https://arrow.tudublin.ie/workerpmat/51>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Workers' Party of Ireland at ARROW@TU Dublin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Materials by an authorized administrator of ARROW@TU Dublin. For more information, please contact arrow.admin@tudublin.ie, aisling.coyne@tudublin.ie, vera.kilshaw@tudublin.ie.

**WORKERS
AND
TRADE
UNION
SONGS**

**FRATERNAL GREETINGS
TO ICTU
IN BELFAST
1980**

Introduction

Song is a sweetener of life. It helps us enjoy our victories with relish; it consoles us in defeat. Music and song are among the most important things in life.

In constant struggle the working class has humanised society and will yet civilise it.

A song can expose the torments of a tyrant or the comical pretensions of class snobbery. A good song can wring compassion from the most bitter heart because in this way those who suffer can best express their anguish.

We present a collection of songs of our class in this spirit — to celebrate the victories, to fight the tyrants and to ridicule the vain and pompous. We cry with the oppressed — those deprived of the best in life for the mind or the body. Above all we want our songs to say that the battles we must fight to win victory for our class must be fought with spirit and enjoyment.

Copies of this songbook are available from

The Bookshop
30 Gardiner Place
Dublin 1

or

6 Springfield Road
Belfast BT1 27AG

Sliagh Na Mban

My heart is broken
in sorrow's taken
regret for jeers long spoken by those English Lords
they knew we could do no harm
for they knew we possessed no arms
only pikes and a handful of rusty swords.
We had no Major
No hero leader, no one to order us
we drifted on
like cows to a drover
the Fair was over
We were scattered on the sunny
shoulder of Sliabh Na Mban.

But the French are sailing
their masts are straining
and the people are saying
they sail the sea.
Their boats are in serial line
the orders are grand and fine
as they sail against the wind
to set old Ireland Free
But if I knew
these things were truce
I would sing like a blackbird for you, a happy song
to hear French bayonets rining
to hear French trumpets singing
As Freedom they come bringing
to Sliabh Na MBan.

JAMES CONNOLLY

1.

Where O' where is our James Connolly, Where O' where is
that gallant man
He has gone to organize the union that workin men might
yet be free.

2.

Then who then who will lead the van, who then who will
lead the van, who but our James Connolly the Leader of
the Working man.

3.

Oh where oh where is the Citizen's Army
Where oh Where is that gallant band they're gone to
fight in the great rebellion to smash the bonds of
slavery.

4.

They carried him to the prison the carried him up to
the jail and there they shot our own James Connolly
The leader of all working men.

5.

They laid him down on yon green garden with union
men on either side and they swore to forge a mighty
weapon to smash the bones of slavery.

--- END ---

GUANTANAMERA

Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera
Guantanamera, quagira Guantanamera

Yo Soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece la palma
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece la palma
Antes de morirme quiero
Hechar mis versos del alma

CHORUS:

Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es un ciervo herido
Que busca en el monte amparo

CHORUS:

Con los pobres de la herra
Quiero yo mi sverte hechar
Con los pobres de la tierra
El arroyo de la sierra
Me complace mas que el mar.

THE SOVIET STAR

V.1

The Soviet Star shines deep in the sky and lit the torch of Freedom that workers carry high, higher and higher and someday we will be beyond the road of victory with peace and liberty.

V.2

Though the sky it is dark now stars have been born over Vietnam and Cuba defying the storm that raged and kept them shadowed but their spirit could'nt die and soared the path to freedom where the Red Star's shining high and someday we will be beyond the road of Victory with peace and liberty.

V.3

A new day will dawn for the good of mankind when workers of the world unite then surely we will find the darkness of the times gone passed that shook the earth with fear will shatter in the brightness of the Red Star shining clear and then we'll truly be beyond the road of victory with Peace and Liberty.

--- END ---

UNITE THE WORKING CLASS

I was brought up rough I never had enough, but I got by alright
Most families in our street, they couldn't make ends meet, but
they could sing at night, I was too young to say everything
works the wrong way.

Then I put down my head and said to myself it will change.

Now the years have gone and so much went on, but things were
still the same, I saw the Factory Floor and the Docklands
Shore and the Bosses without a name,

My country was divided, religion had collided.

The prices were high the wages were low and I knew I knew
there was a common ground.

CHORUS:

Unit the working class can't you see, it's coming on fast
everybodys got to realise we've got to see the world through
the Workers eyes. I'm telling you now straight from my heart
we've got nothing while we're apart we've got to organise,
educate, come together before it's to late. . .

Take a look at the world with the wrapping unfurled and tell me
what you see.

You'll see a working class and a ruling class within our Society
You don't need brains to recognise we're being robbed right
before our eyes by respectable men who live nice lives and
they're good.

They probably go to church to pray and reassert their loyalty
to God, they pay the workers straight below the union rates no
matter if you're Taig or Prod I'm making you an offer your
can't refuse.

Ipm telling you something you can't abuse grab it with both
hands get it into your head and you'll see we've got to have
UNITY.

CHORUS:

THE WORKERS PARTY

A Socialist Republic we are building, The Socialist Republic
will be strong.

For we won't be divided by Religion and our class will be
one for the workers cause.

Yes our class will be one for the working cause.

3471

CHORUS:

'So onward to Victory we'll raise that Banner High.
The Party is our Vanguard. The workers Flag it flies.

Though the road that we travel may be weary and we've run
the Gauntlet of the Fascist Guns,
But firm we stand and with Determination what Tone and
Connolly taught us will be won.

CHORUS:

The Anti-Working class they stand together and ruthless,
Exploitation is their goal.

So Workers organise within the union and be prepared to
strike the Final Blow.

Yes be prepared to strike the final blow.

CHORUS:

We'll keep the wheels of revolution turning as our Comrades
do in every other Land,
For Marx and Lenin laid the true foundation and put seeds of
a better life in Workers Hands.

They put seeds of a better life in workers hands.

CHORUS:

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander
Peat and bog are everywhere
Not a bird sings out to cheer us
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare

CHORUS

We are the peat bog soldiers
Marching with our spades to the moor

Up and down the guards are pacing
No-one no-one can get through
Flight would mean a sure destruction .
Guns and barbed wire meet our view

CHORUS

But for us there is no complaining
Winter will in time be past
One day we will cry rejoicing
'Homeland dear you're mine at last'

Final Chorus

And then will the peat bog soldiers
March no more with their spades to the moor

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 strength 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.

CHORUS

It is we who ploughed the farmland; built the
cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless
miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving midst the
wonders we have made
But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

*To the melody of 'John Brown's Body.'

cont. over

All the world that's owned by idle drones
is ours and ours alone
We have laid the wide foundations; built it
skyward stone by stone
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and
to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

THE MANNINGTON MINES

We read in the papers and the radio tells
Us to bring up our children to be miners as
well
Tell them how safe the mines are to-day
And to be like Daddy, bring home the big pay

CHORUS

But don't you believe them my boy the story's
a lie
Remember the disaster in the Mannington Mines
Where 78 miners were buried alive
Because of unsafe conditions your Daddy died.

They lure you with money it sure is a sight
When you may never live to see daylight
Will your name be among the big headlines
Like that awful disaster at the Mannington
Mines.

CHORUS

There's a man in the big house way up on the
hill
Far far from the shacks where the poor miners
live
He's got plenty of money and everything's fine
And he has forgotten the Mannington Mines
Forgotten, forgotten the Mannington Mines.

There is a grave way down in the Mannington
Mines
There is a grave way down in the Mannington
Mines
Oh, what were their last thoughts and what
were their cries
As the flames overtook them in the Mannington
Mines
May God forgive you, you know what you've
done
You killed my husband, now you want my son.

THE WORKER'S SONG

Oh come all of you workers who work night & day
By hand and by brain, to earn your pay
Who for centuries long past, for no more than you
bread
Have fought for your country and counted your dea

In the factories and mills, in the shipyards and
mines
You've always been told lads, 'keep up with the
times'
For your skills they're not needed, they've
streamlined the job
With stop-watch and slide-r ule, your pride they
have robbed.

Aye but when the sky darkens, and the prospect is
war
Who's given a gun and then pushed to the fore
And expected to die, for the land of his birth
When he's never owned, one handful of earth.

He's the first one to starve, he's the first one
to die
He's the first one in line for that pie in the sl
But he's always the last, when the cream is share
out
For the worker is, working, when the fan carts abo

So it's all of these things, that the worker has
done
From tilling the field to carrying a gun
And yoked to the plough, since time first began
And now he's expected to carry the can.

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

It's hard for me to stand up here and sing this song
for you
But I've got a thing or two to say and I guess I have
it to do.
You've watched our play and you've followed our lives
you know what we've come through.
We've learned from life what's right and wrong and
we know what we must do.

CHORUS:

For they're the children who're going to make the
contribution, they're the children, Children of the
revolution.

We've got brothers in Vietnam
We've got sisters in Mozambique
We've got friends all around the world all pledged to
you and me.
We believe in the rights of man to his house his food
his cloths.
And we believe in the working class and the future that
it holds.

CHORUS:

We have to build a better life where people are the
central theme
A life of peace, work and hope that someday will be seen
Brotherhood Comradeship America wont be pleased the young
golk of the universe will feel the changing breeze.

CHORUS:

- END -

SONG OF THE FIRST WORKERS STATE

CHORUS

With tears in our eyes and joy in our hearts on the
sixth year we remember the start.
We cherish with love so strong and so great the Soviet
Union the first workers state.

V.1

All nations remember the day a memory that won't fade
or die of war in a land far away when Lenin rose up to
defy the world felt the tremors of change and cried out
in anguish and pain the victory was true and so grand so
sing out and let us proclaim.

CHORUS

V.2

The work on the country began with troubles abounding
not few and friends as many as none just did the things
they could do but sixty odd years is a long time in
life and time just keeps marching on there now is
a world for the prophets to see who said it soon
would be gone.

CHORUS

--- END ---

BANDIERA ROSA

Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa la trionfera

Bandiera rossa la trionfera
Bandiera rossa la trionfera
Bandiera rossa la trionfera
Evvia la Socialists Dabella liberta

The peoples on the march, the road they're treading
It leads to freedom, it leads to freedom
The peoples on the march, the road they're treading
Its leads to freedom and liberty.

CHORUS:

From, farm and factory from school and college
With force of suffering and source of knowledge
Our leaders leading our banners waving
Victory proceeding and liberty.

JAMES LARKIN

1.

In Dublin city in 1913 the Boss was rich and the worker slave.

Women working our children starving then on came Larkin like a mighty wave The Bosses chinged when the bosses thundered and 70 hours was our weekly chore we asked for little but less was granted least getting little we'd ask for none.

2.

In the month of August the Bosses told us no Union men for them would work, we stood-by Larkin and told the Bosses we'd fight and starve but we would not shirk. Eight months we starved and eight months we hungered we stood by Larkin through thick and thin but with foodless Homes and the crying childred they broke our hearts and we could not win.

3.

When Larkin left us we seemed defeated the night was dark for the workless men but then came James Connolly with new hope and council his motto was "we'll rise again".

In Dublin city in 1916 the British soldiers they burned the town, they shot our leaders and smashed our buildings the harp was shattered beneath the crown.

They shot McDermott and Pearse and Plunket they shot McDonagh and Clarke the Brave. From a Bleak Kilmainam they took their bodies to Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave and last of all of the seven leaders a dying man they shot James Connolly The Voice of Justice The Voice of Freedom he gave his life that we might be free.

--- END ---

JAMIE FOYERS

Far distant far distant
lies Foyers the brave
No tombstone memorial will hallow his grave.
His bones are all scattered on the rude soil of Spain.
and young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

He is gone from the shipyard
that stands on the Clyde
His hammer now silent
His tools laid aside.
to the wide Elbro River
young Foyers has gone
to fight on the side of the people of Spain.

There was not his equal at work or at play,
he was strong in the Union till his dying day,
He was good at the football
At the dance he was brea
Oh Young Jamie Foyers was the Fleur of them all.

He came from the shipyard
took of his working clothes
I remember it well all these bright summer days.
Saying fare thee well lassie
I will return again
but young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

At the Fight for Busheeba
He was I to the Fore
and he fought at Drendessa
Till he could fight no more
he lay ore his machine-gun
Wi' a bullet in his brain
and Young Jamie Foyers
in battle was slain.

STUDIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY

The Great Irish Oil and Gas Robbery

128 pages Price £1.60

The Public Sector and the Profit Makers

20 pages Price 20p

The Banks

68 pages Price 70p

Tony O'Reilly's Last Game

32 Pages Price 30p

The Irish Industrial Revolution

A major study — the first of its kind since James Connolly's *Labour in Irish History*

167 pages Price £2.20

A Workers' Peace

A Workers' Democracy

A Workers' Party

