



STRIKE! 2022

We are so happy to have you join us either virtually or in person.

It means a lot to have your support - making it possible for the Seattle Labor Chorus to give voice in song for economic, social and racial justice.

Every voice counts!

We would like to thank our Performers:

Director Miriam Anderson

Forrest Anderson, Bob Barnes, Alexandra Bradbury, Beth Brunton, Nancy Eichner, Kelly Garland, Chris Glanister, Sasha Harmon, Sheri Hinshaw, JoAnn Keenan, Sarah Laslett, Michael Laslett, Jane Leavitt, Nora Lih, Celia Matson, Shana Matthews, Diane Morrison, Sue Moser, Edna Oberman, Perrilee Pizzini, Terri Pollock, Barbara Powers, Maya Ramakrishnan, Sayer Rippey, Bill Roach, Dan Roberts, Pat Simpson, Lauren Tozzi, Lou Truskoff, and Jenweil Yang

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Thank you for your contributions! Our fundraising goal for this event is \$17,000. Financial support from our fans, unions and supporters in the community is essential so that SLC can keep singing for justice, safety, peace, and power for all working people.

HOLD THE FORT

A civil war era hymn that the IWW made their own!

On Nov. 5, 1916, hundreds of men from the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), boarded two steamer ships in Seattle and traveled to Everett to support American Federation of Labor shingle weavers. Though not part of the AFL, IWW members felt the need to help their fellow workers get a decent wage. As they landed, they sang this song.

Business leaders of Everett had the sheriff and some 200 “deputized” armed men confront the ship passengers at the docks. Undeterred by hundreds of guns pointed at them, the union men prepared to disembark. A shot rang out from somewhere. When the shooting stopped, five men from the IWW lay dead, as did two deputies. Many more were wounded. When the IWW members returned to Seattle, they were arrested and charged with murder, but no one was convicted and eventually all the charges were dropped.

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

Hold the fort!
For we are coming,
Union hearts be strong
Side by side we'll battle onward
Victory will come

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

Hold the fort!
For we are coming,
Union hearts be strong
Side by side we'll battle onward
Victory will come

ONE DAY MORE

Lyrics by Elaine Purkey

We take inspiration from this song by community organizer Elaine Purkey, a victim in 2020 of COVID 19. It's about a two-year-long lockout at a West Virginia aluminum plant in the 1990s. The refrain tells us that workers can power through to eventual victory:

One Day More, One Day More
People let me tell you what we're fighting for
We're fighting for our future, don't you understand
We don't need your pity, we just need your helping hand.

To fight one day more, one day more
If the company holds out 20 years, we'll hold out one day more.

At Ravenswood they locked us out steel workers stood up strong.
For twenty months we held the line to right that grievous wrong.
Our picket line stretched round the world, we had to have our say
The boss got rich while workers died but we'll make him pay

Cause we'll fight one day more, one day more
If the company holds out 20 years, we'll hold out one day more.

We got to change the way things are, make people understand
Our working class is being denied the rights in a free land
Our government sees corporate crime and looks the other way
And then takes the jobs from honest workers and so we stay

To fight one day more, one day more
If the company holds out 20 years we'll hold out one day more.

Change the laws, remove the flaws and start all over new
Demand our rights, take back our land, spread freedom through and through
When workers stand together, it's the only way we win.
And the feds won't ever take us off in a ball and chain again.

We'll fight one day more, one day more
If the company holds out 20 years, we'll hold out one day more x3

MY HEROES

Lyrics by Jon Fromer

When it comes to heroes I find I have many.
When it comes to money they might not have any.
When it comes to making things better, when it comes to the heart,
When it comes to reaching out and doing their part for their neighbors or their unions or
the friends that they make

My heroes are lighting the road that I take (x2)

Heroes who are perfect? I'm sure I have none.
Heroes rich and famous? I can't think of one.
But I'll show you a teacher who gets the job done
And a friend who's building bridges where mighty waters run.
Could be the way they listen not the records they break.

My heroes are lighting the road that I take (x2)

Build a statue for the working mother who finds the time to play
And a tower for the old man who walks up the hill each day.
For those who work hard all week long and barely make the rent
For those who never hear their praises build a monument!

You won't find my heroes in your history books
But you'll see them around you if you just take a look.
They might be serving your food, they might be taking your call
Or cleaning the floor as you pass in the hall.
They may not make the headlines but make no mistake

My heroes are lighting the road that I take (x3)

POWER OF THE UNION

Lyrics by Si Kahn

Some people never say no to the boss
They take what they get for their labor
Others will stand up whatever the cost
And fight for the rights of their neighbor

Every day, every night
Will you fight for the things that you believe in?
Will you stand, hand in hand,
Hand in hand, with the power of the union.

Some people never say what's on their mind,
In a hard time you hardly can find them
Others will stand up the first in the line
And hold on 'till there's hundreds behind them.

Every day, every night
Will you fight for the things that you believe in?
Will you stand, hand in hand,
Hand in hand, with the power of the union.

UNION CONGO

Lyrics and arrangement by Al Bradbury

Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer
Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer

Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer
Feel the power of the union getting stronger
Everybody do the conga till the boss is beat

Everybody gather 'round now
Let the bosses feel the heat
When the union inspiration
Gets into the workers' feet
It's the rhythm of the strike line
Solidarity so sweet
If you want to win a contract,
You have got to hit the street

Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer
Feel the power of the union getting stronger
Everybody do the conga till the boss is beat

Feel the passion of the action
Let it chase your fears away
Rain or sunshine, on the front line
Till we make the bosses pay
Got to get up, get together,
And give it everything we've got
Once the union hits the pavement
There's no way we're gonna stop

Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer

Feel the power of the union getting stronger
Everybody do the conga till the boss is beat

Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer
Feel the power of the union getting stronger
Everybody do the conga till the boss is beat
Come on everybody do the union conga
I know that you can keep it going one day longer
Feel the power of the union getting stronger
Everybody do the conga till the boss is beat

Come on everybody do the union conga!

I'LL ORGANIZE

Lyrics by Al Bradbury

The inspired lyrics of “I’ll Organize” were the creation of Al Bradbury, a labor organizer and educator from Seattle. This song shares a common theme of labor culture music – determination to resist oppressive bosses. The oppression these days may be less violent, but it still takes courage to resist.

At first I was afraid, I was petrified
I thought if I opened up my mouth, I would get fired
But I spent all those angry nights
Thinking how you had done me wrong
And I grew strong
And brought my co-workers along

And now you’re back
With hat in hand
You say that you can make it up to us
You say you understand
I should have seen it from the start
I used to fall for all your lies
But now I recognize your tricks
And I can see through your disguise

Go on now go
Walk out the door
We formed a union now
You’re not the king here anymore
Weren’t you the one who tried to conquer and divide?
Did you think we’d crumble
Did you think we’d lay down and die?

Oh no, not I
I’ll organize
I’m never turning back
Now that you’ve opened up my eyes
I’ve got my life to live
I’ve got more than work to give
I’ll organize,
I’ll organize
Hey hey.

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<http://seattlelaborchorus.org>

WORKERS ROUND

Lyrics by Craig Anderson. Traditional

Workers workers come join the fight
And feel the joy of standing up for right
Stop your scabbing, forget your fear
You belong over here.

COLLIERS' MARCH

Lyrics by John Freeth arrangement by Chumbawumba

Colliers' March refers to a march of workers in Birmingham in 1782 protesting the price of bread.

The summer was over the season unkind
In harvest a snow, how uncommon to find
The times were oppressive and well be it known
That hunger will strongest of fences break down
'Twas then from themselves the black gentry stepped out
With bludgeons determined to stir up a rout
The prince of the party who reveled from home
Was a terrible fellow and called Irish Thom
He brandished his bludgeon with dexterous skill
And close to his elbow was placed Bonny Will
There instantly followed a numerous train
As cheerful as bold Robin Hood's merry men
Sworn to remedy a capital fault:
Bring down the exorbitant price of the malt
From Dudley to Walshire they trip-ped along
And Hampton was truly alarmed at the throng
Women and children wherever they go
Shouting out 'Oh the brave Dudley boys! All!'
With nailers and spinners the cavalcade joined
The markets to lower their fluttering design
Six days out of seven poor nailing boys get
Little else at their meals but potatoes to eat
For bread hard they labor, good things never carve
And swore 'twere as well to be hanged as to starve
Such are the feelings in every land
Nothing necessities call can withstand
And riots are certain to sadden the year
When six penny loaves are three pound as up here

THE BRAVE DUDLEY BOYS

Lyrics by Steve Turner, arrangement based on Oak, Ash & Thorn's.

With it's rousing, rising-and-tumbling, call-and-response melody, and its hyper-local lyrics, it feels like this song should be sung in the streets with updated lyrics-- something that SLC does a lot! According to the late researcher and collector, Roy Palmer, the Dudley Boys were known in the late 18th century for being an unsettled bunch. This song dates to their rioting against high food prices, around the end of the 1780s.

In the days of good queen Bess (Yah boys, oh)
In the days of good queen Bess (Yah boys, oh)
Coventry out done the rest
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys
But in the times that be (Yah boys, oh)
But in the times that be (Yah boys, oh)
We outdone Coventry
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

Times they was mighty queer (Yah boys, oh)
Times they was mighty queer (Yah boys, oh)
And vittles they was very dear
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

So for to make corn cheap (Yah boys, oh)
So for to make corn cheap (Yah boys, oh)
We burned it all in a heap
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

Tipton lads they did us join (Yah boys, oh)
Tipton lads then did us join (Yah boys, oh)
And we formed a strong combine
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

We marched into town (Yah boys, oh)
We marched into town (Yah boys, oh)
Resolved to tear the housing down
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys
Tipton lads then did us join (Yah boys, oh)
Tipton lads then did us join (Yah boys, oh)

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And we formed a strong combine
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys
But the work was scarce begun (Yah boys, oh)
But the work was scarce begun (Yah boys, oh)
Soldiers came and spoilt the fun
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

We all run down our pits, (Yah boys, oh)
We all run down our pits, (Yah boys, oh)
We all run down our pits, frit most out of our wits
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

God bless Lord Dudley Ward (Yah boys, oh)
God bless Lord Dudley Ward (Yah boys, oh)
He knowed as times was hard
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys
He called back the soldier men (Yah boys, oh)
He called back the soldier men (Yah boys, oh)
And we'll never riot again
Yah boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

UNION MAID

Lyrics by Woody Guthrie

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks
And the deputy sheriffs that made the raids
She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called
And when the company boys came round
She always stood her ground.

CHORUS

Oh, you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to the union (3x)
Oh you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union
I'm sticking to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of the company spies
She'd never be fooled by the company stools
She'd always organize the guys
She'd always get her way when she struck for higher pay
She'd show her card to the company guard
And this is what she'd say:

CHORUS

You women who want to be free
Just take a little tip from me
Break out o' that mold we've all been sold
You've got a fightin' history
The fight for women's rights with workers must unite
Like Mother Jones, bestir them bones
To the front of every fight

CHORUS

TAKE OFF YOUR HATS

Lyrics by Jon Fromer

Here's one of the best story songs we know – a contemporary one about a major turning point of American labor organizing history in the 1930s, when a dockworkers' strike in San Francisco shut down every port on the West Coast.

The composer – Jon Fromer – was an award-winning TV producer as well as a musician and champion of labor rights, civil rights, human rights.

Take a look at these docks, where the water meets the land
Take a moment to remember, thousands took a stand
Take courage from the workers, Brother Harry Bridges led
Take off your hats for the martyred dead.

For a dollar an hour talkin' union pay
For a hiring hall and a six hour day
For a life of security, a life without fear
We stood our ground in front of that pier
Strikers were arrested, beaten and gassed
Hundreds of police tried to get the strike breakers past
Ships lay empty, they shut down the port
They knew the power of the union in 1934

So take a look at these docks, where the water meets the land
Take a moment to remember, thousands took a stand
Take courage from the workers, Brother Harry Bridges led
Take off your hats for the martyred dead.

Thousand police lined up near Rincon Hill
With sawed off shotguns, they aimed to kill
Hundreds were wounded in Bloody Thursday's attack
Howard Speary and Nick Bordoio lay dead, bullets in their back.
People were outraged, called a general strike
Not a shop was open, not a bus or cab in sight.
Fifty thousand marched in silence, behind their brothers slain
Up market street to victory, they did not die in vain,

So take a look at these docks, where the water meets the land
Take a moment to remember, thousands took a stand
Take courage from the workers, Brother Harry Bridges led
Take off your hats for the martyred dead.

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RISE AGAIN

Lyrics by Tom Juravitch

I can feel the spirit building, soft as a whisper, loud as a roar.
I can feel something a stirrin', like I never have before
We've been quiet too long my friend
And the working folks of this country will rise again.

We've been quiet for 40 years now, you had the work,
you gave us the pay.
But with hard times round the corner,
you think we've seen our better day.
But we're not going back to where we began,
and the workin' folks of this country will rise again.

Now you tell me that you don't need me,
you lay me off, no work you say.
But you expect to see my head a hangin'
as I pack and walk away.
But with my brothers and sisters so proudly we'll stand
And the workin' folks of this country will rise again.

Mother Jones and Lucy Parsons, old Joe Hill,
and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.
They were old time union warriors,
they gave no thought to givin' in.
We will rekindle that spirit my friend
And the workin' folks of this country will rise again.

I can feel the spirit building, soft as a whisper, loud as a roar.
I can feel something a stirrin', like I never have before
We've been quiet too long my friend
And the working folks of this country will rise again

We will rekindle that spirit my friends
And the working folks of this country will rise again

GONNA TAKE US ALL

Lyrics by Jon Fromer

We need the Buddhist & the Baptists, Quakers & Catholics too
Atheists & agnostics, Muslims & Jews.
We need people of all nations, all colors & all creeds
To put an end to war, to put an end to greed.

Gonna take us all to make a change, take us all to win the peace
Gonna take us all in the streets, gonna take us all; gonna take us all.

We need the immigrants & the unions, the Greens & the Gays
The hip-hoppers & the be-boppers & the women for equal pay;
Farmworkers out in the sun; homeless out in the rain
The seniors & the soccer moms, for a world that is humane

Gonna take us all to make a change, take us all to win the peace
Gonna take us all in the streets, gonna take us a—a—a —a—all

We need your friends & your neighbors, poets & the painters
The socialist & the anarchists, pacifists & humanists;
Every culture & community – it takes black & white & brown,
Times we won't see eye to eye, but we stand on common ground.

Gonna take us all to make a change, take us all to win the peace
Gonna take us all in the streets, gonna take us all; gonna take us all.

RISE AS ONE

Lyrics by Joe Jencks

It is we who serve the lunches, we who sweep the floors
We who drive the busses with your children off to school
We keep the buildings warm in winter, and cool when it's hot
And we will not let you play us for the fool
When we ask for better healthcare, or an increase in our wage
You tell us that the township can't afford to pay the bill
But you found half a million dollars from within those very coffers
To try and break the union's back and break our will

And we will never give up, we will never give in
And we'll never, ever go away
We will build a brand new future for our daughters and our sons
We will work 'til all workers rise as one

We believe in education and the future of our town
And the children that we serve from day to day
Whenever there's a need we always go the extra mile
God knows we do it for the love, not for the pay
But we have worked as hard as any for every inch of ground
That we've gained in the struggle for our rights
And we will not stand by idly as you try to tear us down
If we have to we will organize a strike

Well we didn't have a penny in our strike fund, sad but true
That made us all a little bit afraid
But the call went out to every other union in the state
And somehow all the workers' bills were paid
You see this isn't just our struggle and it isn't just our jobs
And it isn't just the schools within our town
When we dare to raise our voice in solidarity we stand
With every other worker all the world around

We held a rally at the fairgrounds, to show them our resolve
And to drum up some support for our campaign
A thousand people hit the street, and that's more than half our town
And after that, you know things couldn't be the same
Now whoever would've guessed it, when this whole thing began
We'd have the strength to hold out for so long
But three months have now gone by and the school board just gave in
On their demands, now we can sing our victory song

JAVA JIVE STARBUCK'S VERSION

Lyrics by Diane Morrison and Lou Truskoff

I love coffee, I love tea. And I really love the folks who brew it up for me.
They need a wage that's fair 'cause we're consumers who care.
A cup a cup a cup a cup a cup Ah!

I love java sweet and hot, but the Starbucks baristas don't get paid a lot.
When they organize, they've got their eyes on the prize.
A cup a cup a cup a cup a cup

Well, the Starbucks Corporation is just raking in dough
But they don't respect the workers who are making it so.
Support the baristas who are brewing your joe, taking it slow.
Come on Howard, you're worker powered!

I love coffee, I love tea. And I really love the folks who brew it up for me.
They need a wage that's fair 'cause we're consumers who care.
A cup a cup a cup a cup a cup Ah!

You got your latte, cappuccino You got your double tall mocha, frappacino
But for your daily espresso, read our lips
Workers can't exist on only tips Yeah!

I love coffee, coffee & tea. Union-brewed coffee, it's the one for me.
When it's a union trade, you've got it made in the shade.
A cup a cup a cup a cup Yeah!

JOIN THE UNION

Lyrics by Paul McKenna, arrangement by Handel

A familiar and joyous tune to end our concert. Thank you for joining us!

Join the union! Join the union! Join the Union! Join the Union!
Come join the union now.
Get a contract, a union contract
Join the union! Join the union
Come join us now.

Win job security and fair wages.
Join the union! Join the union! Join the Union! Join the Union!

If we're to stay in line with inflation
We need effective representation
Backed by a mighty organization
Join the union join the union
Come join us now!

In union there is strength
Unity.
Together we'll achieve industrial democracy!
Get on the road to fair compensation
Eliminate unjust termination
Improve your daily work situation
Sign up for union representation!

All for one! And one for all!
Together, forever,
Join the union, join the union

All for one, and one for all
Come on and heed the call

All for one, and one for all
United we stand, divided we fall
And when we've won we'll sing with joy and elation!
All for one and one for all
Join the union join the union join the union join the union!
Come join the union now!

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