

Joe Hill

David Rovics

Joel Hag - lund came from Swe - den Which was
ve - ry far from E - den By the time he left most of his fam - ly died His
sis - ters and his mo - ther His fa - ther and his bro - thers So with one re - main - ing sib - ling by his
side He got a no - tion To sail a - cross the o - cean Where he
heard the streets were paved with gold Not long af - ter his ar - ri - val As he
toiled for sur - vi - val He real - ized the bill of goods that he'd been sold A hun - dred
years a - go the bard With the u - nion card Proved his mu - sic was too pow - er - ful too
strong They could - n't stand the sound they had to take him down Lest he

or - gan - ize the work - ing class in song

He got a whole lot wiser
 Became an organizer
 And he organized with artistry and skill
 He spoke up, raised his fist
 Got right on the blacklist
 That's why he changed his name to Joe Hill
 He heard that it was best
 If he headed to the west
 Where the Industrial Workers of the World
 Were finding the solutions
 For making revolution
 With red songbook and red flag unfurled

Chorus

Soon as he paid his dues
 He tried hard to light the fuse
 Speaking, singing, writing lyrics and cartoons
 He sent off the whole mess
 To the Wobbly press
 And they sang his songs as they fought the goons
 He joined a singing movement
 That fought for improvement
 By abolishing wage-slavery worldwide
 He sang the Wobbly line
 Beseeching workers to combine
 Learn from Mr Block -- the bosses lied

Chorus

His life would be cut short
 By a kangaroo court
 Eager to determine one man's fate
 Evidence was circumstantial
 But that's inconsequential
 When you've become an enemy of the state
 They put him up against the wall
 And that was all
 They gunned him down in 1915
 He took all the bullets he could take
 There by the Salt Lake
 For being the best bard they'd ever seen

Chorus