



Brotherhood Song

Written in honor of the Unity between the YSL and the YPSL and dedicated to Joe Hill, author of the famous song, "I dreamed I Saw Earl Robinson Last Night."

Tune: Chorus of Freiheit

Our line has been changed,
We feel rather strange,
Our dialectic has been rearranged,
EINHEIT!

The Good Old Party Line

Tune: Good Old Mountain Dew

*Chorus: Well, they call it that old Party Line,
And for them that adheres to it it's fine.
It's not very static,
It's extremely acrobatic,
Read the worker and get the party line.*

To be very blunt
That old Popular Front
Was expedient back in '41,
And you didn't feel no pain
If you couldn't fight in Spain'
You could always fight the war from Willow Run.

In language exotic
All the boys were patriotic,
Slap the Jap and knock him to the deck,
You could join the Marines,
Or free the Philippines,
Or make the world safe for Chiang Kai Shek.

Left-Wing Negro's Song

Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me

All the leftists go wild over me,
From the ADA clear over to the CP.
I'll get everything I like,
If I'll vote or join their strike.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

The philanthropists go wild over me,
And give their money to the NAACP,
And the money that they've given
Comes from rents on slums I live in.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Jew girls from Brooklyn go wild over me,
And they hold my arm where everyone can see.
They paint their faces just like whores,
Make me leave them at their doors.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

They go wild, simply wild, over me,
I'm referring to the northern bourgeoisie.
They wish my southern brothers good,
And kick me out of their neighborhood.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Intellectuals go wild over me,
And write me up as sociology.
They write books that no one reads,
They give advice that no one heeds.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Other Negroes go wild, just like me,
As we passionately strive for liberty.
They care not for civil rights,
They just wish that they were whites.
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Incomplete Capitalist War Song

Come all ye Negro haters,
Red and Jewish baiters,
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Wave the bloody saber,
Crush the rights of labor.
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Damn, damn, damn, damn,
Damn the stupid masses.
Fight, fight, fight, fight
For the upper classes.

This Land Is Their Land

This land is their land; it is not our land.
From their plush apartments to their Cadillac car land,
From their Wall Street office to their Hollywood starland.
This land is not for you and me.

As I was walking that endless breadline,
My landlord gave me a one-week deadline,
And *Labor Action* ran a better headline,
"This land is not for you and me."

So take your slogan and kindly stow it,
If this is our land you'd never know it,
Let's join together and overthrow it,
This land is not for you and me.

When John Comes Hobbling Home

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes hobbling home again,
Hoorah, hoorah.

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hoorah, hoorah.

He'll stare at the maiden he left with goodbyes,
From the hollowed sockets that once held eyes,
And we'll all wave a large flag,
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

Put on your artificial leg,
Hoorah, Hoorah,
Cup in your hand, now start to beg,
Hoorah, hoorah.

Stand on that corner, rattle those dimes,
Think of the pre-mutilation times
And there'll surely be employment
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

The hero has come home to rest,
Hoorah, hoorah,
Beneath the ground without a chest,
Hoorah, hoorah.

His body was appropriated
For the causes unappreciated,
And we'll all wave a large flag
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

Bomb Dirge

Tune: Sister Jenny

In a governmental office,
So spotless and so clean,
You can hear the wheels a-turning
As our leaders think and dream.

Chorus:

*Oh, they're making up a sanitary bomb, bomb, bomb.
When they drop it, it won't cause quite so much harm.
If the air corps' aim is bad, do not worry but feel glad
That you'll die in peaceful antiseptic calm.*

They are busy making drawings
And cutting things to scale,
So citizens have confidence –
Our leaders cannot fail.

Die Gedanken Sind Frei

Though your thoughts be unfurled
And ditto your chatter,
You can't dupe the world
With mind over matter.

*But foe shall not trifle
With thought brought by rifle,
He won't dare deny
Die gedanken sind frei!*

Now thinking is fine
But shooting is better.
Let's all toe the line
And all fire together.

*The road to salvation
Is mass liquidation,
And when they all die,
Die gedanken sind frei!*

Talking Management Blues

If you want higher profits let me tell you what to do,
You got to talk to the people who work for you.
Got to bust up the unions – they're much too strong.
Fire anybody who dares to belong.

Get rid of the agitators,
Hire friendly people
Willing to work for an honest wage.

Unions are dangerous things these days.
When they go on strike it's management that pays.
They're crooked, corrupt and undependable, top,
And when they strike the blame is all on you.

Heartless money grabbers,
Bloated Capitalists,
Wife beaters, and other epithets.

People don't know what the unions are like.
They're not interested in going out on strike.
But the union Bosses, blackmailers all,
Think nothing of sending out that old strike call,
So tiresome, marchin' up and down in the rain,
Carrying signs, shouting slogans,
Getting your feet wet.

There's been a lot of talk of late
About big business being the thing to hate,
But you'll find nothing bigger wherever you go,
Than the AFL-CIO.

Big money and monopolistic?
Ah, but why talk about it.

Talkin' Little Rock

Well I went out 'bout nine o'clock,
Walked down the streets of Little Rock,
Just lookin' to see what I could see,
When suddenly a paratrooper landed on me –

*Seven tanks, two howitzers, an army field kitchen
And a four-star general.*

Time for the kids to go to school.

He stuffed his parachute in his pack
And slung his rifle over his back
Pointed hisself toward Central School
And off he ran like a goddam fool.

Hi-ho Silver!

I walked downtown to see what was doing –
Seemed like there was lots of trouble brewing.
There was a pretty big crowd around Central High –
The hate was so thick you couldn't see the sky.

It was a meetin' of the Orval Faubus Fan Club.

A real brave crowd arose to the occasion,
They were ready to repel the "nigra" invasion –
Against nine kids: 500 strong –
And 500 "Americans" can't be wrong.

*There's no discrimination in America – it's all Rooshun
propaganda.*

Since it ain't legal to have segregation,
The judges ordered intergration,
But Faubus said, "I won't obey."
And the mob refused to go away.

*Constitution must have been written by a bunch of
Damyankes anyhow.*

Ike and Orval had a meetin',
Orval said he wasn't retreating'.
Eisenhower said, "I'm sorry son,
Didn't mean to annoy you, but it had to be done."

Please be quiet though – you're interrupting my golf game.

When Faubus came home he sure was struttin',
Eisenhower just went back to puttin'.
Orval's a good man – the kind we need,
And Ike? Why he's almost as good as Sammy Snead.

Innocent bystander struck by low-flying gold ball.

When Faubus incited insurrection,
Ike got to thinkin' of the election.
The Party got excited and hot as fire –
They called poor Orval a vulgar liar.

They just don't understand our problems here in Little Rock.

Well, the people of the world said,
"What's this baloney?"
All over the world it sounded phoney.
America called democracy it's job,
But the President can't handle a small southern mob,
*Even with his seven tanks, two howitzers, an army field kitchen and a four-star general –
Cause we heard Little Rock talkin'.*

Talking Stalin Blues

Now come all you members of the old C.P.,
Come sit in a circle and listen to me.
And when I tell you you'll sure stay told.
Gonna sing about the Vozhd' – Marx, bless his soul
Gone to glory...
Workers' Paradise.
I wonder if he'll overfulfill his quota?

Now in the *Daily Worker* and the *New York Times*
You've all been reading about Stalin's crimes.
But if you view it dialectically, I'm sure you'll find
That Uncle Joe's been much maligned.
A product of the Trotskyite
McCarthy conspiracy – no doubt.

Now Joe was never a maniac,
Or a child-molesting necrophiliac,
And in party circles we should never speak
Of his non-existent sadistic streak.
He was just misunderstood.
Loved children...
Dogs...
Kulaks too!

The Right To Suffer Blues

Come all you working folks and listen to me.
Gonna sing about the joys of a free economy,
Oh yes I will,
Without bias.

I've got those ever-lovin' right-to-suffer blues.

The President's playing golf out at the Burning Tree.
It warms the cockles of my heart to know he's a thinking
about me

And there he stands...
Putts*...

I've got those ever-lovin' right-to-suffer blues.

This economic system does so much for me and you,
Provides material benefits and the right to suffer too.

Like Old Charlie Wilson says:

"We can't all be kennel dogs,
Somebody's got to be a son-of-a-bitch."

I've got those ever-lovin' right-to-suffer blues.

**For our Yiddish-speaking friends, this means "to hit the ball."*

Nihilist Song

Tune! Gilbert & Sullivan's "There Is Beauty
In Extreme Old Age"

Destruction's a creative urge!
Bakunin said it and it's just as true today.
There's a fascination frantic,
Ruinination is romantic,
There's a pungent perfume to decay.

Destruction is a noble art!
Did you ever see a wheat field burn/
Like a most exquisite carving,
Is the thought of bosses starving –
Let them eat the f—king money that we earn!

Destruction is a manly sport!
Bourgeois love's a sissy substitute for rape,
Just as soon as we have caught her,
We'll gangbang the boss's daughter,
Then we'll twist the bitch completely out of shape.

Destruction is our battle cry!
We're burning books and we've a bumper crop.
And to Adam Smith and Godwin,
Add Bakunin and Kropotkin –
Once you start it's rather difficult to stop.

The Kolkhoz Song

Tune: Old Soldiers Never Die

There is an old Kolkhoz,
Not far away,
Where we get borscht and beans
Two times a day.
Vacation time we never see,
We're hiding from the M.V.D.
And we are gradually
Fading away.

*Chorus: Old Comrades never die,
Never die, never die.
Old Comrades never die,
They just look that way.*

I have a Commisar,
He is exceeding Red,
And if my quota lags too far,
I'll be exceeding dead.
A broken clock's right twice a day -
Our party line's about that way,
And if I'm heard singing this I may
Just fade away.

Salvation Army

We're coming, we're coming, our crude little band,
Coming to drive out all rum from this land.

*Chorus: Away, away with rum, by gum,
That's the song of the Salvation Army.*

We'll fight against fruit-cake, it's chock full of rum.
One single bite puts a man on the bum.

Oh, can you imagine a more terrible sight
Than a man who eats fruit-cakes until he is tight?

The man who eats fruit-cake's a terrible disgrace,
As he rolls in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

The man who eats fruit-cake leads a terrible life,
He's mean to his children and beats up his wife.

The man who eats fruit-cake dies a horrible death,
With the odor of raisins and rum on his breath.

New Talking Union Blues

Now look here buddy, what's this I see?
I see you're making more than me.
It's plain to see we need a change,
Let's get together, see what we can arrange.

We need a Union,
The Soviet Union,
A real dictatorship of the proletariat.

So he joined the Party, he was doing fine,
Parrotting out that old Party Line.
He'd carry an umbrella if the weather was fair,
'Cause if it rained in Moscow, that's all he'd care.

He was loyal –
True blue,
Just like RCA Victor...
His Master's Voice.

Hangin' Of The Black

Tune: Wearin' Of The Green

Sartoris dear and did you hear
The latest Yankee rules?
They're sendin' all our children
Into integrated schools.
They're taking all Ouah Rights away,
We'll never get them back.
They've even got a law against
The hangin' of the black.

I met with Johnny Kasper and
He took me by the hand.
Said he, "How's poor old Dixie
And how does she stand?"
Our eyeballs are all popping
And our jaws they are all slack.
They've even got a law against
The hangin' of the black.

Politician's Song

Tune: "Army Song" from the Threepenny Opera

Hodgie's in jail and
Powell's in church
And Nixon's off campaigning.
The boys have left us in the lurch
And it's dull because it's raining.

Let's go make Amy!
Her old man's gamey.
He's with his golf pals on the tee.
Then we'll go wake up Tom
And have him drop a bomb,
A really nice explosion,
In the Pacific Ocean,
To see if it's as lethal as it's cracked up to be.

Hoover's at work and
Humphrey's at play
And Benson's feeding the hogs.
All of the boys are busy today
And Wilson's gone to the dogs.

Hints For Beginners



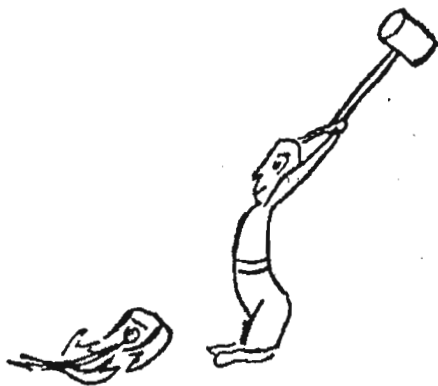
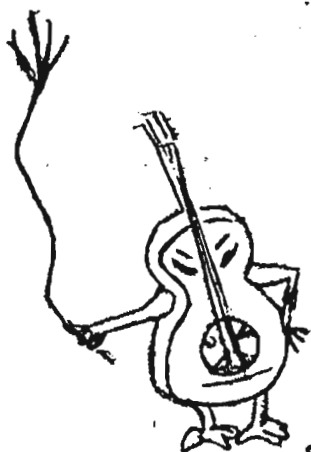
Knife Blues (the urge...)



Other Things You Can Do With A Guitar



Utilize Your Instrument

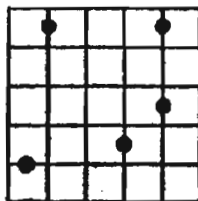
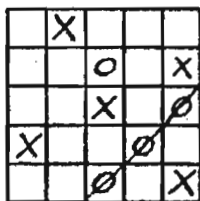
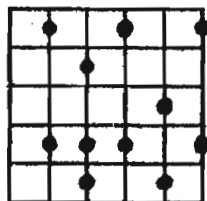
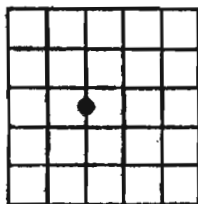
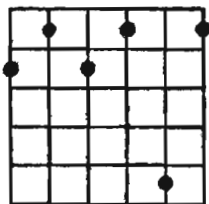
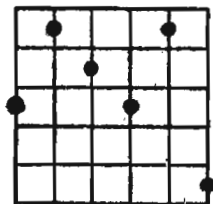


Hammering On (the proper way)

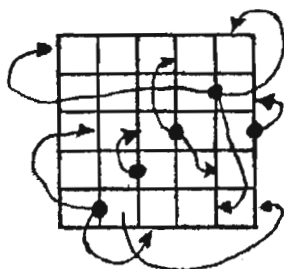


Be The Master Of Your Instrument
(or show your instrument who is master)

Basic Chord Patterns



This chord pattern is movable. It can be played in any key by moving fingers as indicated.



(B to mate in 5)

