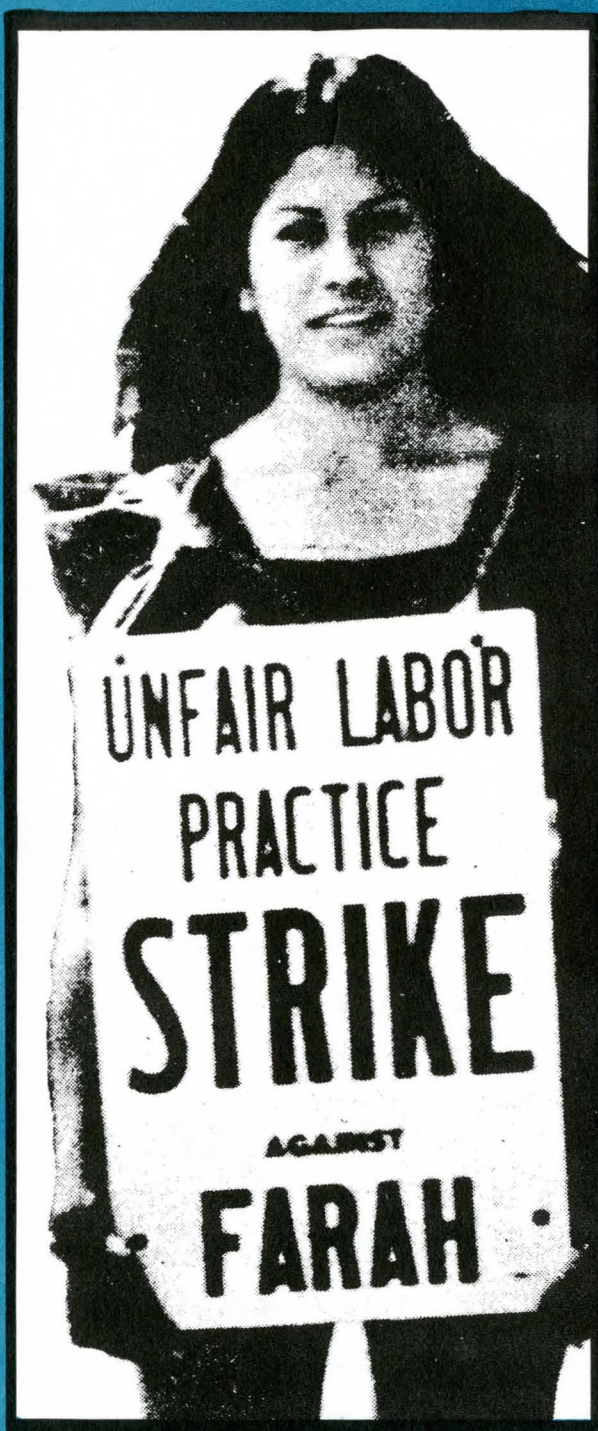
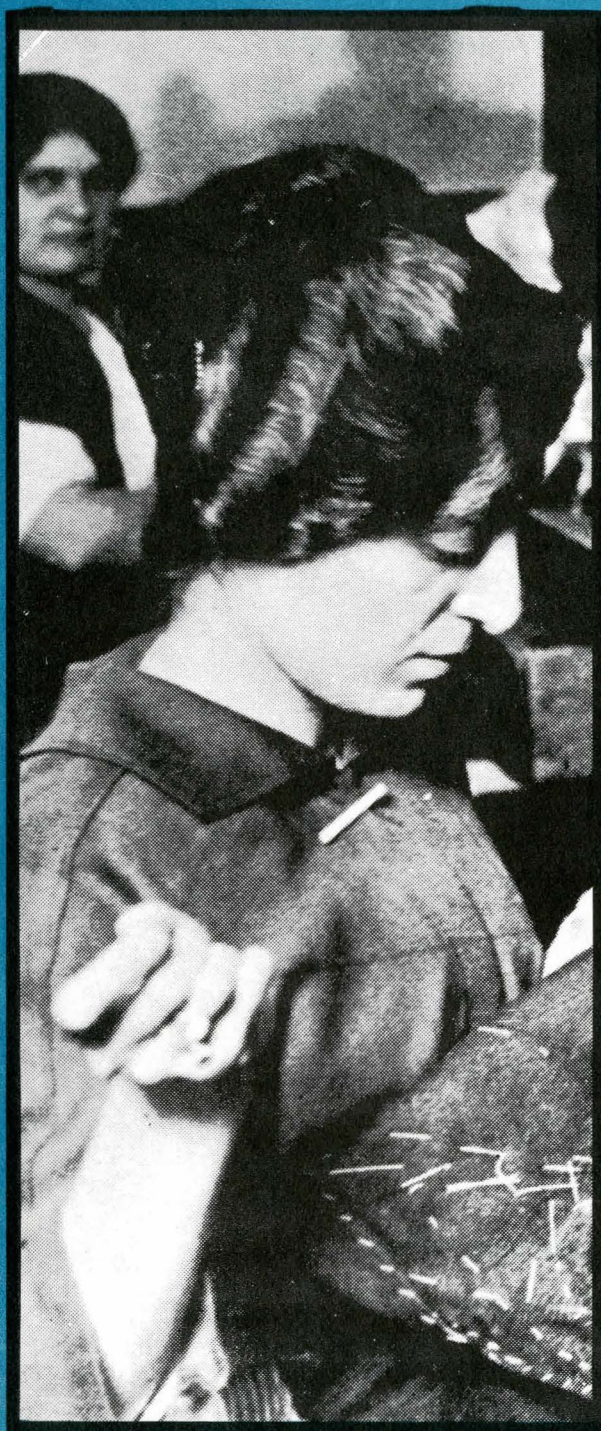


WORKING WOMEN'S MUSIC

The Songs and Struggles of
Women in the Cotton Mills,
Textile Plants and
Needle Trades

by Evelyn Alloy



Complete with Music
for Singing and Playing

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Complete with Music for Singing and Playing

by Evelyn Alloy

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WRITE FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

Musical notation by Martha Rogers

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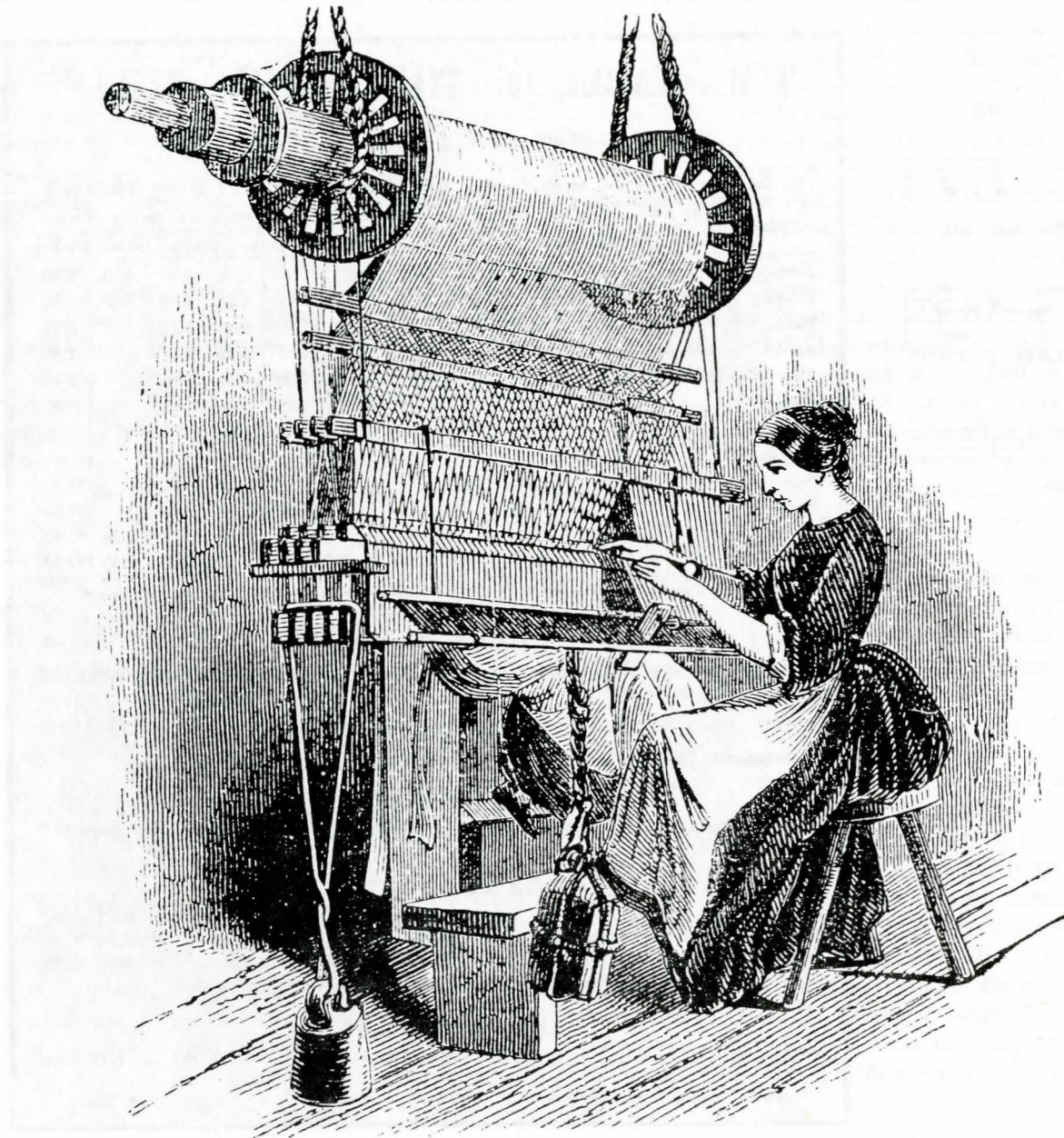
"The songs of the working people have always been their sharpest statement, and the one statement that cannot be destroyed. You can burn books, buy newspapers, you can guard against handbills and pamphlets, but you cannot prevent singing.

"For some reason it has always been lightly thought that singing people are happy people. Nothing could be more untrue. The greatest and most enduring songs are wrung from unhappy people — the spirituals of the slaves which say in effect — 'It is hopeless here, maybe in heaven it will be better.' Songs are the statement of a people. You can learn more about people by listening to their songs than any other way, for into songs go all the hopes and hurts, the angers, fears, the wants and aspirations."

John Steinbeck*

*Quoted from **American Folksongs of Protest**
by John Greenway. 1953.

EARLY INDUSTRIALIZATION



The New England Mills

In 1381 in England the peasant ancestors of the women who settled and worked in New England had revolted and marched on London, singing this chant: ¹

When Adam dived and Eve span
Who then was the gentleman?

It was a song of anger and aspiration marked by its derisive tone. It noted specifically the work assigned to women — that of spinning.

The Eve who “span” and continued to spin as a primary contribution to family wellbeing for over four hundred years became the Eve who from the tender age of seven could be found in the first cotton mills of New England. The first of these was the Slater mill in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, founded in 1791. It initiated a process which would appreciably change the character of the early New England villages and the living patterns of the inhabitants.

Lewis Mumford, in the **Brown Decades** (page 36) reminds us that the original New England villages had been planned “as a definite communal unit: the pattern of common, school, church, town hall, inn and houses had been worked out in relation to the need to exercise the direct political and economic functions of the community; and the result was as fine, on its limited scale, as anything the Old World could show.” At the time Mumford refers to, there was a large measure of social interaction, a degree of social equality, shared religious values and presumptions. Children were put to work at a tender age, for idleness

I Cannot Be a Slave

Tune: "I Won't Be a Nun!" 1810

OH IS-N'T IT A PI-TY SUCH A PRET-TY GIRL AS
I, SHOULD BE SENT TO A FAC-TO-RY TO PINE A-WAY AND DIE?
BUT I CAN-NOT BE A SLAVE, I WILL NOT BE A SLAVE FOR I'M
SO FOND OF LIB-ER-TY I CAN-NOT BE A SLAVE

TIME TABLE OF THE LOWELL MILLS,

To take effect on and after Oct. 21st, 1851.

The Standard time being that of the meridian of Lowell, as shown by the regulator clock of JOSEPH RAYNES, 43 Central Street

	From 1st to 10th inclusive.				From 11th to 20th inclusive.				From 21st to last day of month.			
	1st Bell	2d Bell	3d Bell	Eve. Bell	1st Bell	2d Bell	3d Bell	Eve. Bell	1st Bell	2d Bell	3d Bell	Eve. Bell
January,	5.00	6.00	6.50	*7.30	5.00	6.00	6.50	*7.30	5.00	6.00	6.50	*7.30
February,	4.30	5.30	6.40	*7.30	4.30	5.30	6.25	*7.30	4.30	5.30	6.15	*7.30
March,	5.40	6.00		*7.30	5.20	5.40		*7.30	5.05	5.25		6.35
April,	4.45	5.05		6.45	4.30	4.50		6.55	4.30	4.50		7.00
May,	4.30	4.50		7.00	4.30	4.50		7.00	4.30	4.50		7.00
June,	"	"		"	"	"		"	"	"		"
July,	"	"		"	"	"		"	"	"		"
August,	"	"		"	"	"		"	"	"		"
September,	4.40	5.00		6.45	4.50	5.10		6.30	5.00	5.20		*7.30
October,	5.10	5.30		*7.30	5.20	5.40		*7.30	5.35	5.55		*7.30
November,	4.30	5.30	6.10	*7.30	4.30	5.30	6.20	*7.30	5.00	6.00	6.35	*7.30
December,	5.00	6.00	6.45	*7.30	5.00	6.00	6.50	*7.30	5.00	6.00	6.50	*7.30

* Excepting on Saturdays from Sept. 21st to March 20th inclusive, when it is rung at 20 minutes after sunset.

YARD GATES,

Will be opened at ringing of last morning bell, of meal bells, and of evening bells; and kept open Ten minutes.

MILL GATES.

Commence hoisting Mill Gates, Two minutes before commencing work.

WORK COMMENCES,

At Ten minutes after last morning bell, and at Ten minutes after bell which "rings in" from Meals.

BREAKFAST BELLS.

During March "Ring out".....at....7.30 a. m....."Ring in" at 8.05 a. m.
April 1st to Sept. 20th inclusive.....at....7.00 " " " " at 7.35 " "
Sept. 21st to Oct. 31st inclusive.....at....7.30 " " " " at 8.05 " "

Remainder of year work commences after Breakfast.

DINNER BELLS.

"Ring out".....12.30 p. m....."Ring in".... 1.05 p. m.

In all cases, the *first* stroke of the bell is considered as marking the time.

was thought to encourage depravity. There was also the economic imperative — a household bulging with children could not be economically self-sufficient without the labor input of children's hands. From labor in the home, it was an easy step to respond to Slater's advertisements for child labor alone, or for child labor as part of a family unit. However, in the environment of the mill, child exploitation was more obvious; and later songs dwell on the sorrowful conditions of the child worker. Slater's first nine operatives ranged from five to twelve years of age, working six days a week, fourteen hours a day, for wages of 33 to 67 cents a week, paid in scrip.² Slater's mill towns were not planned for patterns of communal living, but for the primary purpose of profiteering; and the towns, therefore, represented a sharp decline in living conditions and standards for the young children and their families.³

The first factory that can be termed "modern," in the sense that all processes of manufacture took place under one roof, was founded in Lowell in 1815. The Lowells and other affluent New England merchants, many of whom until the War of 1812 had been accustomed to earning up to 500% on their sea ventures, had an abundance of idle capital to invest.⁴ Thus it was that the Lowells, Abbots, Appletons, Cabots and Lawrences capitalized the Lowell and subsequent mill ventures, retaining firm control through direct ownership. Blood relationships and inter-marriages strengthened their ties.

By 1815 conditions were favorable for a full time labor force in the mills. Farms in New England, by virtue of the laws of inheritance, had become fragmented. Women were in abundance whose labors in the home, or as domestics or teachers could not be fully utilized. These girls (spinsters) were thought to be a useless class of society and a financial

drain to their families. But the New England families had moral scruples that would not permit them to send their daughters off to work in a distant town unless certain moral and physical standards were established. The rural prejudices that existed against factories and factory life, in some instances remembered all too well from life in England, were overcome by building in Lowell an attractive, neat community with supervised boarding houses, churches and a library. Hannah Josephson, author of *The Golden Threads*, which details the story of the Lowell and Lawrence mills, assessed Mr. Lowell.... "as a practical gentleman not so much imbued with the 'religious cant' of the period" but with a profound sense of the necessity of having a satisfied, docile labor force. The town of Lowell, therefore, unlike the smaller mill developments of Slater's was for the first twenty to twenty-five years of its existence a model mill community. Despite the milltown's amenities, the owners never resided in the vicinity."

The code of morality that had been endlessly drilled into the young girl workers by primers, by preachers and by parents functioned as a class weapon against the girls. The salary that at first had appeared so munificent, that enabled these youngsters to help provide for their families, or to send brothers off for higher education⁵, or was put aside for a dowry, became more and more inadequate as the corporations increased the number of looms to be attended or demanded a greater output of work for the same base pay. Wages continued to average \$2 a week, but when the mill owners decided to increase the deduction for boarding house expenses, the girls revolted, for it meant a very real cut in their meager wages.^{6,6a,6b} Over 1,500 Lowell girls went out on strike in 1836, parading through the streets and singing:

"Oh! Isn't it a pity that
such a pretty girl as I
Should be sent to the fac-
tory to pine away and die?
Oh! I cannot be a slave;
I will not be a slave,
For i'm so fond of liberty
That I cannot be a slave."

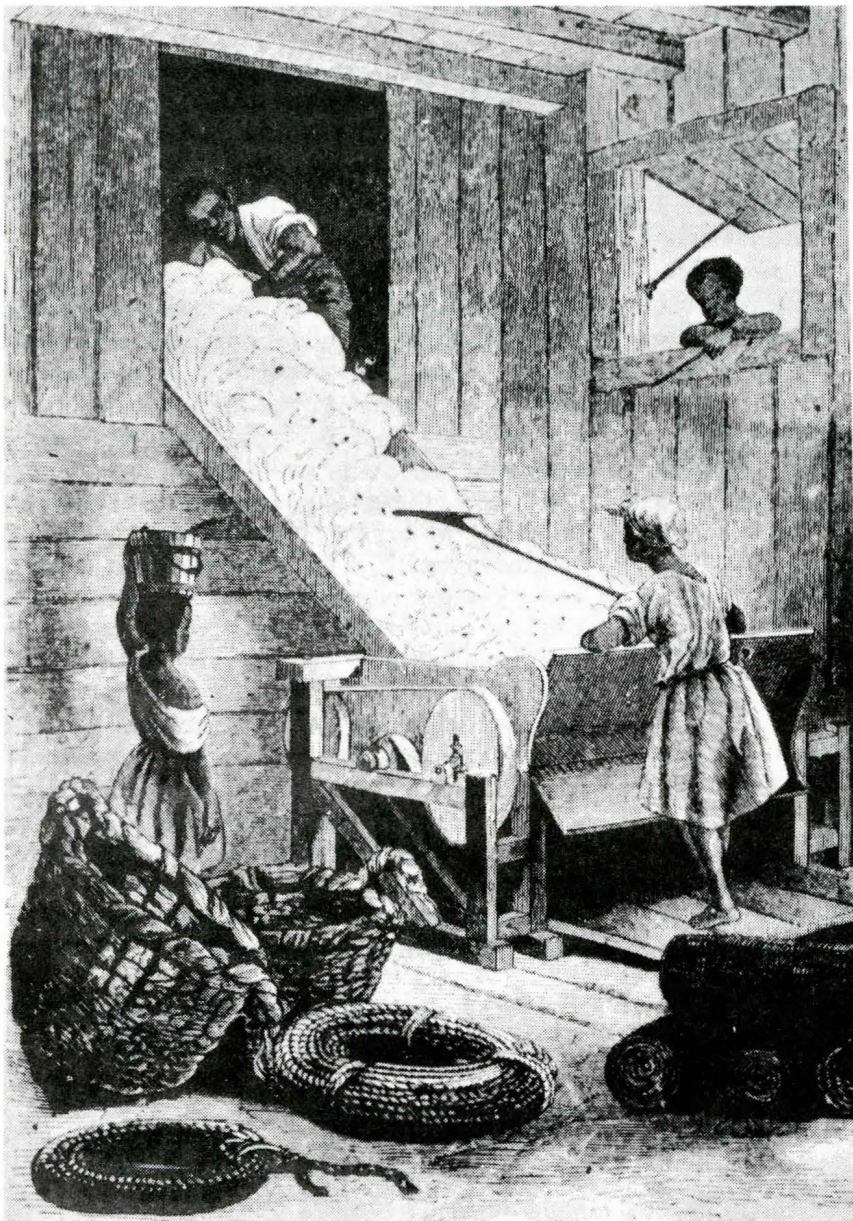
(see page 6)

By the late 1830's the shared cultural attitudes of New England mill worker and mill owner — devotion to hard work as a religious, civic and personal virtue and the view that money making was part of a noble purpose — were beginning to be split by hard economic realities. The girls could barely live on their pittance, while the owners were acquiring enormous wealth. A full fledged economic panic and recession occurred in 1837, and in New England many families were dispossessed from their small farms. The formerly independent factory girl, who in the past could return to farm and family for rest and recuperation from the driving pace of the mill, could no longer do so. Indeed, the factory girls were confronted with an influx of farming families anxious to replace the sassy girls who resented long hours, little pay, increasingly dismal physical surroundings and a deteriorating moral climate.
7,7a,7b William Blake's vision:

"And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?"

had become a reality in New England.

A song of the 1830's shows that the girls were still spirited, nostalgic for country life, but basically sought to find individual solutions to dispiriting problems.⁸ (see pg. 8)



Female slaves ginning cotton, the raw material for the mills of New England. Under slavery, some black women also worked in Southern cotton mills. (See page 35)

The Factory Girl

Tune: "Ten Thousand Miles"

NO MORE SHALL I WORK IN THE FAC-T'RY, GREAS-UP MY
CLOTHES; NO MORE SHALL I WORK IN THE FAC-T'RY WITH SPLIN-TERS IN MY
TOES. PI-TY ME, MY DAR-LING, PI-TY ME, I SAY; PI-TY ME MY
DAR-LING, AND CAR-RY ME A-WAY

CHORUS

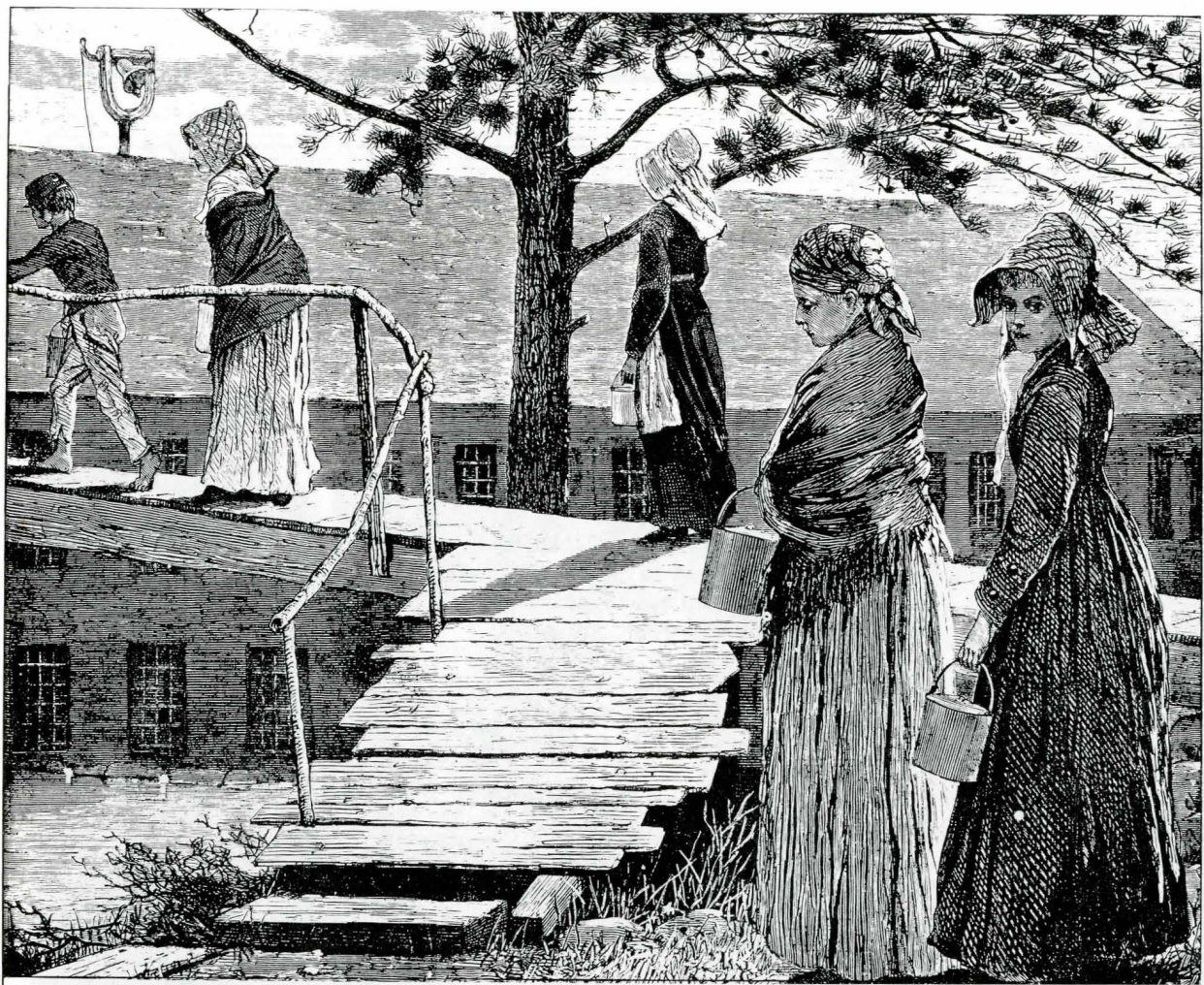
No more shall I hear the bosses say,
"Girls, you'd better daulf."
No more shall I hear those bosses say,
"Spinners, you'd better clean off."

No more shall I hear the drummer wheels
A-rolling over my head.
When factories are hard at work,
I'll be in my bed.

No more shall I hear the whistle blow
To call me up so soon.
No more shall I hear the whistle blow
To call me from my home.

No more shall I see the super come,
All dressed up so proud;
For I know I'll marry a country boy
Before the year is out.

No more shall I wear the old black dress,
Greasy all around.
No more shall I wear the old black bonnet,
With holes all in the crown.



"The Morning Bell" Daybreak marked the beginning of the working day.

Inmigration

By the 1840's the expanding mill system required more workers than the immediate area could provide. Irish workers were recruited, some the offspring of the Irish day laborers who had built Lowell and who lived in the slum section of Lowell.⁹ Active recruiting in Europe by labor agents, and the potato famine in Ireland in the 1840's brought additional waves of Irish workers to the textile plants. The New England girls were clannish, and instead of engaging in united action with the Irish felt:

"That the Irish as a general thing are ignorant, passionate; so that the middle class of our New England girls will not be seen in the streets with them, will not room with them. It is incalculably better that the native girls fill the mills. If the Irish low-class New England girls only remain, wages may come down." ¹⁰

(Emphasis — EA)

Wages were to come down, but not because the religious affiliation or national composition of the girls had changed. Wages came down because there was now an excess labor pool, and underpaid girls could be kept "in line" by the threat of unemployment. What transformation had taken place in the owners so that religious cant could be abandoned altogether? As the historian James Truslow Adams observed:

"Money making having become a virtue, it was no longer controlled by the virtues, but ranked with them, and could be weighed against them when any conflict occurred." ¹¹

The International

Words by Eugene Pottier

Tune by DeGeyter

THE LAW OP-PRESS-ES US AND TRICKS US, THE
WAGE SLAVE SYS-TEM DRAINS OUR BLOOD; THE
RICH ARE FREE FROM OB-LI-GA-TIONS, THE-
LAWS THE POOR DE-LUDE. TOO LONG WE'VE LAN-GUISHED IN SUB-
JECT-ION, E-QUAL-I-TY HAS OTA-ER LAWS; "NO
RIGHTS!" SAYS SHE, "WITH-OUT THEIR DU-TIES, NO CLAIMS ON
REFRAIN:
E-QUALS WITH-OUT CAUSE." 'TIS THE FIN-AL CON-FLICT LET EACH
STAND IN HIS PLACE THE IN-TER-NA-TION-AL UN-ION SHALL
BE THE HU-MAN RACE. 'TIS THE FIN-AL CON-FLICT LET EACH

STAND IN HIS PLACE THE IN-TER-NA-TION-AL UN-ION SHALL
BE THE HU-MAN RACE.

Arise ye pris'ners of starvation.
Arise ye wretched of the earth.
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us
Arise ye slaves no more in thrall.
The earth shall rise on new foundations.
We have been naught, we shall be all.

We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from their judgement hall.
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from its cell.
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the worker's toil are buried
In strongholds of the idle few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only claim their due.

We toilers from all fields united
Join hand in hand with all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers.
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning
The blessed sunlight then will stay.

INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION: LABOR REVOLTS AND ORGANIZES



There were many abortive strikes throughout the New England states, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware from the 1840's on, and an increasing degree of militancy on the part of the young women. Factory doors were broken down with axes, scabs (defined in 1806 as "a shelter for lice") entreated to join the strikers or forced to leave the factories. The middle class's disapproval of "unladylike behavior" was being ignored more and more at a time when there was no legal protection for children or women workers. Trade union associations were being formed in an attempt to offset the grave handicap imposed by a political system that did not provide voting rights for women or the propertyless class. The ten hour day was being demanded by the late 1840's. Working women were becoming class conscious. Middle class reformers, reflecting a general tone of humanitarianism, were pressing for legislative labor reform measures. Slowly, some men in trade union associations were beginning to realize that their economic betterment was bound up with the advancement of working women. Now songs began to reflect the theme of unity, such as a song sung at a meeting of female sewing machine operatives, with male workers in attendance, in 1865: 12

"Welcome sisters, to our number,
Welcome to our heart and hand;
At our post we will not slumber,
Strong in union we shall stand.

No angry passions here should mar
Our peace, or move our social band,
For friendship is our beacon star,
Our motto, union hand in hand."

In the Good Old Picket Line

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

IN THE GOOD OLD PICK-ET LINE, IN THE GOOD OLD PICK-ET
 LINE, THE WORK-ERS ARE FROM EV-'RY PLACE, FROM NEAR-LY
 EV-'RY CLIME. THE GREEKS AND POLES ARE OUT SO STRONG AND THE
 GER-MANS ALL THE TIME, BUT WE WANT TO SEE MORE I - RISH IN THE
 GOOD OLD PICK-ET LINE.

In the good old picket line,
 in the good old picket line,
 We'll out Mr. Lowe in overalls
 and swear off drinking wine.
 Then Gurley Flynn will be the boss,
 oh, gee, won't that be fine!
 The strikers will wear diamonds
 in the good old picket line.

The Eight-Hour Song

Words by Richard Brazier

Tune: "Silver Threads among the Gold"

WORK-ING MEN BOTH YOUNG AND OLD WHY WILL YOU WEAR YOUR LIVES A-
 HUN - GRY, RAG - GED AND FOR-SAK-EN, MIL - LIONS OF YOU ROAM THE
 WAY FOR THE MAS-TERS MAK-ING GOLD WHILE YOU LIVE FROM DAY TO DAY?
 EARTH ALL YOU MAKE IS FROM YOU TAK-EN, SLAVES YOU ARE RIGHT FROM YOUR BIRTH.
 A-RISE THEN THROW YOUR CHAINS A-SUN- DER STAND UP FOR THE EIGHT HOUR
 DAY THEN YOU WORK-ERS WHO NOW HUN-GER, WILL HAVE WORK AND GET MORE PAY.

The drive to unionization in the 1860's was set back by an influx of thousands of Civil War widows, swelling the labor supply and enabling mill owners to debase already low standards of working conditions and pay. But the ferment went on. In 1881 the Knights of Labor ¹³ admitted women to its ranks in the spirit of equality, singing:

"If we will, we can be free
Lo from Labor's sons and daughters.' ^{13a}

New means and expansion of productive forces brought changes to the social structure. Workers were restless and their grievances multiplied. Unions formed, and became the vehicle for worker challenge to the existing order. In 1886 the American Federation of Labor (A.F.L.) was born; and in 1905 the smaller Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W. — the "Wobblies") organized, and played a major role in the great textile strikes of Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912 and Paterson, New Jersey, in 1913.

What were women singing in 1912 and 1913? Ray Stannard Baker in an article entitled "The Revolutionary Strike" in the **American Magazine** of May, 1912 ¹⁴ noted:

"It is the first strike I ever saw which sang. I shall not soon forget the curious lift, the strange sudden fire of the mingled nationalities at the strike meetings when they broke into the universal language of song. And not only at the meetings did they sing, but in the soup houses and in the streets. I saw one group of women strikers who were peeling potatoes at a relief station suddenly break into the swing of the "Internationale." They have a whole book of songs fitted to familiar tunes — "The Eight Hour Day," "The

Banner of Labor," "Workers, Shall the Master Rule Us?" But the favorite of all was the "Internationale." (see pg. 10)

The Great Textile Strikes

There were no cultural ties between mill owners and the mass of workers in Lawrence and Paterson, for the workers were recent immigrants, the unskilled of many nationalities. Many were of socialist persuasion. The mills employed over 40,000 — about half of the population of Lawrence; about 22,000 were women and children, half between the ages of fourteen to eighteen. It was estimated that the death rate was 36 out of every 100 before or by age 25. The strike in Lawrence erupted following the speedup of machines that gave manufacturers the same output in 54 hours that had previously been obtained in 56 hours. The net effect for the workers was a wage cut. Two hours less pay equaled three less loaves of bread weekly! Responses to the strike varied. English speaking skilled workers in the craft A.F.L. union did not strike. And one song seems to suggest that Irish participation in the strike was not considered adequate in numbers: (see pg. 12) ¹⁵

At the same time that the Irish are being chided for heeding the anti-strike advice of their priests, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a firebrand of a young Irish woman (mentioned in the song above), was an inspiration to the strikers, devoted to the welfare of the workers, first as an activist in the I.W.W. and later in the Communist Party. In 1915 the labor organizer and songwriter, Joe Hill, sent to Flynn, as he had to other "rebel girls," the following song that was widely known and sung at that time: (see pg. 14) ¹⁶ The demand for the eight hour day was being heard in song during the strike at Lowell and Paterson: ¹⁷ (see page 12)

The song "John Golden and the Lawrence Strike" condemns the agents of the capitalist, in particular the labor leader who tries to sell out the strikers. During this strike, John Golden who was head of the United Textile Workers (A.F.L.) tried to "rescue" the workers from the radical I.W.W. Soon the strikers were singing this song written by Joe Hill for the occasion. (For reference to what happened, see Dubofsky, **We Shall Be All**, page 235 et seq.)

John Golden and the Lawrence Strike ^{17a} (Tune: "A Little Talk With Jesus")

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working
hand in hand,
The boys in blue with stars and stripes were sent
by Uncle Sam;
Still things were looking good 'cause every striker
knew
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.
John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his
"finks and stools."
He thought the rest would follow like a bunch
of crazy fools.
But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were
wise,
In one big solid union they were organized.

That's one time Golden did not
Make it right, all right;
In spite of all his schemes
The strikers won the fight.
When all the workers stand
United hand in hand,
The world with all its wealth
Shall be at their command."

In Lawrence a group of women workers had carried banners proclaiming "We want bread and roses too!" inspiring a song of the same title: ^{17b} (see page 16)

The Lawrence strike demands were in large part won, but the strike in Paterson was lost. The "wops, the kikes, the honkies firm in

The Rebel Girl

Words and Music by Joe Hill, 1915

THERE ARE WO-MEN OF MAN-Y DE-SCRIPT-IONS IN THIS
 QUEER WORLD, AS EV-'RY ONE KNOWS. SOME ARE LIV-ING IN
 BEAU-TI-FUL MAN-SIONS AND ARE WEAR-ING THE FIN-EST OF
 CLOTHES. THERE ARE BLUE-BLOOD-ED QUEENS AND PRIN-CESS-ES
 WHO HAVE CHARMS MADE OF DIA-MONDS AND PEARLS: BUT THE
 ON-LY AND THOR-OUGH-BRED LA-DY IS THE REB-EL
 GIRL. CHORUS THAT'S THE REB-EL GIRL, THAT'S THE REB-EL GIRL, TO THE
 WORK-ING CLASS SHE'S A PRE-CIOUS PEARL. SHE BRINGS COUR-AGE,
 PRIDE AND JOY TO THE FIGHT-ING REB-EL BOY.

WE'VE HAD GIRLS BE-FORE, BUT WE NEED SOME MORE IN THE IN-
 DUS-TRIAL WORK-ERS OF THE WORLD. TACET FOR IT'S GREAT TO
 FIGHT FOR FREE-DOM WITH A REB-EL GIRL.

Yes, her hands may be darkened from labor,
 And her dress may not be very fine;
 But a heart in her bosom is beating,
 Warm and true to her class and her kind.
 And the grafters in terror are trembling
 When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
 For the only and thoroughbred lady
 Is the Rebel Girl.

struggle”¹⁸ were defeated by an alignment of their class enemies — teachers who harangued their children against the strike, a hostile press, an indifferent to hostile clergy, social democratic leadership in the A.F.L. U.T.W.U. who sabotaged the unity of the workers — as well as dwindling relief contributions, and the specter of hungry children. These men and women who had been singing “The Marseillaise” — “Ye sons of toil awake to glory!” — and who had infused a new vitality into the working scene, had to wait long, long years for amelioration of their condition.

The Urban Garment Workers

At the turn of the 20th Century the bulk of the waistmakers and needle trades workers in New York City and Philadelphia were Jewish. Most of these workers were members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union which had been formed in 1900. The militancy and persistency of the Jewish girls were inspiring to their Italian and Slovak co-workers. This was a turbulent period, when the girls went out on strike again and again, by the tens of thousands.¹⁹ Here is the song they proudly sang in 1909:²⁰



Hail the Waistmakers (also titled: “The Uprising of the Twenty Thousand: Dedicated to the Waistmakers of 1909”)

“In the black of the winter of nineteen-nine,
When we froze and bled on the picket line,
We showed the world that women could fight
And we rose and won with women’s might.

And we gave new courage to the men,
Who carried on in nineteen-ten,
And shoulder to shoulder we’ll win through,
Led by the I.L.G.W.U.

Chorus:

Hail the waistmakers of nineteen-nine,
Making their stand on the picket line,
Breaking the power of those who reign,
Pointing the way, smashing the chain.”

The use of music was a very vital component of the Jewish European tradition, and it was grafted on to union meetings that thousands attended. Jewish poets who worked in the garment factories composed songs that were well-known by Jewish workers. One such song urges workers to put an end to oppression.²¹ (see page 16)

Another song reflects the agony of mothers, children, husbands and fathers whose loved ones died in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire in 1909. Over 140 Jewish and Italian young women perished, and others were severely burned and injured. Some of the exit doors had been locked to prevent union organizers from entering. Bales of material against other doors hindered escape and rescue efforts. ^{22a,22b} (see page 17)

Another Jewish poet-worker put the words of the “Song of the Shirt,” written by the English poet Thomas Hood in 1843, to music. In the sweatshops of the United States in the nineteen-hundreds, working conditions, alas, were all too similar to those Hood reveals existed in 1843 in England.²³ (see pg. 18)

Bread and Roses

Words by James Oppenheim

Music by Martha Coleman

Handwritten musical score for the song "Bread and Roses". The score is written on five staves, each with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, and chords are indicated above the notes. The chords used are C, Em, Am, Dm, G7, F, E, G7, C, A7, Dm, G7, C, F, Fm, C, Em, and D.

AS WE COME MARCH - ING, MARCH - ING, IN THE
BEAU-TY OF THE DAY, A MIL-LION DARK-ENED KITCH-ENS, A
THOU-SAND MILL LOFTS GRAY, ARE TOUCHED WITH ALL THE RA-DIANCE THAT A
SUD-DEN SUN DIS-CLO-SES, FOR THE PEO-PLE HEAR US SING-ING, "BREAD AND
ROS-ES, BREAT AND ROS-ES."

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.

As we come marching, marching,
unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
their ancient song of bread.
Small art and love and beauty
their drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for,
But we fight for roses too.

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 life's glories,
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

Die Finkelach (The Spark)

Words and music by Louis Friesell

FIN ALLE DEI-NE MA-SIM-GO-TE NIU KWELT DER HAB-ZIN TA-KE NOR
DASLE BEN FIRS TU-OI WEH-TA-TE NIU OF NIKOLAE N A SA-IUR TRAU-SEND AR-BEI-
TEN OF EI-NEM WUS IS MITIHMDER I-CHES CREIST DI HBIT BA-IE DEN EI-NEM
WAS SCHWEIGHT MEN-ZIALE RI-CHES EI- BLUST IN A-LE WIN-KE-LACH
AR-BEI-TER LEBT NUR OF BRENT MIT FEI-ER FIN-KE-LACH FON TI-RA-NEN
MACHT A SOF BLUST IN A-LE WIN-KE-LACH AR-BEI-TER LEBT NUR OF
BRENT MIT FEI-ER FIN-KE-LACH FON TI-RA-NEN MACHT A SOF, MACHT A SOF.

Wus toig gur der in jener Glauben
Menschen solen sein zu sheidt
Einer sol dem zweiten rauben
In Namen fin Heiligkeit
Wifil Idelach hoben geliten
In Leiden ieder einer
Wus shweigt men di Antisemiten
Wus brecht man seh nit die Beiner eh!

Blust in ale Winkelach
Arbeiter lebt nor of
Brent mit Feier Finkelach
Fin Antisemiten Macht a sof!
bis Macht a sof!

Shklafen hostu Gott beschafen
 Hershen sol men iber seh
 Meinsti as mir senen Affen
 Ferstehen gur kein Weh
 Menshin solin einem kreinen
 Im geben alle Rechte
 Der noch sol a jeder weinen
 Über seine Thaten shlechte heil

||: Blust in ale Winkelach
 Arbeiter lebt nor of
 Brent mit Feier Finkelach
 Fin di Zarin Macht a sof!
 ||: bis Macht a sof!

(English translation, pg. 18)

Mamenu (or The Triangle Victims)

Words by A. Schorr

Music by J.M. Rumshisky

GE - STRUFT FIN GOTT IS DUS KIND DI MI NIT WEN ES STARBT
 DIMA-ME-NIU, WEN SIS YÜNG ES KEN NIT SEIN ON A ME-ME NIU
 GIT WIND IN WEH WEN S'LESHT SKH AUS IHR LETZ-TER FINK —
 DARF MEN NUR DUS WORT JU-SIM HE-RÉN SOL-MÉN BE - SER
 NIT GE-BO-RÉN WE-RÉN M'LAIT A SHREK M'HOT KEIN ZWEK
 WEN DIE MA-ME SHTARBT A WEK OI WEH MA-ME NIU

IS DUS ERS-TE WORT FIN KIN-DE NIU NUR A MA-MES HERZ OI
 HEILT DEM KIND SEIN SCHMERZ IHR LE-BEN IN GE-FAHR SHTELT
 SIE WEH DIR JESDI ME LE BIST AN AB-GE-HAK-TER
 BEI-ME-LE KEI NER KIKT SICH IM BIST E-LIND I-ME-TIM OI
 MA-ME MA-ME WIE BIS TI E-LIND I-ME-TIM OI
 MA-ME MA-ME WIE BIS TI WIE

2. Dort steht a kind in stekt aus die hend.
 Es seht aus blas in mied wie der todt.
 Mit ge wein beit dus kind,
 oi! ---shenkt a porsent rachmunes hot ane
 du we shenkt auf a shtikele broit!
 Auf dem punimken a jeder leisen.
 Wen es wolt kein jusem nit gewesen wolt dus kind
 a soi geshwind nit aus ge strekt die hend a zind.
3. Es reist dus herz finder shreklicher plug
 s'judische Volk klugt in weint inbrecht die hent.
 Esbrecht aus a feider, oi in hellen tug,
 hinderter arbeiter sei weren ferbrent.
 Die wus seinen fin feier entrinen
 huben springendig seier todt.
 Gefinen der morg is fil. Men wert shir
 dil wie a mame klugt dort in der stil

Refrain 3

Oi weh! Kindeniu reist sich bei hur
 di mamenu zuliebedem stikel.
 Broit hot a shreklicher todt ge
 robt mir mein ein zig kind.
 Todt ligt mein meidele tach
 ri chim an stadt a chipe kleidele
 weh is mei, ne juhr a
 Kind fin sechzin juhr.
 Oi! Mame, mame, weh is mir weh.

Mamenu (Free translation for content only, not to be sung)

Title: My Poor Dead Mother (of my children)

1. A young child is punished
when its mother dies.
Without a mother, life is no good.
The word "orphan" has a terrible sound.
Life has no purpose when a mother dies.
2. There stands a child, stretching out a hand.
Pale as death, it begs and pleads:
Oy! Have pity, please---a couple pennies
for a piece of bread!
Misery is etched into its face.

Refrain 1-2

"Mama" is a child's first word.
Only a mother's heart heals a child's cry.
An orphan is like a sapling cut down,
Unnoticed, lonely and alone.
Oy! Mama, mama! Where are you?

3. Hearts are broken by this dreadful thing.
The Jewish people weeps and wrings its hands.
A fire has erupted in the light of day,
And a hundred workers burned alive.
Those who managed to escape the flames
leaped down to death. The morgue is full.
You can hear the mothers crying
in the still of the night:

Refrain 3

"Oy vey! my child, for a crust of bread,
Death has robbed me of my only child!
My little girl lies dead,
dressed up in a shroud
instead of in her wedding gown...."
Oy, mama, mama, we cry together.

(The song seems to be written from the point of view of a father who stands at the grave of his dead wife, lamenting to her the death of their child who had to go to work in the factory and was killed in the fire)

Die Finkelach (Free translation for content only, not to be sung)

Title: Sparks (The Strikebreaker)

From all you great deeds, dear God,
Only the poor man benefits!
The way you run the world---
May the Tsar have such a year!
A thousand toil for one.
Why does he deserve it?
He skins everyone alive---
Why the hell do they keep silent?

Slaves you have created, Lord,
So others can rule over them.
Do you think we all are apes
Who don't feel any pain?
Why should we crown a single individual
And give him all the rights
And then have everyone weep
Over his evil deeds?

What's the use of this or that religion?
It only keeps people divided
And lets one rob the other
In the name of holiness.
How many Jews have suffered,
Each one in his own anguish?
Why do they let anti-Semites get away with it?
Why don't they break their bones?

Refrain:

Workers---blow in all the corners
Awake! Stir up the fiery sparks
And put an end to tyrants
anti-Semites
Tsars

Song of the Shirt

Words by Thomas Hood

Music by Platon Brounoff

WITH FIN - GERS WEAR - Y AND WORN, WITH EYE - LIDS HEAV - Y AND
RED, A WO - MAN SAT, IN UN - WO - MAN - LY RAGS,
PLY - ING HER NEE - DLE AND THREAD. STITCH, STITCH,
STITCH! IN POV - ER - TY HUN - GER AND DIRT! AND STILL WITH A VOICE OF

Handwritten musical score for a song. The melody is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the staff, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff. The chords include F#dim, Em, B7, Em, D7, G, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, D, G, F#7, Bm, C, B, Em, B, Em, B, Em, B, B7, Em, D, G, F#7, B, C, F, Em, B7, and E.

DOL-OR-OUS PITCH, SHE SINGS THE SONG OF THE SHIRT! AND
 STILL WITH A VOICE OF DOL-OR-OUS PITCH SHE SINGS THE SONG OF THE
 SHIRT! WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK! WHILE THE COCK IS
 CROW - ING A-LOFT AND WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK! TILL THE
 STARS SHINE THROUGH THE ROOF! IT'S A TO BE A SLAVE
 A - LONG WITH BAR-BAROUS TURK WHERE WO-MAN HAS NEVER A
 SOUL TO SAVE, IF THIS IS CHRIS-TIAN WORK

Oh men with sisters dear,
 Oh men with mothers and wives,
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 but human creatures' lives!

Stitch, stitch, stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt!
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

Work, work, work! Work, work, work!
 From very chime to chime;
 And work, work, work! Work, work, work!
 As prisoners for crime.

Band, gusset and seam,
 Seam and gusset and band;
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
 As well as the weary hand;
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

The American Dream and Upward Mobility

An absolute minimum of the American Dream seems to have emerged from our survey of songs thus far. However, we do know that the expanding economy of the United States allowed for some mobility of workers. We can assume that gradually many of the families of women workers in the cotton mills, textile plants and needle trades became in fact members of the "middle class." This would represent a better income; a need to struggle less; perhaps even the achievement of some degree of egalitarianism as an "American," all components of the "American Dream." It would appear reasonable to conclude that second and third generation offspring of the immigrant garment workers, particularly those in larger Eastern cities, had significant belief in the "American Dream" by the late 1930's. Certainly the musical of 1937, **Pins and Needles**, an effective public relations product of the I.L.G.W.U., projects pride and self-assurance, and acceptance of American cultural and material values, as well as strong belief in the union. (see pgs. 20, 21, 22)

Another illustration of "Americanization" or homogenization is in the song "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me" Vulnerability to advertising messages and acceptance of the burgeoning spirit of consumerism are obvious, though tempered by a fine touch of skepticism and satire. It is also clear that woman is seen here as "sex object." (see pg. 24).

And finally. "We Sing America" is a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for America. What the Daughters of the American Revolution would deny them — identification with the early settlers and pioneers — the offspring of immigrants claimed as their right. (see pg. 23)

It's Better With a Union Man

From Pins and Needles

OH LIST TO THE STO-RY I SING YOU OF EV-'RY- THING
 THAT CAME TO PASS TO BER-THA THE SEW-ING MA-
 CHINE GIRL, A WIN-SOME AND CLASS CON-CIOUS LASS.—
 — AS SWEET AS THE FLOW-ERS IN SPRING-TIME, — SHE WORKED AT THE
 MEN'S PANTS MA-CHINE HER SWEET-HEART CLOSE BY AT AN-
 OTH-ER WHILE UN-ION LOVE BLOS-SOMED SE-RENE. — ONE
 DAY LIT-TLE BER-THA WAS SEW-ING; — NOT KNOW-ING THAT
 DAN-GER WAS NEAR; — A VIL-LAIN E- SPIED HER AND PAUSED THERE BE-
 SIDE HER A NON-UN-ION MAN WITH A LEER! —

OH! IT'S BET-TER WITH A UN-ION MAN! — IT'S
 BET-TER WITH A UN-ION MAN! — YOU'LL LIVE TO RE-
 GRET IF YOU EV-ER FOR-GET THIS MOT-TO PRO-LE-TAR-I-
 AN. — SO AL-WAYS BE UP-ON YOUR GUARD; — DE-
 MAND TO SEE A UN-ION CARD. — YOU'LL NEV-ER GO WRONG IF YOU
 FOL-LOW THIS PLAN! IT'S BET-TER WITH A UN-ION MAN!

Lyrics and music for the songs from "Pins and Needles" on pages 20-24 are by Harold Rome. Permission from Chappell & Company, publishers, is pending.

Sing Me a Song with Social Significance

From Pins and Needles

Ab Ab+ Fm

I'M TIR-ED OF MOON-SONGS OF STAR AND OF JUNE SONGS

Ab E7 Ab Cm

THEY SIMP-LY MAKE ME NAP AND DIT-TIES RO-MAN-TIC

G7 Cm Adim Bbm Eb7

DRIVE ME NEAR-LY FRAN-TIC I THINK THEY'RE ALL FULL OF PAP.

Ab Ab+ Fm Ab E7

HIS-TO-RY'S MAK-ING NA-TIONS ARE QUAK-ING WHY SING OF STARS A-

Ab Cm G7

BOVE FOR WHILE WE ARE WAIT-ING FA-THER TIME'S CRE-A-TING

Cm Adim Bbm Eb7 Ab Db

NEW THINGS TO BE SING-ING OF SING ME A SONG WITH SOC-IAL SIG-NIF-I-CANCE

Eb7 F#dim Eb Db Eb7

ALL OTH-ER TUNES ARE TA-BOO I WANT A DIT-TY WITH

Ab Bb7 Eb7

HEAT IN IT, AP-PEAL-ING WITH FEEL-ING AND MEAT IN IT!

Ab Db Eb7 F#dim.

SING ME A SONG WITH SO-CIAL SIG-NIF-I-CANCE OR YOU CAN SING TILL YOU'RE

Eb7 Db Edim F7 Bb7 Eb7

BLUE. LET MEAN-ING SHINE FROM EV-RY LINE OR I WON'T LOVE

Ab Db Eb7 Ab Cm

you— SING ME OF WARS AND SING ME OF BREAD-LINES.

Db Eb7 Ab Db Eb7

TELL ME OF FRONT PAGE NEWS. SING ME OF STRIKES AND

Cm G7

LAST MIN-UTE HEAD-LINES DRESS YOUR OB-SER-VA-TION IN

Cm Eb7 Ab Db

SYN-CO-PA-TION! SING ME A SONG WITH SO-CIAL SIG-NIF-I-CANCE.

Eb7 F#dim Eb7 Db

THERE'S NOTH-ING ELSE THAT WILL DO.— IT MUST GET HOT WITH

Edim Fm Bb7 Eb7 Ab

WHAT IS WHAT OR I WON'T LOVE YOU.—

Sing me a song with social significance,
All other tunes are taboo.
I want a song that's satirical,
And putting the mere into miracle.
Sing me a song with social significance
Or you can sing till you're blue--

It must be packed with social fact
Or I won't love you.
Sing me of kings and conf'rences martial,
Tell me of mills and mines.
Sing me of songs that aren't impartial;
What's to be done with 'em tell me in rhythm!
Sing me a song with social significance,
There's nothing else that will do--
It must be tense with common sense
Or I won't love you.

Sunday in the Park

From Pins and Needles

ALL WEEK LONG I WORK IN THE SHOP, I WORK AND WORK AND
NEV-ER STOP, GET UP AT SIX AND GO TO BED AT NINE, BUT THE DAY I
THINK IS THE BEST IS SUN-DAY, THAT'S MY CHANCE TO REST, THE ON-LY DAY THAT
YOU MIGHT SAY IS MINE. WE LEAVE OUR HOT AND
STUF-FY FLAT. THERE'S ONE PLACE THAT WE KNOW; AND SUB-WAY TO THE
PUB-LIC PARK OH THAT'S THE PLCE TO GO, ON SUN-DAY IN THE PARK,
ALL WEEK LONG WE KEEP ON LOOK-ING FOR-WARD TO THE
HAP-PY THINGS WE DO, IT'S SUCH A LARK ON SUN-DAY IN THE PARK!
SIT-TING IN THE SUN, WITH THE TREES AND GRASS AND

FLOW-ERS EV-'RY WHERE AND LOTS OF ROOM TO SPARE, WE HAVE SUCH FUN-
ON SUN-DAY IN THE PARK, RICH FOLKS GO A-WAY TO THE COUN-TRY YOU KNOW,
WHEN THE DAYS GET HOT. BUT WE ALL DE-CID-ED THAT WE WOULD-N'T GO
WE PRE-FER THIS QUI-ET SPOT ON SUN-DAY IN THE PARK. IT'S OUR SUM-MER HOME WHERE
WE CAN PLAY AND SPORT, OUR FASH-NA-BLE RE-SORT, UN-TIL IT'S DARK—
ON SUN-DAY IN THE PARK

We Sing America

From Pins and Needles

WE SING A-MER-I-CA, WE SING THE LAND OF PI-O-NEERS, WE SING THE
Dm A7 Dm G#dim A7
Dm C7 F A7 Dm A7
DREAM THAT LAST-ED THRU THE YEARS. WE SING A-MER-I-CA, WE SING THE



Pins and Needles

STRUG-GLE FOR THE RIGHT. WE SING THE BURN-ING TORCH OF FREE-DOM'S
Dm G#dim A7 Dm C7
F A7 Dm C7 C7 Dm D
LIGHT. WE SING THE HOPE, THE DREAM, THE MAJ-ES-TY AND MIGHT
G D7 Em F#7
A-CROSS THE SEAS DOWN THRU THE YEARS WE CAME DAUNT-LESS
G Em D7 G Bdim
SEEK-ING FREE-DOM'S NAME! OP-PRESSED WE FLED SEEK-ING
Cm Gm C#dim D7 G D7
FREE-ER SHORE, WHERE WE COULD BUILD ONCE MORE A-MER-I-CA, YOU ARE THE
G D G C D7 G G7
HOPE WE SING, YOU THE DREAM THAT MIL-LIONS HAIL! WE THE PEO-PL E WE THE
Cm C D7 G
PEO-PL E SAY DE-MOC-RACY SHALL PRE-VAIL

We sing to man's dignity and his place
With no thought of creed or race.
We sing a land that is too free and great
To sow the seeds of hate.
America, you are the hope we sing,
Yours the light that must not fail!
We the people, we the people,
Say democracy shall prevail.

Nobody Makes a Pass at Me

From Pins and Needles

I WANT MEN THAT I CAN SQUEEZE, THAT I CAN PLEASE, THAT I CAN TEASE,
 TWO OR THREE OR FOUR OR MORE! WHAT ARE THOSE FOOLS WAIT-ING FOR?
 I WANT LOVE AND I WANT KISSING— I WANT MORE OF WHAT I'M MISS-ING—
 NO-BO-DY COMES KNOCK-ING AT MY FRONT DOOR. (WHAT DO THEY THINK MY
 KNOCK-ER'S FOR? IF THEY DON'T COME SOON THERE WON'T BE AN-Y MORE!
 WHAT CAN THE MAT-TER BE? I WASH MY CLOTHES WITH LUX, MY
 ETT-I-QUETTE'S THE BEST, I SPEND MY HARD-EARNED BUCKS ON
 WHAT THE ADS SUG-GEST OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MAT - TER BE?
 NO-BO-DY MAKES A PASS AT ME I'M FULL OF KELL-OGG'S BRWN, EAT

GRAPE-NUTS ON THE SLY, A DATE IS ON THE CAN OF THE
 COF-FEE THAT I BUY OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MAT - TER BE?
 NO-BO-DY MAKES A PASS AT ME! CH DEAR-TRICE FAIR-FAK GIVE ME THE BARE FACTS
 HOW DO YOU MAKE THEM FALL? IF YOU DON'T SAVE ME THE THINGS THE LORD GAVE ME,
 NEY-ER WILL BE AN-Y USE TO ME AT ALL. I SPRINK-LE ON A DASH OF
 "FRA-GRANCE DE A-MOUR" THE ADS SAY"MAKES MEN RASH" BUT I GUESS THEIR SNAWL IS POOR
 OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MAT- TER BE? NO-BO-DY MAKES A PASS AT ME I USE
 PASS AT ME

My girdles come from Best,
 the *Times* ads say they're chic,
 And up above I'm dressed
 in brassiere of the week.
 Oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Nobody makes a pass at me!

I use Pond's on my skin,
 with rye-crisp I have thinned,
 I get my culture in ,
 I began *Gone With the Wind*.
 Oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Nobody makes a pass at me!

RUNAWAY: THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY MOVES SOUTH



There is considerable change in perspective when we turn to the Southern mill scene from the 1920's to 1973. For over a hundred years, textile plants had been concentrated in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England. By the mid-1920's the major production of textiles was in the South, since that area offered to Northern employers the major incentive of low wages. The farming families coming down from small farms in non-productive mountainous areas were now the backbone of the labor force. These children, men and women were white, primarily of Scotch and German descent, culturally homogeneous, isolated from the spirit of industrialism, unaware of union struggles elsewhere in the nation, individualistic in attitude but nonetheless docile, and had a reputed pattern of quick eruptions into violence. Physically they suffered from the diseases associated with malnutrition, a by-product of marginal existence since the days of slavery, when poor whites were "superfluous" as a labor force.²⁴ Several songs reflect the conditions they endured: (see pgs. 26, 27: "Hard Times...", "Cotton Mill Girls," "Weaver's Life...")

Hard Times in the Mill

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Hard Times in the Mill'. It consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff has a D major chord above the first measure and an A7 chord above the fifth measure. The lyrics are: 'EV-'RY MORN-ING AT HALF PAST FOUR, YOU HEAR THE COOKS HOP'. The second staff has D, A7, and D chords above the first, fourth, and seventh measures respectively. The lyrics are: 'ON THE FLOOR, IT'S HARD TIMES IN THE MILL MY LOVE, HARD TIMES IN THE MILL.'

Every morning just at five,
You gotta get up, dead or alive.

Old Pat Goble thinks he's a hon,
He puts me in mind of a doodle in the sun.

The section hand thinks he's a man,
And he ain't got the sense to pay off his hands.

They steal his ring, they steal his knife,
They steal everything but his big fat wife.

My ropen's all out, my ends all down,
The doffer's in the alley and I can't get around.

The section hand's sweepers standing at the door,
Ordering the sweepers to sweep up the floor.

Every night when I go home,
A piece of cornbread and an old jaw bone.

Ain't it enough to break your heart,
hafta work all day and at night it's dark.

Cotton Mill Girls

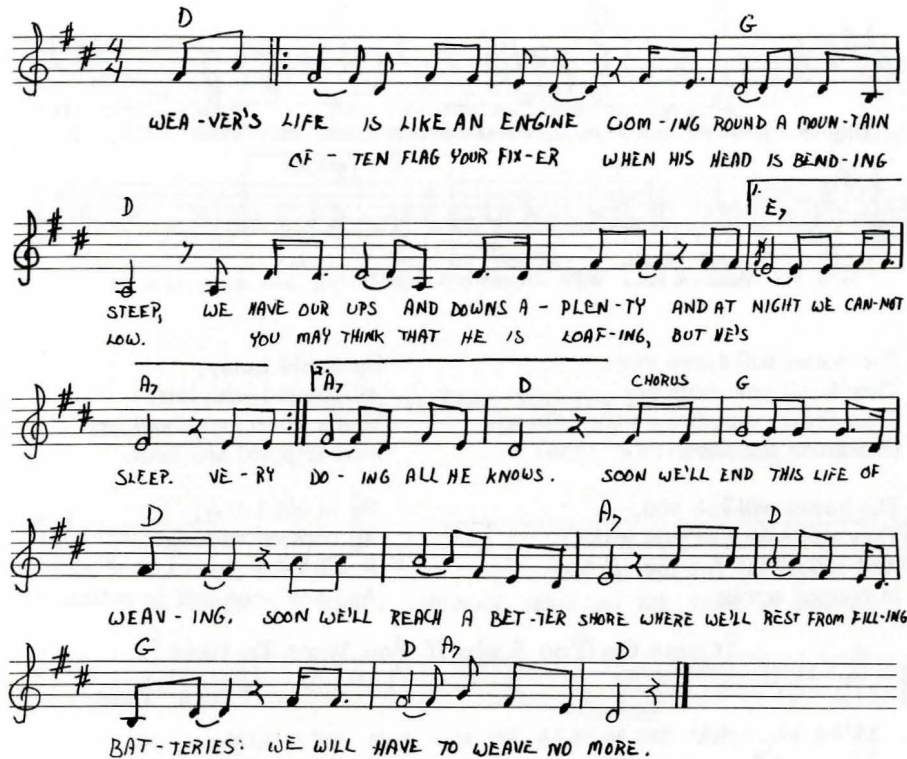
Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Cotton Mill Girls'. It consists of five staves in C major (no sharps or flats) and 4/4 time. The first staff has C and F chords above the first and fourth measures. The lyrics are: 'I'VE WORKED IN THE COT-TON MILL ALL OF MY LIFE, AND I'. The second staff has C, G7, and C chords above the first, fourth, and seventh measures. The lyrics are: 'AIN'T GOT NOTH-ING BUT A BAR-LOW KNIFE. IT'S HARD TIMES,'. The third staff has F, C, G7, and C chords above the first, second, third, and fourth measures. The lyrics are: 'COT-TON MILL GIRLS, IT'S HARD TIMES EV-'RY WHERE. IT'S'. The fourth staff has C, F, C, and G7 chords above the first, second, third, and fourth measures. The lyrics are: 'HARD TIMES, COT-TON MILL GIRLS, IT'S HARD TIMES, COT-TON MILL GIRLS, IT'S'. The fifth staff has C, F, C, G7, and C chords above the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures. The lyrics are: 'HARD TIMES COT-TON MILL GIRLS, IT'S HARD TIMES EV - 'RY - WHERE.' The word 'CHORUS' is written above the final measure of the fifth staff.

In nineteen fifteen we heard it said,
"Move to the country to get ahead."
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

Us kids worked twelve hours a day
For fourteen cents of measly pay.
It's hard times, cotton mill girls,
It's hard times everywhere.

When I die don't bury me at all.
Just hang me up on the spinning mill wall,
Pickle my bones in alcohol,
It's hard times everywhere.

Weaver's Life



WEA-VER'S LIFE IS LIKE AN ENGINE COM-ING ROUND A MOUN-TAIN
OF - TEN FLAG YOUR FIX-ER WHEN HIS HEAD IS BEND-ING

STEEP, WE HAVE OUR UPS AND DOWNS A - PLEN - TY AND AT NIGHT WE CAN-NT
LOW. YOU MAY THINK THAT HE IS LOAF-ING, BUT HE'S

SLEEP. VE - RY DO - ING ALL HE KNOWS. SOON WE'LL END THIS LIFE OF

WEAV - ING. SOON WE'LL REACH A BET - TER SHORE WHERE WE'LL REST FROM FILL-ING

BAT - TERIES: WE WILL HAVE TO WEAVE NO MORE.

Very often meet a partner
who would like to learn to weave,
And we feel it is our duty,
we are bound to believe.
Show him all about those breakouts
for he will have them by the score.
When the conversation's over
he will want to weave no more.

Very often have a breakfast
that will surely make you sweat.
If you're feeling blue and drowsy,
they will almost make you quit.
Very often have a headache
when our looms are running bad;
When we've ground and snagged the lever,
you can bet your life we're mad.

In 1929 when the stretch-out system was introduced, longer hours instituted, and the same or reduced pay given for greater output, mill workers in the Piedmont area began to "turn out" (an expression used by the Lowell factory girls in 1836). The sudden militancy of the Southern workers was bred of a half century of deprivation under a seemingly paternalistic mill ownership that had confined them to drab mill towns, shanty houses, company stores with inflated prices that kept them virtually in bondage. Wages were so low that children had to be sent into the factories, their lives blighted and shortened. The workers also felt demeaned or dehumanized by the scornful attitude of the townspeople, that middle stratum of entrepreneurs, shopkeepers and professionals that had benefitted greatly from the spread of industrialism in the South. For all these reasons, and more, the strikes mushroomed.^{24,25} Here are the songs of the strikers of Gastonia, Marion, Greenville and Danville:

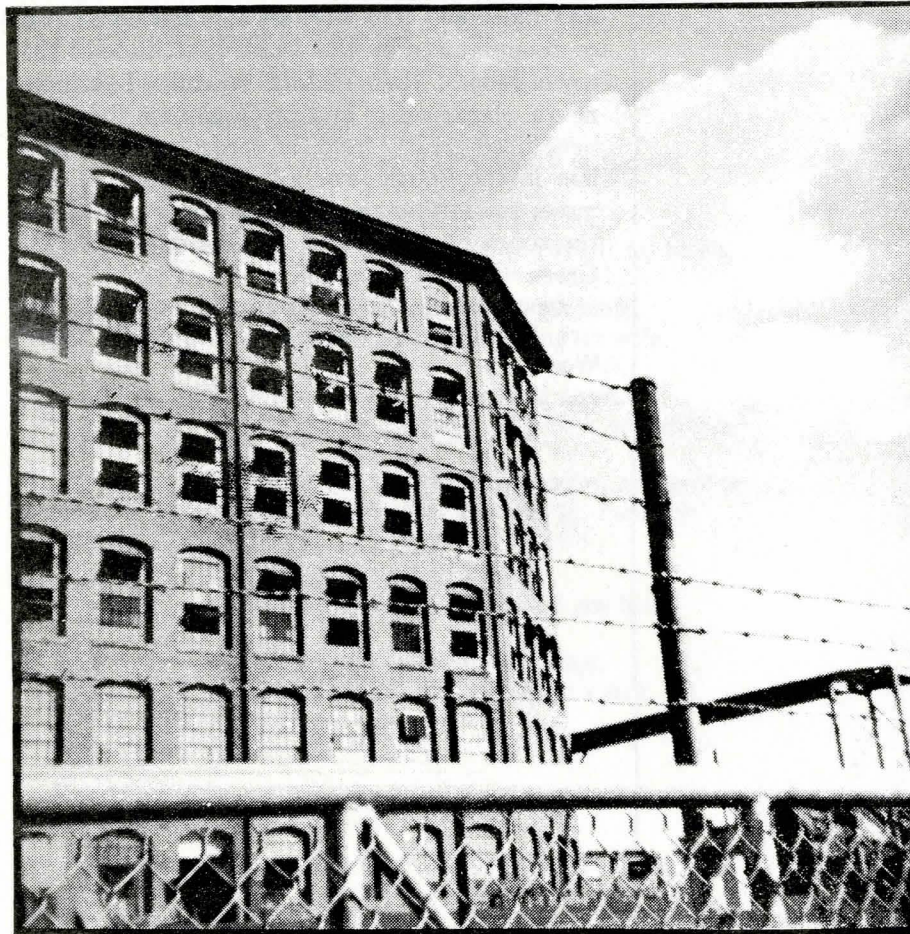
(see pgs. 28, 29 : "Up in Old Loray," "We Are Building...", "Come On...", "Let Them Wear...")

Up in Old Loray

Tune: "On Top of Old Smoky"

UP IN OLD LO-RAY—SIX STO-RIES HIGH, THAT'S WHERE THEY
 REFRAIN: PULL OFF YOUR A-PRONS—COME JOIN OUR STRIKE. SAY "GOOD - BYE, OLD
 FOUND US—READY TO DIE. GO
 BOSS-ES, WE'RE GO-ING ON STRIKE.

The Loray Mill, Gastonia, 1973



The bosses will starve you,
 They'll tell you more lies
 Than there's cross-ties on the railroads,
 Or stars in the skies.

The bosses will rob you,
 They will take half you make,
 And claim that you took it up
 In coupon books.

Up in old Loray,
 All covered with lint,
 That's where our shoulders
 Were crippled and bent.

Up in old Loray,
 All covered with cotton,
 It will carry you to your grave
 And you soon will be rotten.

Come On You Scabs If You Want To Hear

Tune: "Casey Jones"

COME ON YOU SCABS IF YOU WANT TO HEAR THE STO-RY OF A CRU-EL
 MIL-LION-AIRE.—MAN-VILLE JENCKES WAS THE MIL-LION-AIRE'S NAME, HE
 BOUGHT THE LAW WITH HIS MON-ey AND FRAME. BUT HE CAN'T BUY
 THE UN-ION WITH HIS MON-ey AND FRAME.

We Are Building a Strong Union

WE ARE BUILD-ING A STRONG U-NION, WE ARE BUILD-ING A STRONG
U-NION, WE ARE BUILD-ING A STRONG U-NION, WOR-KERS IN THE MILL!

2. Every member makes us stronger.
Every member makes us stronger.
Every member makes us stronger,
Workers in the mill!

3. We won't budge until we conquer,
etc.
4. We shall rise and gain our freedom,
etc.
5. We are building a strong union,
etc.

Let Them Wear Their Watches Fine

Tune: "Warren Harding's Widow"

I LIVED IN A TOWN a-WAY DOWN SOUTH BY THE NAME OF BUF-FA-
LO; WORKED IN THE MILL WITH THE REST OF THE TRASH AS WE'RE
OF - TEN CALLED YOU KNOW

2. You factory folks who sing this rhyme
Will surely understand,
The reason why I love you so
Is I'm a factory hand.

4. We rise up early in the morn
And work all day real hard
To buy our little meat and bread
And sugar, tea and lard.

3. While standing here between my looms
You know I lose no time
To keep my shuttles in a whiz
And write this little rhyme.

5. We work from weekend to weekend
And never lose a day,
And when that awful payday comes
We draw our little pay.

6. We then go home on payday night
And sit down in a chair;
The merchant raps upon the door--
He's come to get his share.

7. When all our little debts are paid
And nothing left behind,
We turn our pockets right side out,
But not a cent we find.

8. We rise up early in the morn
And toil from soon to late;
We have no time to primp or fix
Our dress right up to date.

9. Our children they grow up unlearned,
No time to go to school;
Almost before they've learned to walk
They learn to spin or pool.

10. The boss man jerks them round and round
And whistles very keen;
I'll tell you what, the factory kids
Are really treated mean.

11. The folks in town who dress so fine
And spend their money free
Will hardly look at a factory hand
Who dresses like you and me.

12. As we go walking down the street,
All wrapped in lint and strings,
They call us fools and factory trash
And other low-down things.

13. Well, let them wear their watches fine,
Their rings and pearly strings;
When the day of judgment comes
We'll make them shed their pretty things.

The Marion Strike

Tune: "The Wreck of the Altoona"

Handwritten musical notation for the song "The Marion Strike". The music is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, G7, E7, Am, Am, D7, D7, G, G, G7, E7, Am, D7, Am D7, and G. The lyrics are written below the staff.

WHEN THEY HAD THAT STRIKE IN NORTH CAR-OL-I-
 NA UP THERE AT THE MAR-I-ON MILL. — SOME-BOD-Y
 CALLED FOR THE SHER-IFF TO COME DOWN THERE ON THE
 HILL. —

The sheriff came down there to the factory,
 And brought all of his men along,
 And he says to the mill strikers,
 "Now boys, you all know this is wrong."

"But sheriff, we just can't work for nothing,
 And we've got a family to feed.
 And they've got to pay us more money
 To buy food and clothes that we need.

"You've heard of the stretchout system,
 A-going through this country today;
 They put us on two men's jobs,
 And just give us half enough pay.

"You know we helped give you your office,
 And we helped to give you your pay,
 And you want us to work for nothing.
 That's why we are down here today."

So one word just brought on another,
 And the bullets they started a-flying,
 And after the battle was over,
 Six men lay on the ground dying.

Now people, labor needs protection.
 We need it badly today.
 If we will just get together,
 Then they can't do us that way.

Now I hear the whistle blowing;
 I guess I'd better run along.
 I work in the factory;
 That's why I wrote this little song.

The Mill Mother's Lament

Words and music by Ella Mae Wiggins

Handwritten musical notation for the song "The Mill Mother's Lament". The music is written on a single staff in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, G7, and C. The lyrics are written below the staff.

WE LEAVE OUR HOMES IN THE MORN-ING, WE KISS OUR CHIL-DREN GOOD-
 BYE, WHILE WE SLAVE FOR THE BOSS-ES, OUR CHIL-DREN SCREAM AND CRY.

And when we drew our money,
 Our grocery bills to pay,
 Not a cent to spend for clothing,
 Not a cent to lay away.

And on that very evening,
 Our little son will say,
 "I need some shoes, mother,
 And so does sister May."

How it grieves the heart of a mother,
 You everyone must know.
 But we can't buy for our children,
 Our wages are too low.

It is for our little children,
 That seem to us so dear,
 But for us, nor them, dear workers,
 The bosses do not care.

But understand, all workers,
 Our union they do fear;
 Let's stand together, workers,
 And have a union here.

Here We Rest

Tune: "Halleluiah I'm a Bum"

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "We Praise Thee, O God". The score is written on three staves with treble clefs. The lyrics are: "WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, FOR THE STRIKE OF THE SOUTH, AND WE THANK YOU MIS-TER DEAN FOR CALL-ING US OUT. HAL-LE-LU-JAH, HERE WE REST; HAL-LE-LU-JAH, MIS-TER DEAN UN-CLE SAM-MY GIVE US A HAND-OUT 'CAUSE WE'RE TIRED OF THESE BEANS." The music features various chords (F, Bb, C, C7, A7, Dm) and rests, with some notes beamed together. The final measure ends with a double bar line.

We are standing on guard
Both night and day,
We are doing our best
To keep scabs away.

We are 1200 strong
And the strike is still on,
And the scabs are still standing
But they won't scab for long.

Hallelujah, we are union,
Hallelujah, here we rest;
Mrs. Semour sends our checks out.
We are standing the test.

The scabs are all sore
Cause we brought back Mr. Dean,
And they all swore to heaven
They would get him again.

Hallelujah, we are union;
Hallelujah, here we rest;
Hallelujah, come and get him.
We are armed for the test.

We thank you Mr. Dean,
Mrs. Berry and Miss Dowd,
For staying here with us,
through this strike you've called out.

The Marion strike ended in a massacre of six men dead and twenty-five wounded. (see page 30)

The Gastonia strike ended under a reign of terror, frame-up, mass violence, and finally the murder of Ella Mae Wiggins. She was a factory worker, who had seen four of her nine children die of whooping cough because she had been unable to afford medication.²⁶ Ella Mae became an ardent union worker, and her songs, popular with her co-workers, were sung at her funeral: (see pg. 30, "Mill Mother's Lament")

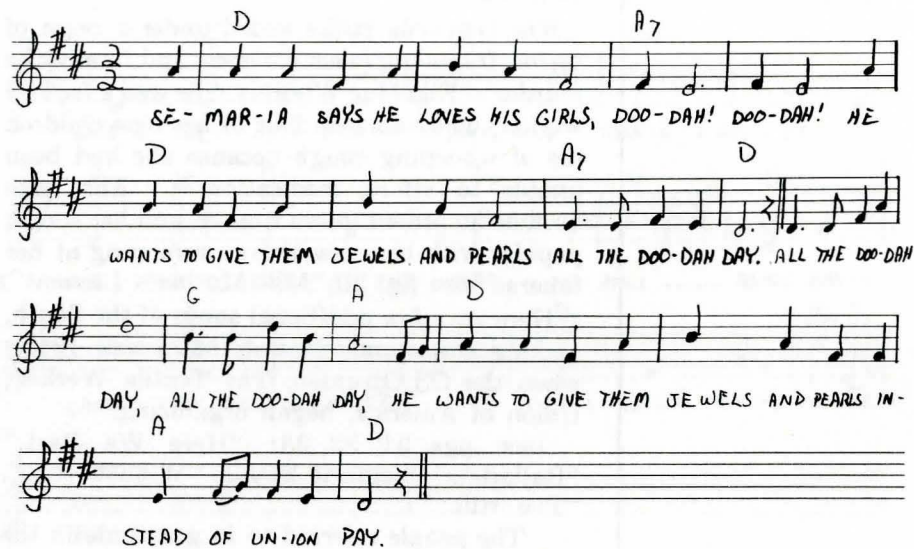
Here are a few additional songs of the South, making the rounds in the 1930's and 1940's when the C.I.O. union, The Textile Workers Union of America, began organizing:

(see pgs. 31, 32, 33: "Here We Rest," "Ballad...," "Semaria Says," "Winnsboro...," "The Mill...")

The people referred to in gratitude in the song "Here We Rest" are union leaders. Dean was killed during an outbreak of company violence.²⁷ "The Blue Bell Jail" (pg. 32) refers to the Blue Bell Garment Factory in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Semaria Says

Tune: "Camptown Races"



SE-MAR-IA SAYS HE LOVES HIS GIRLS, DOO-DAH! DOO-DAH! HE
WANTS TO GIVE THEM JEWELS AND PEARLS ALL THE DOO-DAH DAY. ALL THE DOO-DAH
DAY, ALL THE DOO-DAH DAY, HE WANTS TO GIVE THEM JEWELS AND PEARLS IN-
STEAD OF UN-ION PAY.

Ballad of Blue Bell Jail

Tune: "Hand Me Down my Walking Cane"



OH COME ON UN-ION GO MY BAIL. OH COME ON UN-ION GO MY
BAIL, OH COME ON UN-ION GO MY BAIL, GET ME OUT OF THIS
BLUE BELL JAIL, FOR ALL MY FREE-DOM'S TAK-EN A-WAY.

If we had the sense of fools (3)
We wouldn't set here like a fool
All our freedom's taken away, taken away.

For we know that a mule will balk (3)
Let's get busy with this union talk
All our freedom's taken away, taken away.

We are worn and the place is tough (3)
Oh, my Lord, we've had enough,
All our freedom's taken away, taken away.

This union sure will do the trick (3)
It will make the bosses sick
All our freedom's taken away.

Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues

OLD MAN SAR - GENT SIT - TING AT THE DESK THE DAMN'D OLD FOOL WON'T
GIVE US NO REST. — HE'D TAKE THE NICK - ELS OFF A DEAD MAN'S EYES TO
BUY A CO - CA - CO - LA AND A PO - MO PIE. I GOT THE BLUES I GOT THE
BLUES, I GOT THE WINNS - B'RO COT - TON MILL BLUES — LORDY, LORDY,
SPOOL - IN'S HARD YOU KNOW AND I KNOW, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL, YOU
WORK FOR TOM WAT - SON, GOT TO WORK LIKE HELL, I GOT THE BLUES. I GOT THE
BLUES I GOT THE WINNS - B'RO COT - TON MILL BLUES.

When I die, don't bury me at all,
Just hang me up on the spoolroom wall.
Put a knotter in my hand,
So I can spool in the promised land.

When I die, don't bury me deep;
Bury me down on 600 Street,
Place a bobbin in my hand,
So I can dolph in the promised land.

The Mill Was Made of Marble

Words and music by Joe Glazer

I DREAMED THAT I HAD DIED — AND GONE TO MY RE - WARD. — A
JOB IN HEA - VEN'S TEX - TILE PLANT ON A GOLD - EN BOU - LE - VARD. — THE
MILL WAS MADE OF MAR - BLE, — THE MA - CHINES WERE MADE OUT OF
GOLD — AND NO - BO - DY E - VER GOT TIRED, AND NO - BO - DY
E - VER GOT OLD. —

This mill was built in a garden---
No dust or lint could be found.
The air was so fresh and so fragrant
With flowers and trees all around.

It was quiet and peaceful in heaven---
There was no clatter or boom.
You could hear the most beautiful music
As you worked at the spindle and loom.

There was no unemployment in heaven;
We worked steady all through the year.
We always had food for the children;
We never were haunted by fear.

When I woke from this dream about heaven,
I wondered if some day there'd be
A mill like that one, down below here on earth,
For workers like you and me.

Handkerchief Strike Song

Tune: "Walls of Jericho"

GOOD EV-EN-ING, SIS-TER WORKER, PLEASE TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE BOUND. OH

TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE STRIK-ING FOR, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE FOUND.

THE UN-ION FIGHTS THE BAT-TLE OF FREE-DOM, FREE-DOM,

FREE-DOM, — THE UN-ION FIGHTS THE BAT-TLE OF FREE-DOM AND THE

BOSS-ES COME TUM-BLING DOWN.

Sing Amalgamated

CHAN-NING'S GIRLS JOIN THE UN-ION EV-'RY-BO-DY'S SMIL-ING

WITH THE A-MAL-GA-MAT-ED UN-ION STAND-ING RIGHT BE-HIND THEM.

TRA-LA-LA-LA LA-LA-LA TRA-LA-LA-LA LA-LA TRA-LA-LA-LA

LA-LA-LA, THE A-MAL-GA-MAT-ED BE-HIND THEM.

Many songs reveal perceptions of the myths or realities of the American Dream or Nightmare on the part of black workers in the cotton mills, textile plants and needle trades. The first cotton mill in the South opened in 1816 in North Carolina. From that year until the Civil War some slaves could be found working in the mills.²⁸ Slave wages went

directly to their owners, providing for the slave owners what in Marxian terms is called "the primitive accumulation of capital." But after the Civil War, a systematic policy of exclusion of black workers from the cotton and textile mills was practiced by Southern employers. With the migration of black families northward, we find that by 1900 black women were

working in the North in the waist industry. They were organized into the I.L.G.W.U. in 1909. In the shops they were mainly the pressers, doing the most grueling work at far less pay than white workers received. Despite active discrimination by a union that did not take up the cudgels in their behalf, black women were enthusiastic supporters of the 1909 Waistmakers Strike in New York City.^{28a}

In 1917 in Chicago and in 1921 in Philadelphia, the garment industry brought black women in as strikebreakers. Negro leaders and ministers supported strikebreaking as a wedge that would expand black employment in industry. The strikebreakers received approximately half the wages previously earned by white union employees. Five hundred black strikebreakers became permanent workers,^{28b} and also members of the I.L.G.W.U.

In the Handkerchief Strike in New York and Chicago in 1941 black and white together were singing:²⁹ (see pg. 34)

And they were singing together in 1940: 30 (see pg. 34, "Sing Amalgamated")

Returning to the Southern region, we find that there was virtual exclusion of black workers in the industries that concern us, from the end of the Civil War to 1960. Some breakthrough in employment, but of a minor nature was achieved during the 1930's C.I.O. drive of the Textile Workers Union of America, when black and white textile union members sang:

"Since I been introduced to the CIO
I ain't no stranger now".....



Greenberg's Shop is Moving South

Tune: "London Bridge is Falling Down"

GREEN-BERG'S SHOP IS MOV-ING SOUTH, MOV-ING SOUTH, MOV-ING SOUTH,
GREEN-BERG'S SHOP IS MOV-ING SOUTH, SWELL EM-PLOY-ER.

After we slaved to make them rich,
Make them rich, make them rich,
After we slaved to make them rich,
Lousy employers!

Roll the Union On

Words by John Handcox and Lee Hays

WE'RE GON-NA ROLL, WE'RE GON-NA ROLL WE'RE GON-NA ROLL THE UN-ION
ON! WE'RE GON-NA ROLL, WE'RE GON-NA ROLL, WE'RE GON-NA
ROLL THE UN-ION ON! IF THE BOSS IS IN THE WAY WE'RE GON-NA
ROLL IT O-VER HIM, WE'RE GON-NA ROLL IT O-VER HIM, WE'RE GON-NA
ROLL IT O-VER HIM. IF THE ROLL THE UN-ION ON.

CURRENT STRUGGLES AND THE FUTURE



With the movement of all types of northern industry to the South, largely in expectation of a docile labor force and low wages, there has been absorption of much of the available white working class. To augment its work force, therefore, the textile industry has had to hire black women and men. Black women pick (clean and form into rolls), card, handle bobbins, doff and spin. Few have worked up into the hierarchy, as yet, of the skilled weaving force.³¹

Here, in song, are illustrations of the dichotomy resulting from the shop or plant owner's move South to obtain more of the material benefits of the American Dream, and the Nightmare that results for the Northern workers who lose their jobs: (see pg. 36, "Greenberg's Shop Is Moving South") Simultaneously, the Southern textile workers, no longer a "docile labor force," black and white together, have been singing: (see pg. 36, "Roll the Union On")

Restless, dissatisfied workers in the South today are confronted with a formidable array of forces. Capitalism, finding itself opposed in the last colonial region of its own country, a region that appeared available for maximum exploitation, can be expected to react to opposition with all the weapons at its disposal. However, qualitative changes are taking place in the folkways, mores and social relationships in the South. Racial attitudes have been altered — white and black work together, and white and black strike together. In some strikes, white workers have acknowledged the leadership role of the black women:

"Well, it was real necessary for the white

Solidarity Forever

Words by Ralph Chaplin

WHEN THE UN-ION'S IN-SPIR-A-TION THROUGH THE WORKERS' BLOOD SHALL RUN, THERE CAN
BE NO POW-ER GREAT-ER A-NY-WHERE BE-NEATH THE SUN; YET WHAT
FORCE ON EARTH IS WEAK-ER THAN THE FEE-BLE STRENGTH OF ONE, BUT THE
UN-ION MAKES US STRONG. SOL-I-DA-RI-TY FOR-E-VER,
SOL-I-DA-RI-TY FOR-E-VER SOL-I-DA-RI-TY FOR -
E - VER, FOR THE UN-ION MAKES US STRONG

It is we who plowed the prairies
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.

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.

In our hands is placed a power
greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of atoms
magnified a thousandfold.
We can bring to life a new world
from the ashes of the old,
For the union makes us strong.

The Union is Our Leader (We Shall Not Be Moved)

Handwritten musical score for 'The Union is Our Leader (We Shall Not Be Moved)'. The score is written on six staves in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords are indicated above the notes: F, Bb, F, C, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, F, Bb, F, C, C, F, Bb, F, C7, F. The lyrics are written below the staves.

WE'RE FIGHT-ING FOR OUR FREE-DOM. WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED. WE'RE
 FIGHT-ING FOR OUR FREE-DOM. WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED. JUST LIKE A
 TREE THAT'S PLANT-ED BY THE WA-TER, WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED!
 WE SHALL NOT BE, WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED. WE SHALL NOT BE
 WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED JUST LIKE A TREE THAT'S STAND-ING BY THE
 WA-TER'S EDGE, WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED.

We're fighting for our freedom;
 we shall not be moved.
 We're fighting for our freedom;
 we shall not be moved.
 Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
 We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our children;
 we shall not be moved.
 We're fighting for our children;
 we shall not be moved.
 Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
 We shall not be moved.

Black and white together,
 we shall not be moved.
 Black and white together,
 we shall not be moved.
 Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
 We shall not be moved.

We're building a mighty union;
 we shall not be moved.
 We're building a mighty union;
 we shall not be moved.
 Just like a tree that's standing by the water
 We shall not be moved.

We Shall Overcome

Handwritten musical score for 'We Shall Overcome'. The score is written on three staves in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords are indicated above the notes: C, C, F, G, G7, C, G, F, C, F, C, G. The lyrics are written below the staves.

WE WILL O-VER-COME, WE WILL O-VER-COME, WE WILL O-VER-COME TO-
 DAY TO- DAY. OH, DEEP IN MY HEART I DO BE-LIEVE WE WILL O-VER-COME TO-
 DAY.

We will organize, we will organize,
 We will organize some day.
 Oh deep in my heart I do believe,
 We will organize some day.

We will build a new world,
 we will build a new world,
 We will build a new world some day.
 Oh deep in my heart I do believe
 We will build a new world some day.

We will overcome, we will over come,
 We will overcome some day.
 Oh, down in my heart I do believe
 We will overcome some day.

Which Side Are You On?

COME ALL OF YOU GOOD WORKERS GOOD NEWS TO YOU I'LL TELL OF
 HOW THE GOOD OLD U-NION HAS COME IN HERE TO DWELL
 WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?
 WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?
 SHOUT: WE'RE ON THE SIDE OF THE UNION

In a Brand New Socialist Way

Words by Evelyn Alloy

Tune: "Silver Threads among the Gold"

WORK-ING SIS-TERS OF ALL RAC-ES, WE MUST SEEK A BET-TER
 WAY, WEAVE THE COM-MON THREADS THAT BIND US, FIND HU-MAN-I-TY IN SOC-IAL-IST
 WAYS. MIL-LIONS OF US MUST RE-SOLVE, IN-JUS-TIC-ES MUST BE DIS-
 SOLVED. ONE FOR ALL SHOULD BE OUR WATCH-WORD, WHILE FOR STRUG-GLE WE DO
 GIRD.

Millions of us must resolve,
 Injustices must be dissolved,
 One for all should be our watchword,
 While for struggle we do gird.

No longer separate or alienated,
 Class differences a thing of the past,
 Sister and friend to one another,
 Our human potential realized at last!

and black to stick together, but what really made the difference was the black people were so together and strong. They carried the strike." 32

And the song, "We Shall Not Be Moved" (page 39) demonstrates the unity that has sometimes been achieved.

A second qualitative change that appears to be taking place, and that has much portent for the future, is in the probable abandonment of the traditional psychic dependence relationship of worker to preacher. **Black and white** ministers opposed the Oneita strike (Andrews and Lane, South Carolina). When their church membes disregarded ministerial opposition to the strike a number of black and white ministers took jobs as strikebreakers. In this way the ministers revealed their own class identity and interests, and their own support of the white power structure to which they were tied. "We used to think the preachers were the backbone of the black movement," said Carmela McCutcheon, one of the **elected** (black) strike leaders. "Now we see that it's the people who are the real backbone." 33 (*Southern Patriot*, 9/73, page 8.)

Today's Southern working woman in mill and plant is singing songs that are secularized in sentiment. They are expressive of the "here and now," not the "bye and bye," though the words may be attached to the melody of a spiritual:³⁴ (see pgs. 38, 39, 40: "Solidarity Forever," "We Shall Overcome," "The Union is Our Leader," "Which Side...")

Textile workers of the J.P. Stevens firm, in 85 plants scattered through North and South Carolina and Georgia, are waging a spirited fight for union recognition (Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union) through a national boycott of Stevens products. In addition, they have visited state and federal legislators to press for protection from cotton

dust and for just compensation for brown lung disease (byssinosis) victims. At their meetings they are singing:

Stevens don't allow no organizing 'round here (2X)

We don't care what Stevens don't allow,
Gonna organize anyhow,
Stevens don't allow no organizing 'round here.

Stevens don't allow... contracts...
unions... pensions... , etc...

(Tune: *Mama Don't Allow*,
adapted by Si Kahn;
music by Charles Davenport)

And they are also singing, to the tune of
Old Gray Mare:

Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be,
Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be
Now we've organized...

(Adapted by Si Kahn and Stevens
workers in Milledgeville, Ga.; music by
Frank Panella)

Today, black and white women workers in the South, Puerto Rican workers in the East, Chicanas in the Southwest, and Chinese women on the East and West coasts are continuing their struggles. The strike of the Chicanas against Farah Pants, 1972-73, in the largely unorganized Southwest, was successful. Their militant unity insured them maternity leave without loss of seniority, a remarkable victory for working women. Chinese women have a history of struggle in the needle trades since 1938, when they won the right to ILGWU representation in San Francisco. They fought the great American Sewing Machine Company in the same city in

1974-75, vowing to "fight you until WE win." In New York, thousands of Chinese women have joined the ILGWU to more effectively combat sweatshop conditions and discriminatory practices.

The perceptions of social reality of these women have been changed and will continue to change and develop. They are much more aware of sexism and racism, and they strive to eliminate these divisive elements in the workplace and in union contracts. Some women are being stimulated by the revolutionary rhetoric and activity of small, independent left-wing organizations. There can be no question that many women in the industries we have been concerned with, no less than workers in other industries, have been affected by the visible signs of our society's decay. The workability, the viability of capitalism is in question. It cannot be long before a spate of new songs reflecting a desire for basic, revolutionary change will be composed and sung. The new songs will be expressive of the realities of our country, of our national characteristics, and of our need to knit together the tangled racial, cultural strains that are part of our inheritance into a socialist sisterhood and brotherhood. Such a song might say: (see page 40)

Steinbeck has spoken truly. "Songs are the statement of a people." "You can learn more about people by listening to their songs than any other way." What remains is to hope for change in **content**. Songs can express joy, not sorrow; fulfilled, not unfulfilled aspirations; sisterhood and brotherhood, not racial and religious differences; striving in unity and purpose rather than individual striving. "There's a Great Day A'Coming" when we create the conditions wherein such songs can become a singing reality!

FOOTNOTES/ BIBLIOGRAPHY

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3. **History of the Labor Movement**; Phillip S. Foner; International Publishers, 1947, Volumes 1 & 2, page 65.

4. **The Golden Threads** (see #2); page 26.

5. "Early Factory Labor in New England"; Harriet Hanson Robinson; **Feminism: The Essential Historical Writings**; Vintage Paperback/Random; New York 1972; pages 49-57.

6. **History of the Labor Movement** (see #3); page 110.

6a. **Songs of Work and Protest**; (Edith Fowke & Joe Glazer; Dover Publications, New York, 1973, page 19.

6b. **Trade Union Woman**; Alice Henry; D. Appleton; New York; 1915; pages 4 & 5.

7. **Trade Union Woman**; (see 6b); page 11.

7a. **The Golden Threads** (see #2); pages 136, 163, 164, 208, 241, 254.

7b. **History of the Labor Movement** (see #3); pages 161 & 193.

8. **American Folk Songs of Protest**; John Greenway; University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, 1953; pages 122;123.

9. **The Golden Threads** (see #2); pages 215, 216, 295, 296, 297.

10. The Lowell Offerings; Microfilm Reel #675 (in Temple University Microfilm Department) From University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor Michigan 48106. Harriet Fraley, Editor of the Lowell Offerings wrote this choice bit. She was a "company" writer.

11. **The Golden Threads** (see #2); page 115.

12. **History of the Labor Movement** (see #3); page 344 (citing original source: Fincher's Trade Review, February 4, 1865).

13. **Trade Union Woman**; (see 6b); page 26

13a. **The Survey; Songs for Labor** in Volume 32, January 3, 1914; page 411.

14. **Rebel Voices**, An I.W.W. Anthology; Joyce L. Kornbluh; University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1968; page 158 (citing American Magazine, May 1912, page 24)

15. **Rebel Voices** (14); page 180.

16. **The Liberated Woman's Songbook**; Jerry Silverman; Macmillan, New York, 1971; pages 62-63.

17. **Rebel Voices** (14) page 178.

17a **Rebel Voices** (14) page 180.

17b. **Rebel Voices**; (14) page 196.

18. **Movers and Shakers**; Mable Dodge Luhan; New York 1936; page 295

19. **Trade Union Woman**; (6b); Chapter V, pages 89-114; pages 135 & 136.

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21. Gratz College of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Music Department Collection of Jewish Songs. (see Song list for publication data).

22a. **All For One**; Rose Schneiderman; P.S. Eriksson, New York, 1967; page 98.

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28. **The Black Worker**; Sterling D. Spero & Abram L. Harris; Atheneum, New York 1969; page 10.

28a. **I Am a Woman Worker: A Scrapbook of Autobiographies.** A. Hourwich. (New York: Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc. 1936), p.110 and **Labor and the Left.** J. Laslett. (New York: Basic Books, 1970), p. 103 etc.

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30. **Song Book of Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union**, 1940.

31. **The Negro in Textile Industry**; The Racial Policies of American Industry, Report No. 20; Richard L. Rowan; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Industrial Research unit.

32. **Southern Patriot** (newspaper); Southern Conference Educational Fund, Louisville, Kentucky; September 1973, page 1 Quote: Oneita strike, Andrews, South Carolina.

33. Telephone conversations with Joe Glazer and Bruce Raynor, Educational Representative of Textile Workers Union of America who advised me which songs were being sung in Oneita strike (Andrews, South Carolina) 1973.

34. **Songs of Work and Protest**; page 34.

I. Books and Periodicals

American Dictionary of American History: Volume I page 223; Volume III page 219; 153; 336; 480 Volume IV page 442; Volume V page 45

Chafe, William; **The American Woman**, Oxford Press, New York, 1972.

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Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations
504 East Armory Avenue, Champaign, Illinois

L.J.Green and Carter G. Woodson; **Negro Wage Earner**; Van Rees Press, New York City, 1930 (Association for Study of Negro Life and History, Inc.)

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The New England Offering, Volume 1 to 3, April 1848 to March 1850 and Series II, Volume 5, 1845

The Survey: (A Journal of Constructive Philanthropy); Volume 31, January 3, 1914; page 411, etc.

U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Volume 10-14, 1911, **Woman and Child Wage Earners.**

II. Music

Pins and Needles; Songs of Work and Freedom; Songs of Work and Protest (Fowke and Glazer), Dover Press, New York, 1973.

Song Book [Everybody Sings]; Hard Hitting Songs for Hard Hit People; Sing Out; Lift Every Voice; Our Singing Country; etc., etc.

The Survey Songs for Labor; Peoples Songs Library Textile Workers Union Book; Amalgamated

III. Visits to:

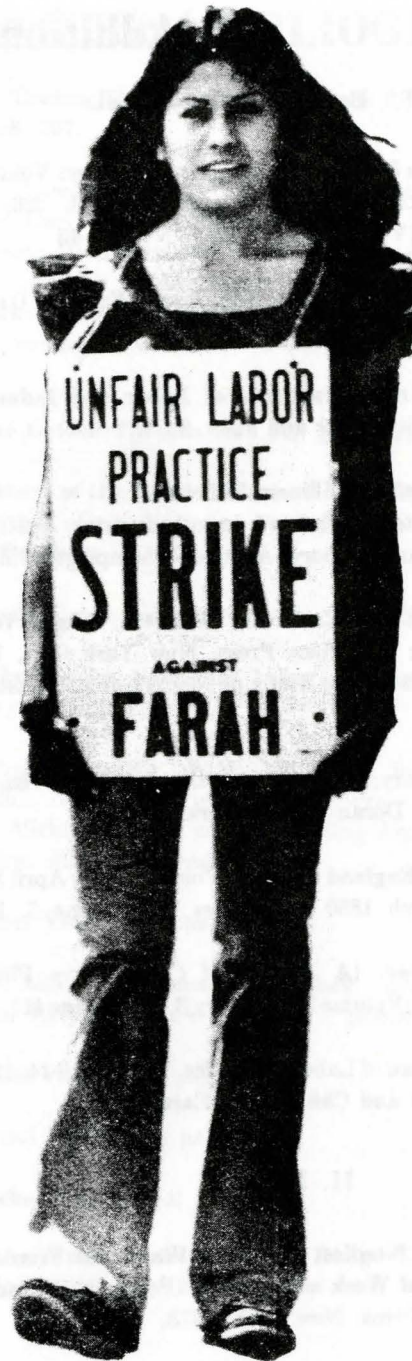
Lincoln Center Museum of Performing Arts, New York City, New York
Legacy Books of Hatboro, Pennsylvania
Tammiment Labor Section of New York University Library, New York City
Philadelphia Library Music Department, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Paley Library, Temple University
Gratz College (Jewish songs), Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IV. Calls to:

Library Company of Philadelphia
Professor Philip S. Foner
Archie Green, A.F.L.-C.I.O.
Leon Stein, I.L.G.W.U.
Jewish Music Alliance, New York City
Dr. Irving Cohen, musicologist
Jewish Archive Center, New York City
Joe Glazer, folklorist
Textile Workers Union of America; etc.

V. Letters to:

Southern Conference Educational Fund of Louisville, Kentucky
Highlander Center, New Market, Tennessee
Roosevelt University Labor Department, Chicago, Illinois
Rounder Records, Somerville, Massachusetts
Library of Congress (no response)
Professor John Greenway, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado
Brown University, Harris Collection, Providence, Rhode Island
Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., Clintwood, Virginia
Hedy West, folksinger
Musical Americana, Atlantic City, New Jersey
Appalachian Movement Press, Box 8074, Huntington, West Virginia



Pictures without captions

- Pg. 11: The uprising of the 20,000 unorganized shirt-waist and garment workers, 1909.
Pg. 25: Strike meeting at Gastonia.
Pg. 37: Victorious Oneita strikers in 1973.

Picture Credits

- Pgs. 5&6: Merrimack Valley Textile Museum
Pg. 8: *A Pictorial History of the Negro in America*/Hughes and Meltzer
Pgs. 9&11: *American Labor, A Pictorial Social History*/Schnapper
Pg. 15: *The Inheritance*/Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, AFL-CIO, CLC
Pg. 23: *Signature of 450,000*/ILGWU
Pgs. 25&28: *No More Moanin'*/Southern Exposure
Pg. 35: Photo by Roger Manley in *Facing South*/Southern Exposure
Pg. 37: *Facing South*/Southern Exposure
Pg. 44: *Womankind*/Community Press Features

Additional Song Attributions

- Pg. 26: "Hard Times in the Mill" is based on "Cryderville Jail"; written by workers of Columbia Duck Mills, Columbia, S.C., early 1900s
Pg. 27: "Weaver's Life": words by Dorsey Dixon; music traditional
Pg. 29: "We Are Building a Strong Union": words by Marion, N.C. textile strikers, 1929, to tune of "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder," hymn
Pg. 40: "Which Side Are You On?": words by Florence Reece; melody: Baptist hymn "Lay the Lily Low" and/or British ballad "Jack Munro"

About the Author

Evelyn Alloy has been active in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Women Strike for Peace, and the U.S. China People's Friendship Association. She is a graduate of Temple University, Department of American Studies. She visited the People's Republic of China in 1974, and has published articles on China as well as other topics. She has given a program of narration, slides and songs based on this book to a number of groups in the Philadelphia area.

About This Book

Evelyn Alloy intersperses commentary on the history of America's women laborers with the songs they have sung to express their fury at being exploited and their determination to win a better life for themselves and their sisters.

Of the rousing songs in the 44-page booklet, one of our favorites was I Cannot Be a Slave:

Oh, isn't it a pity such a pretty girl as I
Should be sent to the factory to pine away and die?
Oh, I cannot be a slave, I will not be a slave,
For I'm so fond of liberty
That I cannot be a slave.

The music is clearly notated, the history of the unionization of women is enlightening, and the illustrations are well chosen. *Working Women's Music* would be a nice addition to any women's collection. — *Wilson Library Bulletin*

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