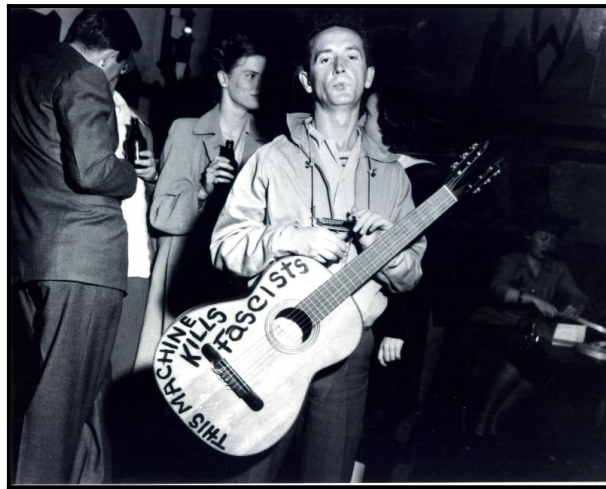


ilDeposito.org

Canti di protesta politica e sociale



Woody Guthrie Tutti i testi

Aggiornato il 13/04/2025

ilDeposito.org è un sito internet che si pone l'obiettivo di essere un archivio di testi e musica di canti di protesta politica e sociale, canti che hanno sempre accompagnato la lotta delle classi oppresse e del movimento operaio, che rappresentano un patrimonio politico e culturale di valore fondamentale, da preservare e fare rivivere.

In questi canti è racchiusa e raccolta la tradizione, la memoria delle lotte politiche e sociali che hanno caratterizzato la storia, in Italia ma non solo, con tutte le contraddizioni tipiche dello sviluppo storico, politico e culturale di un società.

Dalla rivoluzione francese al risorgimento, passando per i canti antipiemontesi. Dagli inni anarchici e socialisti dei primi anni del '900 ai canti della Grande Guerra. Dal primo dopoguerra, ai canti della Resistenza, passando per i canti antifascisti. E poi il secondo dopoguerra, la ricostruzione, il 'boom economico', le lotte studentesche e operaie di fine anni '60 e degli anni '70. Il periodo del reflusso e infine il mondo attuale e la "globalizzazione". Ogni periodo ha avuto i suoi canti, che sono più di semplici colonne sonore: sono veri e propri documenti storici che ci permettono di entrare nel cuore degli avvenimenti, passando per canali non tradizionali.

La presentazione completa del progetto è presente al seguente indirizzo:

<https://www.ildeposito.org/presentazione/il-progetto>.

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All you fascists

(1936)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: L'Europa e il mondo tra le due guerre (1919-1938)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: antifascisti

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/all-you-fascists>

I'm gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organized
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
Your poll tax and Jim Crow
And greed has got to go
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose.

All of you fascists bound to lose:
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:
Yes sir, all of you fascists bound to lose:
You're bound to lose! You fascists:
Bound to lose!

People of every color
Marching side to side
Marching 'cross these fields
Where a million fascists dies
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

I'm going into this battle
And take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

All of you fascists bound to lose:
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:
Yes sir, all of you fascists bound to lose:
You're bound to lose! You fascists:
Bound to lose!

People of every color
Marching side to side
Marching 'cross these fields
Where a million fascists dies
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

I'm going into this battle
And take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

Born to win

(1944)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La seconda guerra mondiale e la Resistenza (1939 -1945)

Lingua: inglese

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/born-win>

I had my fun and my troubles
I had my hard luck and blues
Been up and been down and been sober and
drunk
But I know that I'm not born to lose.

Born to win. I know I'm born to win.
It's a funny old world that I am in.
I'll fight to change it like it ought to be.
Born to win. I know I'm born to win.

I had women all kinds and all colors
In every land where I have been
I saw all the people in trouble like me
And I know that we're not born to lose.

Born to win. I know I'm born to win.
It's a funny old world that I am in.
I'll fight to change it like it ought to be.
Born to win. I know I'm born to win.

You robbed us and beat us and bled us.
You worked us and paid us like slaves.
I know we're all born to work and to fight
And to win or go down in our grave.

Born to win. I know I'm born to win.
It's a funny old world that I am in.
I'll fight to change it like it ought to be.
Born to win. I know I'm born to win.

Deportees

(1948)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: lavoro/capitale

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/deportees>

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are packed in the creosote dumps
They're flying you back to the Mexico border
To pay all your money to wade back again

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees
They rode the big trucks till they lay down and die

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning, and it shook all the hills
Who are these comrades that died like the dry leaves
The radio tells me they're just deportees

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys we died on your plains
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river we died just the same

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees
Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
But it's six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers,
[like thieves.]

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit
To fall like dry leaves and rot on the top soil
and be called by no name except "deportee"

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees.

Informazioni

Woody Guthrie scrisse il testo di questa canzone, che fu poi musicata, dieci anni dopo, da Martin Hoffman, e cantata per la prima volta da Pete Seeger nel 1958. Il 28 gennaio del 1948, in un incidente aereo in California, vicino al confine con il Messico, persero la vita 28 "deportati", ovvero 28 lavoratori messicani che stavano per essere forzatamente rimpatriati.

I just want to sing your name

(1946)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/i-just-want-sing-your-name>

Oh Sacco Sacco, Oh Nicola Sacco Oh Sacco
Sacco

I just want to sing your name.

Sacco Sacco Sacco Sacco Sacco, Oh Sacco,
Nicola Sacco Sacco

I just want to sing your name.

Oh Rosie Rosie Oh Miz Rosie Sacco Oh Rosie
Rosie

I just want to sing your name.

I never did see you see you I never did get
you see you

I just heard your story story

And I just want to sing your name.

Hey hey Bart Vanzetti Hey hey Bart Vanzetti

You made speeches for the workers workers

Well I just want to sing your name.

Hey judge Webster Thayer

Ho ho judge Webster Thayer

Hey hey old judge Webster Thayer

I don't want to sing your name.

Bart Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco

Bart Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco

Come here looking for the land of freedom

I just want to sing your name.

Vanzetti sold fish around the Plymouth Harbor
Sacco was a shoe factory's best shoe-cutter
all of my sons and all of my daughters
they're gonna help me sing your name.

Oh Sacco Sacco Hey Bart Vanzetti

Your wife and kids and all your family

I just want to sing your name.

Oh Sacco Vanzetti Hey Sacco Vanzetti

Hey Nicola Sacco, Bart Vanzetti

I just want to sing your name.

Oh oh oh ho ho ho

Yes yes yes yes yes yes

Yes yes yes yes yes yes

Well I just want to sing your name.

Indian corn song

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/indian-corn-song>

I been a restin'.
Ain't been a workin'
I been seetin' down.
I been a thinkin'
How the rich man runs the land.
How he promised
He would help us,
If we put him
Into office
How he turned his promises around.

Big dictators.
Speculators
Senators
And Agitators,
They tell what all they gonna do,
When they get
Into their office,
See what they can
Take off of us,
Take from me and take from you.

Finance-man
He frisk us, frisk us
Lawyer man,
He won't protect us,
Where 0 where is a honest man

Barber-man, he
Clip your whiskers
Money-man, he
Clip your sister.
Banker man, he take your land.

'Cross the Country
I been lookin',
Seldom see
Anybody workin'
Is the work of the world all done?
Come a big rain,
Come big thunder,
Come big crop
Plow crop under,
Indians never waste a one.

Can't beat finance,
Man and weather,
Workin' man got to
Got together,
Have a big meetin' down in town
Workin'-man gotta
Take the groceries
Feed the widows,
Feed the orphans.
Pass the groceries all around.

Informazioni

Brano contenuto nell'album intitolato "Woody Guthrie Singles".

Testo di Woody Guthrie.

Musica del gruppo "Blackfire".

Ludlow massacre

(1944)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La seconda guerra mondiale e la Resistenza (1939 -1945)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: lavoro/capitale

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/ludlow-massacre>

It was early springtime
when the strike was on,
They drove us miners out of doors,
Out from the houses
that the Company owned,
We moved into tents up at old Ludlow.

I was worried bad about my children,
Soldiers guarding the railroad bridge,
Every once in a while a bullet would fly,
Kick up gravel under my feet.

We were so afraid
you would kill our children,
We dug us a cave that was seven foot deep,
Carried our young ones and pregnant women
Down inside the cave to sleep.

That very night your soldiers waited,
Until all us miners were asleep,
You snuck around our little tent town,
Soaked our tents with your kerosene.

You struck a match
and in the blaze that started,
You pulled the triggers
of your gatling guns,
I made a run for the children
but the fire wall stopped me
Thirteen children died
from your guns.

I carried my blanket
to a wire fence corner,
Watched the fire till
the blaze died down,
I helped some people
drag their belongings,
While your bullets

killed us all around.

I never will forget t
he look on the faces
Of the men and women t
hat awful day,
When we stood around
to preach their funerals,
And lay the corpses
of the dead away.

We told the Colorado Governor
to call the President,
Tell him to call off
his National Guard,
But the National Guard
belonged to the Governor,
So he didn't try so very hard.

Our women from Trinidad
they hauled some potatoes,
Up to Walsenburg in a little cart,
They sold their potatoes a
nd brought some guns back,
And they put a gun in every hand.

The state soldiers jumped us
in a wire fence corners,
They did not know we had these guns,
And the Red-neck Miners
mowed down these troopers,
You should have seen those poor boys run.

We took some cement
and walled that cave up,
Where you killed
these thirteen children inside,
I said, "God bless the Mine Workers' Union"
And then I hung my head and cried.

Informazioni

Il Massacro di Ludlow (Colorado) avvenne il 20 aprile 1914, a seguito della feroce repressione degli scioperi dei minatori da parte delle guardie private dei proprietari delle miniere, guidati dalla Colorado Fuel and Iron Company (della famiglia Rockefeller). Furono uccise almeno venti persone, fra cui dodici fra donne e bambini. Esso fu il momento più tragico della lotta dei minatori, che coinvolse fino a dodicimila lavoratori e durò dall'autunno del 1913 fino al dicembre 1914

Old Judge Thayer

(1946)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/old-judge-thayer>

Old Judge Thayer,
take your shackle off of me;
Old Judge Thayer,
take your shackle off of me.
Turn your key and set me free,
Old Judge Thayer,
take your shackle off of me.

The monkey unlocked the courthouse door,
An' the elephant oiled the hardwood floor;
In did jump the kangaroo,
An' in did hop the rabbits, too.

Next in come the two baboons,
Next in rolled a dusty storm,
Next in waddled the polar bear
To keep the judge and jury warm.

Ever'body knows the mockingbird
Wrote down ever' word he heard;
The lawyers all were foxy-sly,
With a foxy nose an' a foxy eye.

The 'possum used the big stiff broom,
Then he polished the new spittoon;
Up did smile the crocodile,
Said, "Here comes the jury down the aisle."

Old momma catfish asked the trout,
"What's this trial here all about?"
Little baby suckerfish upped and said,
"The Judge has caught him a couple of Reds."

Well, the rattlesnake asked the bumble bee,
"Who's this Sacco an' Vanzetti?"
"Are they the men," asked the momma quail,
"That shot the clerks at the Slater Mill?"

The mosquito sung out with his wings,

Said, "I was there an' seen the whole durn
thing;
Saw the robbers fire their guns,
But I didn't see these men, neither one."

Well, the big-eyed owl looked around,
"They said that Sacco's cap was found
Down on Pearl Street, on the ground,
Where the payroll guards both got shot down."

"That cap don't fit on Sacco's head,"
The big black crow flapped up and said,
"They tried that cap on Sacco here,
And it fell down around both his ears."

Well, the camel asked the old giraffe,
"Did these two fellas duck the draft,
By runnin' down below the Mexican line?
To keep from fightin' on the rich man's
side?"

The lumber duck did rattle his bill,
"All the ducks and geese are flyin' still
Down toward Mexico's warm sun
To try to dodge the rich man's gun."

Up did waddle a lucey goose,
"I think these men ought to be turned loose.
But old Judge Thayer, he swore to his friends
These men'll get a chair or the noose."

When the guilty verdict came,
An' seven years in jail they'd laid,
When these two men there did die,
The animals met on the earth and sky.

"See what fear and greed can do,
See how it killed these sons so true.
Us varmints has got to get together, too,
Before Judge Thayer kills me and you."

Informazioni

Una delle numerose ballate dedicate a Sacco e Vanzetti

Red wine

(1947)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/red-wine>

Oh, pour me a drink of Italian red wine;
And let me taste it and call back to mind
Once more in my thoughts, and once more in my
soul,
This story as great, if not greater, than
all.

The AP news on June 24th
Told about a patrolman named Earl J. Vaugh.
He stepped on a Main Street trolley car
And arrested Sacco and Vanzetti there.

The article tells how Earl J. Vaugh
Is now retiring as an officer of law;
This cop goes down in my history
For arresting Sacco and Vanzetti that day.

It was 1920, the 5th of May,
The cop and some buddies took these men away,
Off of the car and out and down,
And down to the jail in Brockton town.

"There's been a killing and a robbery
At the Slater Morrill shoe factory;
You two gents are carryin' guns,
And you dodged the draft when the war did
come."

"Yes, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so,
We made for the borders of Mexico.
The rich man's war we could not fight,
So we crossed the border to keep out of
sight."

"You men are known as radical sons,
You must be killers, you both carry guns."
"I'm a night watchman, my friend peddles
fish,
And he carries his gun when he's got lots of
cash."

Oh, pour me a glass of Germany's beer,
Russia's hot vodka, so strong and clear,
Pour me a glass of Palestine's Hock,

Or just a moonshiner's bucket of chock.

Now, let me think, and let me see
How these two men were found guilty.
How a hundred and sixty witnesses passed by,
And the ones spoke for them was a hundred and
five.

Out of the rest, about fifty just guessed,
Out of the five that was put to the test
Only the story of one held true,
After a hundred and fifty nine got through.

And on this one, uncertain and afraid,
She saw the carload of robbers, she said.
One year later, she remembered his face,
After seein' his car for a second and a half.

She told of his hand, an' his gun, an' his
ears,
She told of his shirt, an' the cut of his
hair.
Remembered his eyes, an' his lips, an' his
cheeks,
And Eva Splaine's tale sent these men to the
chair.

I was right there in Boston the night that
they died,
I never did see such sight in my life;
I thought the crowds would pull down the
town,
An' I was hopin' they'd do it and change
things around.

I hoped they'd pull Judge Thayer on down
From off of his bench and they'd chase him
around.
Hoped they'd run him around this stump
And stick him with a devil tails about ever'
jump.

Wash this tequila down with gin
An' a double straight shot of your black
Virgin rum.
My ale bubbled out an' my champagne is flat,
I hear the man comin', I'm grabbin' my hat.

Suasso lane

(1946)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/suasso-lane>

Goodbye, my comrades,
Goodbye, my north Plymouth,
Goodbye to the Boston harbor,
Goodbye, Suassos Lane.

Suassos Lane is just an alley
Up here in old north Plymouth.
You saw my fish cart
Roll here in Suassos Lane.

They say I killed him,
Said I killed the payroll carrier,
Over there in South Braintree,
Thirty-five miles from Suassos Lane.

My name is Lefevre Brini,
On the same day, Bart Vanzetti
Brought fish to the Cherry Court,
One block from Suassos Lane.

My name is Joseph Rosen,
I am a woolen peddler,
I sold Vanzetti a roll of cloth,
That day in Suassos Lane.

I'm Mrs. Alphonsine Brini,
Mr. Rosen and Bart Vanzetti

Showed me the cloth with big hole in it.
One block from Suassos Lane.

My name is Melvin Corl,
I's paintin' my fishin' schooner.
Vanzetti talked to me an hour,
About a mile from Suassos Lane.

How could I be in South Braintree,
Killin' men there in front of the fact'ry,
When all these friends and others saw me
Cartin' my fish in Suassos Lane?

I tell you workin' people,
Fight hard for higher wages,
Fight to kill blackmarket prices,
This is why you take my life.

I tell you workin' people,
Fight hard for cleaner houses,
Fight hard for the wife and children,
That's why they took my life.

Suassos Lane is just an alley
Up here in old north Plymouth.
You saw my fish cart
Roll here in Suassos Lane.

Informazioni

Una delle numerose ballate dedicate a Sacco e Vanzetti

The 1913 Massacre

(1944)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: lavoro/capitale, repressione, miniera

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/1913-massacre>

Take a trip with me in nineteen thirteen
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country
I'll take you to a place called Italian Hall
Where the miners are having their big
Christmas ball

I'll take you through a door, and up a high
stairs
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere
I will let you shake hands with the people
you see
And watch the kids dance round that big
Christmas tree

You ask about work and you ask about pay
They'll tell you that they make less than a
dollar

[a day
Working the copper claims, risking their
lives
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children
and wives

There's talking and laughing and songs in the
air
And the spirit of Christmas is there
everywhere
Before you know it, you're friends with us
all
And you're dancing around and around in the
hall

Well, a little girl sits down by the
Christmas tree
[lights
To play the piano, so you gotta keep quiet
To hear all this fun you would not realize
That the copper-boss thug-men are milling
outside

The copper-boss thugs stuck their heads in
the

[door
One of them yelled and he screamed, "There's
a fire!"
A lady, she hollered, "There's no such a
thing!"
Keep on with your party, there's no such a
thing"

A few people rushed, and it was only a few
"It's only the thugs and the scabs fooling
you"
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her
down
But the thugs held the door and he could not
get out

And then others followed, a hundred or more
But most everybody remained on the floor
The gun-thugs they laughed at their murderous
joke
While the children were smothered on the
stair by the
[door

Such a terrible sight I never did see
We carried our children back up to their tree
The scabs outside still laughed at their
spree
And the children that died there were
seventy-three

The piano played a slow funeral tune
And the town was lit up by a cold Christmas
moon
The parents they cried and the miners they
moaned
"See what your greed for money has done"

Informazioni

Una canzone sul terribile massacro di Calumet, nel Michigan, dove, il 24 dicembre del 1913, dei poliziotti e delle guardie private al soldo della locale compagnia mineraria del rame irrupero ad una festa natalizia (!) organizzata dai minatori in sciopero facendo fuoco ed uccidendo otto persone. Nel panico che ne seguì, 73 bambini vennero poi calpestati a morte.

This land is your land

(1940)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La seconda guerra mondiale e la Resistenza (1939 -1945)

Lingua: inglese

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/land-your-land>

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream
waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond
deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was
strolling,

And the wheat fields waving and the dust
clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

Was a high wall there that tried to stop me
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there
asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

Two Good Men

(1946)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/two-good-men>

Say, there, did you hear the news?
Sacco worked at trimmin' shoes;
Vanzetti was a peddlin' man,
Pushed his fish cart with his hand.

Two good men a long time gone,
Two good men a long time gone,
Sacco an' Vanzetti are gone,
Two good men a long time gone
(Left me here to sing this song).

Sacco's born across the sea,
Somewhere over in Italy;
Vanzetti born of parents fine,
Drank the best Italian wine.

Sacco sailed the sea one day,
Landed up in the Boston Bay.
Vanzetti sailed the ocean blue,
An' landed up in Boston, too.

Sacco's wife three children had;
Sacco was a family man.
Vanzetti was a dreamin' man,
His book was always in his hands.

Sacco earned his bread and butter
Bein' the factory's best shoe cutter.
Vanzetti spoke both day and night,
Told the workers how to fight.

I'll tell you if you ask me

'Bout this payroll robbery.
Two clerks was killed by the shoe fact'ry,
On the streets in South Braintree.

Judge Thayer told his friends around
That he had cut the radicals down.
"Anarchist bastard" was the name
Judge Thayer called these two good men.

I'll tell you the prosecutor's name,
Katzman, Adams, Williams, Kane.
The Judge and lawyers strutted down,
They done more tricks than circus clowns.

Vanzetti docked in nineteen eight;
Slept along the dirty street,
Told the workers "Organize,"
And on the 'lectric chair he dies.

All you people ought to be like me,
And work like Sacco and Vanzetti,
And everyday find ways to fight
On the union side for the workers' rights.

Well, I ain't got time to tell this tale,
The dicks and bulls are on my trail.
But I'll remember these two good men
That died to show me how to live.

All you people in Suassos Lane,
Sing this song and sing it plain.
All you folks that's comin' along,
Jump in with me and sing this song

Union Maid

(1940)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La seconda guerra mondiale e la Resistenza (1939 -1945)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: lavoro/capitale, femministi

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/union-maid>

There once was a union maid,
she never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks
and the deputy sheriffs who made the raid.
She went to the union hall
when a meeting it was called,
And when the Legion boys come 'round
She always stood her ground.

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

This union maid was wise
to the tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by
a company stool,
she'd always organize the guys.
She always got her way
when she struck for better pay.
She'd show her card
to the National Guard
And this is what she'd say

You gals who want to be free,
just take a tip from me:
get you a man who's a union man
and join the ladies' auxiliary.
Married life ain't hard
when you got a union card,
A union man has a happy life
when he's got a union wife.

Informazioni

La canzone venne alla luce in un pomeriggio di giugno del 1940, quando W. Guthrie, adattando il suo testo alla musica di una ballata già esistente ("Red wing"), la eseguì su richiesta dell'organizzatore della sede locale del partito comunista, in un ufficetto di Oklahoma City, alla presenza di un piccolo gruppo di operai addetti all'estrazione del petrolio dai giacimenti.

Il primo frammento (di quella che successivamente sarebbe diventata la terza strofa), fu registrato sempre in un pomeriggio, ma del 1946, su un disco in acetato da Moses Asch della Smithsonian ed è l'unico in cui Guthrie esegue personalmente la sua canzone (insieme a P. Seeger che era con lui in quel momento), di cui si conosca l'esistenza (tutte le incisioni successive di "Union maid" infatti, sono eseguite da altri cantanti).

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