VIVA LA HUELGA

UNITED FARM WORKERS OF AMERICA, AFL-CIO
1915 Park Street
Hartford, Connecticut 06106
Is there ought we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with
his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded
gold.
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

SOLIDARITY PARA SIEMPRE

En las viñas de la ira
luchan por su libertad
Todos los trabajadores
Quieren ya vivir en paz
Y por eso compañeros
Nos Tenemos que juntar
Con solidaridad.

Coro: Solidaridad pa' siempre
Solidaridad pa' siempre
Solidaridad pa' siempre
Que viva nuestra union!

Vamos, vamos campesinos
Los derechos a pelear
Con el corazon en alto
Y con fe en la unidad
En la fuerza de los pobres
Como las olas del mar
La injusticia va inundar.
DEPORTEES

Chorus: 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 crops are all in, and the peaches are rotting.
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
You're flying them back to the Mexican border,
It takes all their money to wade back again.
(chorus)

My father's own father he waded that river.
They took all the money he made in his life.
My sisters and brothers come work in the fruit fields,
node that truck till they went down & died.
(chorus)

Some of us are illegal & others not wanted.
Our work contract's out and we have to move on.
600 miles to the Mexican border - they chase
like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves.
(chorus)

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon.
A fireball of lightening that shook all our hills.
Who are these dear friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees.
(chorus)

Is this the best way we can raise our good orchards
Is this the best way we can grow our good crops
To die and be scattered to rot on the topsoil.
To be called by no name except deportees.
(chorus)

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Come all of you good workers, Good news to you I'll
tell of how the good old union has come in here to dwell.
Chorus: Which side are you on, Which side are you on?
Which side are you on, Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner, and I'm a miner's son,
And I'll stick with the union till every battle's won.
They say in Harlan County there are no neutrals there;
You'll either be a union man, or a thug for J.H.
Blair.

Oh workers can you stand it? Oh tell me how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance unless we organize.
The song below is sung to the tune of Froggie Went A-Courtn'. This "love affair" is between California grape and lettuce growers and Teamster Boss, Frank Fitzsimmons. In the old version, the wedding ceremony of Miss M.ouse and Mr. Frog was abruptly ended by the appearance of a rabid guest, who cruelly gobbled up the bridal pair. This version predicts a similar fate for the marriage of Fitzsimmons and the growers—through the strength of farm workers organizing to secure their rights as workers. VIVA LA HUELGA! Unh-hunh, unh-hunh.

Fitzsimmons went a' courtin' an' he did ride, Unh-hunh, Unh-hunh;
Fitzsimmons went a' courtin' an' he did ride
A sweetheart contract by his side,
Unh-hunh, Unh-hunh.

He rode up to the growers' door, unh-hunh
He rode up to the growers' door
Where he had often been before, unh-hunh.

He brought the growers' one simple plea...
He brought the growers' one simple plea
He said, "Dear growers, will you marry me?"

The growers, they laughed and jumped for joy...
The growers, they laughed and jumped for joy
To think of the union they would destroy.

O, where will the wedding supper be...
O, where will the wedding supper be,
Up in Modesto, they all agreed, unh-hunh.

What shall the guests eat when they dine?...
What shall the guests eat when they dine?
Scab lettuce, grapes, and Gallo wine, unh-hunh.

As they were sitting down to sup, unh-hunh....
As they were sitting down to sup,
The U.F.W. showed up, unh-hunh.

The workers struck and they were strong...
The workers struck and they were strong
'Cause they were right and the growers were wrong, unh-hunh.

Now, don't buy Gallo or Franzia wine, unh-hunh...
Now, don't buy Gallo or Franzia wine
While farm workers march on the picket line, unh-hunh, unh - hunh.

Thanks to North Star

We shall not, we shall not be moved.
We shall not, we shall not be moved.
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our freedom...
The union is behind us...
Boycott grapes and lettuce...
We'll build a mighty union...
We're gonna beat the growers...
United in the struggle...

No, no, no nos moverán
No, no, no nos moverán
Como un árbol
Firme junto al río
No nos moverán

Unidos en la lucha, no nos moverán
Unidos en la lucha, no nos moverán
Como un árbol
Firme junto al río
No nos moverán

Unidos en la huelga...
**Pastures of Plenty**

It's a mighty hard row that these poor hands have hoed.

My poor feet have travelled a hot dusty road,

Out of old Mexico and northward we rolled,

Lord, your deserts are hot and your mountains are cold.

We've worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes,

Slept on the ground 'neath the light of your moon,

As the edge of your city you'll see us and then,

We come with the dust and we're gone with the wind.

California, Arizona, we've worked all your crops,

And north up to Oregon to gather your hops,

We dig beets from your ground, cut grapes from your vine,

To set on your table that light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,

To the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down,

Every state in this union us migrants have been,

We'll word in the fight and we'll fight till we win.

It's always we'll ramble that river and I,

All along your green valleys I'll work till I die,

Our rights we'll defend with our lives if need be,

Cause these pastures of plenty must someday be free,

And the children we've born here should also be free.

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**Oh Freedom**

Oh freedom! Oh freedom!

Oh freedom, Lord for me, Lord for me!

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,

And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more killing, no more killing,

No more killing, Lord for me, Lord for me!

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,

And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more crying, no more crying,

No more crying, Lord for me, Lord for me!

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,

And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more lettuce, no more lettuce,

No more lettuce, on my plate, on my plate.

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,

And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more scabbing, no more scabbing,

No more scabbing, Lord for me, Lord for me.

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,

And go home to my Lord and be free.

**Roll the Union On**

We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll, we're gonna roll this union on.

We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll, we're gonna roll this union on.

And if the growers get in the way, we're gonna roll right over them. We're gonna roll this union on.

And if the teamsters...

And if A&P...

And if Nixon...

And if the scabs...
**DE COLORES**

De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los pájaritos que vienen de afuera.
De colores, de colores es el arco iris que tenemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el
kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri
La gallina, la gallina con el
kara, kara, kara, kara
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el
pio, pio, pio, pio, pio
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.

**WE SHALL OVERCOME -- NOSOTROS VENCEREMOS**

We shall overcome, we shall overcome, we shall overcome someday.
We are not afraid, we are not afraid, we are not afraid today.
Deep in my heart, I do believe, we shall overcome someday.

Nosotros venceremos, nosotros venceremos, nosotros venceremos ahora.
O en mi corazón, yo creo, nosotros venceremos.

**THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND**

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.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

The sun was shining as I was strolling
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.
As the fog was lifting, a voice was singing
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
While all around me a voice was chanting
This land was made for you and me.
UNION MAID

There once was a union maid, who never was afraid,

of the goons & ginks & company finks & deputy sheriffs who made the raids.

She went to the union hall, when a meeting it was called. And when the company boys come round,

she always stood her ground.

Chorus: O, you can't scare me I'm stickin' to the union (three times)

O, you can't scare me I'm stickin' to the union,

And I'll stick to the union till the day I die.

This union maid was wise, to the tricks of the company spies, she couldn't be fooled by company stools, She'd always organize she always got her way, When she struck for higher pay, she'd show her card to the company guard & this is what she'd say. (chorus)

We're modern union maids, we're also not afraid, To walk the line, leave jobs behind & we're not just a ladies aid. We fight for equal pay, & we will have our say. We're workers too, the same as you, & fight the union way. (chorus)