



**VIVA**

**LA**

**HUELGA**

**UNITED FARM WORKERS  
OF AMERICA, AFL-CIO**

**1915 Park Street**

**Hartford, Connecticut 06106**

Play in C with Capo on 4th fret

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER

**C**  
When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus: **C**  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong. **C**

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.

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 outcasts and starving 'mid the wonders we  
have made.  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and  
ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations, built is skyward  
stone by stone.  
It is ours not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While 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 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.

## SOLIDARIDAD 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 unidd  
En la fuerza de los pobres  
Como las olas del mar  
La injusticia va inundar.



DEPORTEES

Chorus: <sup>G</sup> Goodbye to my Juan, <sup>D</sup> goodbye Rosalita,  
<sup>A</sup> Adios mis amigos, <sup>D</sup> Jesus Y Maria.

<sup>G</sup> You won't have a name when you <sup>D</sup> ride  
the big airplane,

<sup>D</sup> All they will call you will be, <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> deportees.  
The crops are all in, and the <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> peaches are rotting.

The oranges are piled in their <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> creosote dumps.

<sup>G</sup> You're flying them back to the <sup>D</sup> Mexican border,

It takes all their money to <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> 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,  
Rode 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 <sup>us</sup> 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?

<sup>A</sup> Come all of you good workers, <sup>D</sup> Good news to you I'll  
<sup>A</sup> tell of how the good old union has come in here to  
<sup>A</sup> dwell.

<sup>A</sup> Chorus: Which side are you on, <sup>E</sup> Which side are  
you <sup>A</sup> on?

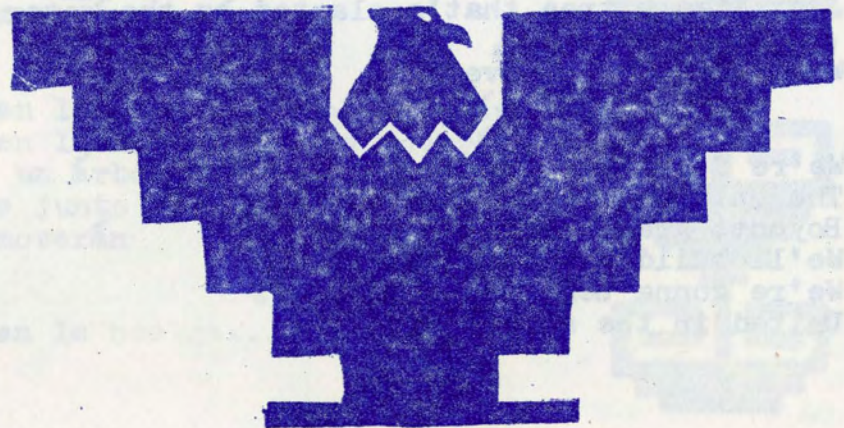
<sup>A</sup> Which side are you on, <sup>E</sup> Which side are  
you <sup>A</sup> on?

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.



# FITZSIMMONS WENT A-COURTIN'



The song below is sung to the tune of Froggie Went A-Courtin'. This "love affair" is between California grape and lettuce growers and Teamster Boss, Frank Fitzsimmons. In the old version, the wedding ceremony of Miss Mouse 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

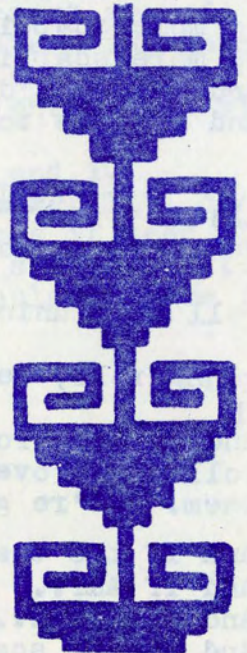
**D**                      **A**  
We shall not, we shall not be moved.  
**D**  
We shall not, we shall not be moved.  
**G**                      **D**  
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,  
**A**                      **D**  
We shall not be moved.

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...



## OH FREEDOM

<sup>D</sup> Oh freedom! <sup>A</sup> Oh freedom! <sup>D</sup>

Oh freedom, Lord for me, Lord for me!

<sup>D</sup> And before I'd be a slave, I'd be <sup>G</sup> buried in my  
<sup>D</sup> grave,

And go home to my <sup>A</sup> Lord and be <sup>D</sup> 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

<sup>D</sup> We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll, we're gonna  
roll this union on. <sup>A</sup> We're gonna roll, we're

gonna roll, We're gonna roll this union on. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> And if the growers get in the way, we're gonna  
roll right over them, <sup>A</sup> we're gonna roll right over  
them. <sup>D</sup> We're gonna roll this union on.

And if the teamsters...  
And if A&P...  
And if Nixon...  
And if the scabs...

## PASTURES OF PLENTY

<sup>Dm</sup> It's a mighty hard row that these poor hands have  
hoed,

<sup>F</sup> My poor feet have travelled a hot dusty road, <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>Dm</sup> Out of old Mexico and northward we rolled,

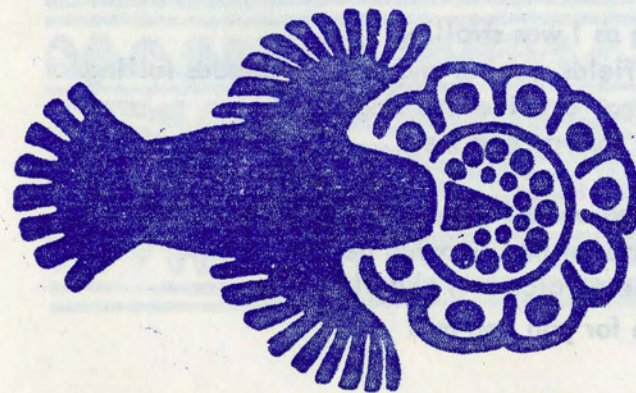
Lord, your deserts are hot and your mountains <sup>F</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
are cold. <sup>Dm</sup>

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



## DE COLORES

<sup>C</sup> De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera  
<sup>G</sup> De colores, de colores son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera.  
De colores, de colores es el arco iris que vemos 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.

<sup>C</sup> Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el  
kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri  
La gallina, la gallina con el  
kara, kara, kara, kara, kara  
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el  
pio, pio, pio, pio, pi  
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.

## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

<sup>F</sup> As I was walking that ribbon of highway  
<sup>C</sup> I saw above me that endless skyway.  
I saw below me that golden valley.  
This land was made for you and me.

<sup>C</sup> This land is your land, this land is my land  
<sup>F</sup> From California to the New York island  
From 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.

## G with Capo on 2nd fret

### WE SHALL OVERCOME -- NOSOTROS VENCEREMOS

<sup>G</sup> We shall overcome, we shall overcome, we shall overcome  
<sup>A</sup> someday  
<sup>C</sup> Deep in my heart, I do believe, 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 corazon, yo creo, nosotros venceremos.

No tenemos miedo, no tenemos miedo, no tenemos miedo  
ahora.  
O en mi corazon, yo creo, nosotros venceremos.

We are not alone, etc.

No estamos solos, etc.

Unidos ganaremos, etc.



## UNION MAID

<sup>D</sup> 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 <sup>the guys</sup> 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)

