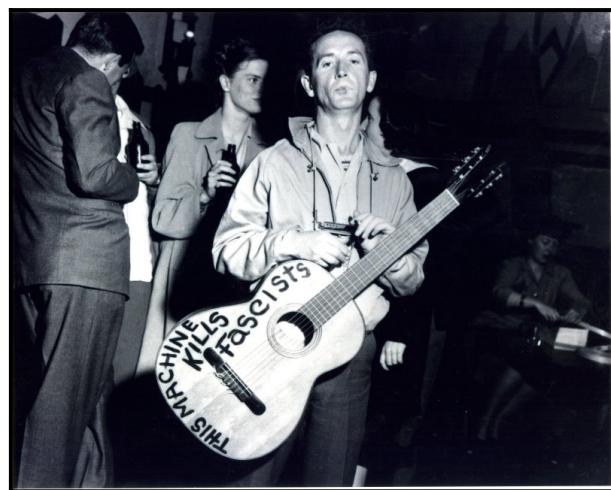




**Canti di protesta politica e sociale**



## **Woody Guthrie**

### **Tutti i testi**

Aggiornato il 12/02/2026

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'età.

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 refluxo 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'.	Barber-man, he
Ain't been a workin'	Clip your whiskers
I been seetin' down.	Money-man, he
I been a thinkin'	Clip your sister.
How the rich man runs the land.	Banker man, he take your land.
How he promised	
He would help us,	'Cross the Country
If we put him	I been lookin',
Into office	Seldom see
How he turned his promises around.	Anybody workin'
Big dictators.	Is the work of the world all done?
Speculators	Come a big rain,
Senators	Come big thunder,
And Agitators,	Come big crop
They tell what all they gonna do,	Plow crop under,
When they get	Indians never waste a one.
Into their office,	
See what they can	Can't beat finance,
Take off of us,	Man and weather,
Take from me and take from you.	Workin' man got to
Finance-man	Got together,
He frisk us, frisk us	Have a big meetin' down in town
Lawyer man,	Workin'-man gotta
He won't protect us,	Take the groceries
Where O where is a honest man	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 spitoon;  
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 irruppero 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 ufficietto 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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