

## I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Air: Sunny Tennessee)

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

## CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;  
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—  
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I  
will find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.  
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

## II

Let us then be up and doing—  
Greater Times and things are brewing  
Oh, Organize!—The one big union way  
“Workers of the world awaken.”  
“All the wealth you make is taken.”  
“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

## III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—  
Hunger at our vitals gnawing—  
My reason sways and I long to pray?  
Rises then again before us  
Spectre's of a Martyred chorus—  
I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

## CHORUS

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Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial  
Freedom.