



Yes, The judge was appointed by the state  
Oh, Utah justice can be had  
But not for a union man  
And Joe was warned by summer early morn  
That there'd be one less singer in the land  
There'd be one less singer in the land  
Now William Spry was Governor Spry  
And a life was his to hold  
On the last appeal, fell a governor's tear  
May the lord have mercy on your soul  
May the lord have mercy on your soul  
Even President Wilson held up the day  
But even he would fail  
For nobody heard the soul searching words  
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail  
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail  
For 36 years he lived out his days  
And he more than played his part  
For his songs that he made, he was carefully paid  
With a rifle bullet buried in his heart  
With a rifle bullet buried in his heart  
Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall  
Blindfold over his eyes  
It's the life of a rebel that he chose to live  
It's the death of a rebel that he died  
It's the death of a rebel that he died  
Now some say Joe was guilty as charged  
And some say he wasn't even there  
And I guess nobody will ever know  
'Cause the court records all disappeared  
'Cause the court records all disappeared  
Say wherever you go in this fair land  
In every union hall  
In the dusty dark these words are marked  
In between all the cracks upon the wall  
In between all the cracks upon the wall  
It's the very last line that Joe Will wrote  
When he knew that his days were through  
"Boys, this is my last and final will  
Good luck to all of you  
Good luck to all of you"