SOLIDARITY FOREVER
Tune: John Brown's Body
Lyrics: Ralph Chaplin, 1915
Key G

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:
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught 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 to us
But to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

Chorus – Spanish
Solidaridad pa' siempre! (3X)
Con la fuerza syndical.

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 outcast and starving
'Midst the wonders we have made;
but the Union makes us strong.

English Chorus

All the world that's owned by idle drones
Is ours and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations,
Built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in,
But to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

Spanish Chorus

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.

English Chorus

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 a new world
From the ashes of the old.
For the Union makes us strong.

Spanish Chorus

English Chorus

Solidarity Singers Song Compilation

The Solidarity Singers of the New Jersey State Industrial Union Council,
Bennet Zurofsky, Director
bzurofsky@zurofskylaw.com
http://solidaritysingers.org

ROCKING SOLIDARITY Updated 11/26/19 **2**

Tune: John Brown's Body
Lyrics: Ralph Chaplin
Arrangement, new words and music by: David Welch
© 1988 & 1989 David Welch
Key: G

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, Yes, the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever (Everybody!)	Women
Solidarity forever (All around the world!)	"
Solidarity forever (With my brothers and sisters!)	"
For it's the Union, Yes, 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, Yes, the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever (We're talking 'bout Solidarity!)	Men
Solidarity forever (We're shouting out Solidarity!)	"
Solidarity forever (With my sisters and brothers!)	"
For it's the Union, Yes, 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 a new world from the ashes of the old.
For the Union, Yes, the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever (Everybody!)	Men
Solidarity forever (We're shouting out Solidarity!)	Women
Solidarity forever (With my sisters and brothers!)	Both
For it's the Union, Yes, the Union makes us	
For it's the Union, Yes, the Union makes us	
For it's the Union, Yes, the Union makes us ***strong.***	

AIN'T GONNA MOURN **3**

Words and Music by Bennet Zurofsky, 2010, revised 11/9/16
Key E

CHORUS (echo first 2 lines only):
Ain't gonna mourn (ain't gonna mourn) gon' organize (gon' organize)
Ain't gonna mourn (ain't gonna mourn) gon' organize (gon' organize)
We're down in the mud, we're gonna / reach the skies
Ain't gonna mourn — gon' organize

Woke up this mornin', turned on the news
Woke up this mornin', turned on the news
The Trump Administration tryin' to give us the blues
But we'll fight back (We'll fight back!), and they will lose
Repeat CHORUS

He's a con man for the 1%
He's a con man for the 1%
Defrauding the workers as he raises the rent
But we'll fight back (We'll fight back!); we won't just vent
Repeat CHORUS

He's spreadin' hate, misogyny too
He's hurtin' me, He's hurtin' you
Slashing and a burnin' — not a thing he says is true
But we'll fight back (We'll fight back!), and he'll be through
Repeat CHORUS

He's tossing out the EPA's rules.
He's tossing out the EPA's rules.
He promotes junk science, tries to treat us all like fools,
But we'll fight back— and end his misrule
Repeat CHORUS

If folks unite (if folks unite) we're bound to win (we're bound to win)
If folks unite (if folks unite) we're bound to win (we're bound to win)
Just sittin' and gripin' is committin' a sin
If folks unite (Folks unite!) we're bound to win
Repeat CHORUS – Sing final line twice

THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED **4**

Words and music by Sergio Ortega.
New English lyrics: Olivier Tonneau for the Cambridge People's Assembly.
Key: A Minor

¡El pueblo unido jamás sera vencido! (2X)
The people united will never be defeated! (2X)

They stand up tall, their back against the wall.
Their flags are torn; their voices are coarse,
But you will come and march alongside me,
And we will raise new banners floating in the wind.
The twilight zone will turn into the dawn,
Of a day of peace and justice for all.

Arise, unite, and don't give up the fight!
Face guns with stones and arrogance with rights.
The harder they come the harder they fall.
We stand as one, the Internationale.
We know the day will come, when we shall overcome
And sing a song of liberty for all.

So when the people united in their struggle
Will raise their voice you'll answer their call!

¡El pueblo unido jamás sera vencido! (2X)
The people united will never be defeated! (2X)

We stand up strong, though many have fallen,
Their names unsung, but their plight unforgotten.
Their blood has soaked the streets of our towns,
We must prevail, and if we lose a battle
We will rise anew and keep alive the voice
Of those who sang of dignity for all.

Arise, arise: the time has come again
The time is right to rekindle the flame.
To turn the tide of rising poverty
We will not bow to powers of iniquity.
We shall reclaim the ground that workers plowed,
And bring about equality for all!

So when the workers united in their struggle
Will raise their voice, we'll answer their call!

¡El pueblo unido jamás sera vencido! (2X)
The people united will never be defeated! (2X)

SOMEBODY'S HURTING MY PEOPLE **5**

Words and Music by Yara Allen
Key: E

Somebody's hurting my people
And it's gone on far too long
Yes, it's gone on far too long
It's gone on far too long
I said, somebody's hurting my people
And it's gone on far too long
And we won't be silent any more

Zips:

Somebody's ignoring the homeless…

Somebody's messing with our healthcare…

Somebody's stealing our wages…

Somebody's hurting poor people…

Somebody's hurting our children…

Somebody's poisoning the water…

Somebody's closing our borders…

Somebody's attacking the union…

Somebody's hurting our families…

Somebody's hurting immigrants…

Somebody's jailing our people…

Somebody's heating the climate…

Somebody's killing our people…

Somebody wants to build that wall…

EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE

Words and music: Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Collier (1963) Key: G

Chant: (led by Carol Gay)
Everybody's got a right to live (to live)
Everybody's got a right to learn (to learn)
Everybody's got a right to love (to love)
Everybody's got a right to dream (to dream)

Sing:
Everybody's got a right to live.
Everybody's got a right to live.
And before this campaign fails,
We'll all go down to jail,
'Cause everybody's got a right to live!

Zipper in place of "live":

Vote

Learn

Dream

Love

Peace

Jobs

Chant: (led by Carol Gay)
Everybody's got a right to live (to live)
Everybody's got a right to learn (to learn)
Everybody's got a right to love (to love)
Everybody's got a right to dream (to dream)

Repeat first verse.

SOON AND VERY SOON (ECONOMIC EQUALITY VERSION)

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and the Solidarity Singers
Economic equality version
Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we'll all have a living wage. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will have healthcare for all. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, the rich will pay their share. (3X)
Tax bosses, not workers; we're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, racial justice will prevail (3X)
Racial justice forever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, people power will prevail. (3X)
People power forever! We're going to change the world!

Retired verse:
Soon and very soon, we will dump Donald Trump (3X)
He'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

SOON AND VERY SOON (CLIMATE CHANGE VERSION) Updated 2/20/2022 **8**

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and Diane Beeny Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, fossil fuels will be passé. (3X)
They'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

No more exploding trains and no gas pipelines through our towns. (3X)
They'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, clean energy will lead the way. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, solar and wind will rule the day. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, we are going to change the world. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Retired verse:
Soon and very soon, we will dump Donald Trump (3X)
He'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

SOON AND VERY SOON (TRAVEL BAN VERSION)

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and the Solidarity Singers
Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will welcome refugees. (3X)
They'll be welcome, forever; we're going to change the world.

No more deportations, *¡ni una más!* (3X)
Immigrants are welcome, forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, driver's licenses for all! (3X)
Immigrants are welcome, forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, we'll build bridges instead of walls. (3X)
Open borders, forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, we will free the detainees. (3X)
They'll be free forever and ever, we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, peace and justice shall prevail. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!
Peace and justice, forever! We're going to change the world!

FORWARD TOGETHER **10**

Mary Ray Worley, 2014, Key: C

Chorus (2X) between each verse
Forward together!
Forward together!
Forward together!
Not one step back!

Those who went before us
Fought and died for civil rights.
We're not gonna let 'em go,
Not without a fight! We're movin'…
Chorus

Those who went before us
Fought and died for union rights.
We're not gonna let 'em go,
Not without a fight! We're movin'…
Chorus

Those who went before us
Thought fair wages were a worker's right.
We're not gonna let 'em go,
Not without a fight. We're movin'…
Chorus

Those who went before us
Thought healthcare was a human right.
We're not gonna let it go,
Not without a fight. We're movin'…
Chorus

Those who went before us
Thought education was a basic right.
We're not gonna let it go,
Not without a fight! We're movin'…
Chorus (2X)

RESISTANCE! **11**

Lyrics: Bennet Zurofsky (2018)
Tune: "Tradition!" by Jerry Bock with original lyrics by Sheldon Harnick

Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!

Who, day and night, must organize the people
Stand against the racist xenophobic thugs?
Who must call out the sexists and harassers,
Who occupy the White House and Congress too?
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!

Who's gonna stand and fight against oppression,
Low-yield atomic weapons, and shutting borders down?
And who's gonna strive to prevent mass extinctions,
And keep all the carbon underground?
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!

Now is the time to join with each other,
With sisters and brothers and organize.
We won't let their fake news and corporate power
Keep us from this struggle or turn us 'round!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!

We're gonna win and rebuild our Nation,
Respecting human rights with living wages for all!
To hell with their walls and money *über alles*,
Peoples' power will defeat them all!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!
Resistance, Resistance! [*Everybody shout*] Resistance!

To hell with their walls and money *über alles*,
Peoples' power will defeat them all!

YOU CAN'T GIDDYUP BY SAYING WHOA! Updated 3/10/2020 **12**

Words and music by Joe Uehlein
Key: G

Chorus:
You can't giddyup by sayin' whoa,
Ain't gonna get ya where you want to go.
No time for movin' slow;
You can't giddyup by sayin' whoa.

Well, people often tell me you can't do things so fast;
Take it slow, be real careful, can't upset the past;
But I just don't know, I don't see things quite that way;
Best I can tell we're out of time so here's what I've got to say!

Chorus

We know we're dumping carbon in the atmosphere,
It's warming the earth, messin' with the oceans, climate change is here.
We know what we've got to do, leave it in the ground;
Look to the sun, feel the wind, listen to the sound.

Chorus

The rich are getting richer, all across the land;
The poor are getting poorer, the middle class is slammed.
We know what we've got to do to solve this one as well,
Tax the rich, give the workers a raise, tell the bankers to go to hell.

Chorus

When all is said and done, we want more done than said.
It seems like in this world of ours you can't get ahead.
We bailed out the bankers, real quick when they messed up.
The rest of us left holding the bag, and for me I've had enough; so…

Chorus

We know we're dumping carbon in the atmosphere,
It's warming the earth, messin' with the oceans, climate change is here.
We know what we've got to do to solve this one as well,
Tax the rich, give the workers a raise, tell the bankers to go to hell.
Chorus

BLACK GOLD **13**

Words and music by Thomas Bias, April 2018
Key: G
Chorus:
Black gold—it's the gold that makes us poor.
It fouls our air and water; we can't use it anymore.
It brings war and destruction wherever it is found.
Black gold is fool's gold. We gotta leave it in the ground.

Oil company speculators with greenbacks in their hands
Came out to Oklahoma to steal the tribal lands.
They paid the Creeks and Choctaws much less than it was worth,
And brought their drills and derricks to ravage Mother Earth.

Chorus

When I was a baby, oil was everywhere.
At two-fifty a barrel, it wasn't worth the care.
The roughnecks lost their jobs, and they had to move away,
But the capped wells leaked into the ground, and they're leaking to this day.

Chorus

Now they're forcing poisoned water deep into the soil,
Fracking for the natural gas just like they drilled for oil.
Mother Earth is fighting back as earthquakes shake the land.
It's time for us to listen and to do as she commands.

Chorus

THE RICH MAN'S HOUSE **14**

Words and music by Minka Wiltz and the Economic Human Rights Choir of the New Freedom Bus Tour (Kensington Welfare Rights Union)
Key: A minor, sung a cappella with percussion.

Well I went down to the rich man's house
and I took back what he stole from me
I took back
took back my dignity
I took back
took back my humanity
Repeat the previous six lines.
Now he's under my feet, under my feet, under my feet, under my feet.
Ain't gonna let the system walk all over me!

Zipper in for the underlined words:

Boss's house

Landlord's house

Banker's house

President's house

Any other location where the oppressor can be found…

WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION 15

Tune: Jacob's Ladder
Words: Marion, NC, Cotton Mill Workers, 1929; adapted by the Solidarity Singers
Key: C

We are building a strong union.
We are building a strong union.
We are building a strong union,
Brothers, sisters, all!

Every member makes us stronger.
Every member makes us stronger.
Every member makes us stronger,
Brothers, sisters, all!

We won't budge until we conquer.
We won't budge until we conquer.
We won't budge until we conquer,
Brothers, sisters, all!

We shall rise and gain our freedom.
We shall rise and gain our freedom.
We shall rise and gain our freedom,
Brothers, sisters, all!

SINGING FOR OUR LIVES Updated 02/20/2022 **16**

Words and music by Holly Near
Key: G

We are a gentle angry people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a gentle angry people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We live in a world of many colors,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We live in a world of many colors,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We stand for women of all nations,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We stand for women of all nations,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a justice seeking people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a justice seeking people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are gay and straight together,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are gay and straight together,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are an anti-nuclear people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are an anti-nuclear people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are young and old together,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are young and old together,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a peaceful, loving people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a peaceful, loving people,
and we are singing, singing for our lives.

Zip in additional phrases describing who we are!

THE INTERNATIONALE
Original French: Eugene Pottier, 1871
Tune: Pierre Degeyter
New lyrics by Billy Bragg, 2000, "Americanized" by Dottie Gutenkauf Key: A

Stand up, all victims of oppression
For tyrants fear your might;
Don't cling so hard to your possessions,
For you have nothing if you have no rights.
Let racist ignorance be ended,
For respect makes empires fall;
Your freedom is but privilege extended,
Unless enjoyed by one and all.

English Chorus
So comrades, come rally,
For the struggle carries on.
The Internationale
Unites the world in song!
So come brothers and sisters,
For this is the time and place:
The international ideal
Unites the human race!

Let no one build walls to divide us,
Walls of hatred nor walls of stone.
Come greet the dawn and stand beside us;
We'll live together or we'll die alone.
In our world poisoned by exploitation,
Those who have taken, now must give,
And end the vanity of nations:
We've got one Earth on which to live.

French Chorus (2X)
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons nous et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

And so begins the final drama,
In the streets and in the fields.
We stand unbowed before their armor;
We defy their guns and shields.
When we fight, provoked by their aggression,
Let's stand together in our love,
For though they offer us concessions,
Change will not come from above!

Spanish Chorus (2X)

Agrupémonos todos,
En la lucha final.
El género humano
Es la Internacional.

English Chorus

THE INTERNATIONALE
Charles Kerr Translation, 1900

Arise, you prisoners of starvation!
Arise, you wretched of the earth!
For justice thunders condemnation:
A better world's in birth!
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise you slaves, no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations:
We have been naught, we shall be all!

Chorus (2X)
'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in place.
The international working class
Shall free the human race.

DE COLORES

Traditional Mexican
UFW Anthem
Key D

De colores, de colores se visten los
campos en la primavera.
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.

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el quiri-
quiri-quiri-quiri-quiri.
La gallina, la gallina con el cara-
cara-cara-cara-cara.
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.

Repeat first verse and chorus.

(Of colors, of the colors seen in the fields in Springtime. Of colors, the colors of the birds which come from afar. Of colors, the colors of the rainbow that we see clearly. And for all of this, the great love of many colors is what pleases me. Sings the rooster, sings the rooster with his cock-a-doodle doo; the hen, the hen with her cackle-a-cackle; the chicks, the chicks with their cheepy-cheep. And for all of this, the great love of many colors is what pleases me.)

Jose-Luis Orozco
Verse 4: Dottie Gutenkauf, 2004
Key D

Chorus (2X):
Paz, queremos paz
Y libertad en este mundo.

Para los niños, para los viejos,
Para los pobres, queremos paz.
For the children, for the elders,
For the poor, we all want peace.

Chorus

Ya no más hambre, ya no mas guerra;
Queremos paz en esta tierra.
No more hunger, no more war;
We all want peace on this earth.

Chorus

Ya no más bombas con radiación,
No más ideas d'exterminación.
No more bombs with radiation,
No idea of extermination.

Chorus

Ya no más a discriminación,
Eguales derechos en la nación.
Do away with discrimination;
Equal rights throughout the nation.

Chorus

Para los niños, para los viejos,
Para los pobres, queremos paz.
For the children, for the elders,
For the poor, we all want peace.

Chorus

INSIST, RESIST, PERSIST **19**

Words and music by Bennet D. Zurofsky (2017)
Key: E

When you preach hate and fear — pouring poison in our ear
You're a liar — We Insist!
When you try to build walls, with your xenophobic calls
You've got to know — We will Resist!
And if you think we'll go away after just a few days
You could not be more wrong
We're here to stay, we're going all the way
We will Persist!

When climate change you deny, and say you'll help the little guy
You're a liar — We Insist!
When you pull carbon from the ground, spread pipelines all around
You've got to know — We will Resist!
And if you think we'll go away after just a few days
You could not be more wrong
We're here to stay, we're going all the way
We will Persist!

When you call the press "enemy," say we need more military
You're a liar — We Insist!
When you attack the right to choose and give misogynistic cues
You've got to know — We will Resist!
And if you think we'll go away after just a few days
You could not be more wrong
We're here to stay, we're going all the way
We will Persist!

When you make egotistic boasts and call climate change a hoax
You're a liar — We Insist!
When you take Meals on Wheels away, and try to destroy the EPA
You've got to know — We will Resist!
And if you think we'll go away after just a few days
You could not be more wrong
We're here to stay, we're going all the way
We will Persist!

We're here to stay, we're going all the way
We will Persist!
Insist, Resist, Persist!

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED / NO NOS MOVERAN Updated 02/20/2022 **20**

Adaptation of traditional African-American Hymn based on Psalm 1:3 Key: G

English Chorus:
We shall not, we shall not be moved.
We shall not, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
We shall not be moved.

No más deportaciones, ¡no nos moverán! (2X)
Porque estamos bien organizados,
¡No nos moverán!

Spanish Chorus:
¡No, no, no nos moverán! (2X)
Porque estamos bien organizados,
¡No nos moverán!

Unidos en la vida…

Unidos en la lucha …

Unidos por los niños…

We're fighting for our planet; we shall not be moved. (2X)
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved!

We support the free press . . .

We believe in science . . .

The boss is a bastard, he must be removed (2X)
Just like the garbage floating on the water, he must be removed!

_____ is our leader, we shall not be moved (2X)
Just like a tree standing by the water,
We shall not be moved!

Somos unionistas …

Fuertes, fuertes, ¡fuertes somos yá!
Fuertes, fuertes, ¡fuertes somos yá!
Porque estamos bien organizados,
¡Fuertes somos yá!

***Note**: Leader improvises rather freely as to the order of the verses, often alternating English and Spanish. New verses are also created for the occasion.*

Retired verses:
Donald Trump's a fascist; he must be removed. (2X)
Just like the garbage floating on the water,
He must be removed!

We've read the Constitution: he can be removed! . . .

WHEN THE POOR HAVE WON THEIR RIGHTS **21**

Tune: When the Saints Go Marching In
Original lyrics: Christine Haupert-Wemmer
Additional lyrics: Solidarity Singers and Raging Grannies, 2005, 2008, 2011
Key C

Oh, when the poor / have won their rights,
Oh, when the poor have won their rights,
Oh, I want to be in that number,
When the poor have won their rights.

Oh, when the union / leads the way …

When every worker / has a job,
Has a job at a living wage.
Oh, I want to be in that number,
When we all have a living wage.

On, when we have / healthcare for all *(2X)* …
Oh, I want to be in that number,
When we have healthcare for all.

Social Security / must be saved.
We'll take no cuts in Medicare (& Medicaid).
Oh yes, we're here to tell the Congress:
Essential programs must be saved!

When every child / has food to eat …

When we make peace / instead of war *(2X)* ..
Oh, I want to be in that number,
When there is peace instead of war.

Oh, when the poor / have won their rights *(2X)* …
Oh, I want to be in that number,
When the poor have won their rights.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

Traditional
NJ PPC adaptation
Key G

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Housing is a right,
Take a stand and fight! (3X)
Stand and fight; stand and fight;
stand and fight!

Economic justice
For the Ninety-Nine percent! (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

We stand for peace and justice,
Let the peace light shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Medicare for all
Is what we really need (3x)
Need it now! Need it now! Need it now!

People before profits,
Down with corporate greed! (3x)
Down with greed, down with greed,
down with greed!

It's time to stop gun violence
Let the peace light shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Time to raise the wage,
$15 now. (3X)
15 now, 15 now, 15 now!

Raise taxes on the mega-rich;
We know it's more than time. (3X)
Tax the rich, tax the rich, tax the rich!

We've got the peace light burning;
We're gonna let it shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

All around the world,
Let the peace light shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT (GLOBAL WARMING VERSION)

Traditional
Key: G
New Lyrics: Bennet Zurofsky & Solidarity Singers, 2007, 2014

This Little Light of Mine
I'm Gonna let it shine (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Everybody knows,
Fracking's got to go (3X)
Got to go, got to go, got to go.

All around the world,
Clean energy's gonna shine (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

No gas lines through this town,
We're gonna shut 'em down (3X)
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down, shut 'em down!

Everybody knows
Greenhouse gasses got to go (3X)
Got to go, got to go, got to go.

All across this nation,
We need energy conservation (3X)
Use less oil, use less coal, that's our goal.

All around the world,
Clean energy's gonna shine (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

UNION MAID Updated 02/20/2022 **24**

Tune: Redwing
Lyrics: Woody Guthrie, 1946 (Verse 3: Ginny Hildebrand; Verse 4: Cappie Israel)
Key C

There once was a Union maid Who never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and Company finks
Or deputy sheriffs who made the raids.
She went to the union hall,
When a meeting it was called,
And when the Company boys came 'round,
She always stood her ground.

***Chorus**:*
Oh, you can't scare me;
I'm stickin' to the Union.
I'm stickin' to the Union;
I'm stickin' to the Union.
Oh, you can't scare me;
I'm stickin' to the Union.
I'm stickin' to the Union
'Til the day I die.

This Union maid was wise
To the tricks of the Company spies.
She'd never be fooled by the Company stools;
She'd always organize the guys.
She always got her way,
When she struck for higher pay.
She'd show her card to the National Guard,
And this what she'd say:
Chorus

Now union maids are found
In coal mines underground
Climbing to new heights
On construction sites
And they'll never keep us down
In offices and schools
We'll redefine those rules
Working everyday
Toward comparable pay
And with union men we say
Chorus

You women who want to be free,
Take a little tip from me.
Break out of that mold we've all been sold;
We've got a fighting history.
The fight for women's rights,
With labor must unite.
Like Mother Jones, move those bones
To the front of every fight.
Chorus

GREEN UNION MAID (CLIMATE EMERGENCY)

Lyrics: Diane Beeny 2019
Melody: "Red Wing"/"Union Maid" Key: C

With pipelines everywhere,
Poisons in the sea and air;
We'll soon be extinct if we don't think
And fight for this Earth that we all share.
It's time to turn the tide,
From climate suicide
With a Green New Deal, let the planet heal
And make our future bright.

Chorus:
Oh you can't stop us —
We're fighting for our planet (3x)
Oh you can't stop us —
We're fighting for our planet
We're fighting for our planet
So we all survive!

The Arctic's feeling heat
With glaciers in retreat
Storm surge and floods keep rising higher
Drought-lands going ever drier
Species in decline
Higher ground is hard to find
If we don't reverse CO_2
It will only get more dire.

Repeat chorus
Plastics filling up the seas,
We're losing all the bees;
The danger is real, we need a Green New Deal
Time to take responsibility!
Action's what we need
To save the reefs and trees
Whales and polar bears,
Time to show we care
[And] fight to set things right. *Repeat chorus twice*

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

Words: John Brill.
Tune: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."
Key: C

Are you poor, forlorn, and hungry?
And there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all torn and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Fool, why don't you buck like thunder
And dump the bosses off your back?

All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up you ornery duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back!

WOBBLY DOXOLOGY

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Words: Traditional IWW
Tune: Doxology (Old One Hundredth/Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow)

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime
Praise him for bits of overtime
Praise him whose wars we love to fight
Praise him, fat leech and parasite.
Aaah - shit!

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!
Spokane IWW, 1908
Tune: Revive Us Again
Key C

O, why don't you work
Like other folks do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Chorus:
Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a **bailout**
To revive us again.

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat,
I'd have money to burn.

Chorus

Oh, I like my boss;
He's a good friend of mine.
That's why I'm starving
Out on the breadline.

Chorus

I can't find a job;
I ain't got the dough.
The big banks were bailed out,
But for me, it's no go.

Chorus

But don't you complain,
Don't open your eyes,
Don't talk revolution,
Don't organize.

Chorus

Lyric by Harry "Haywire Mac" McClintock
Chorus:
t
Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout
And revive us again.

I went to a house,
And I knocked on the door.
A lady says, "Bum, bum,
You been here before."

Chorus
I went to a house,
And I asked for some bread.
A lady says, "Bum, bum,
The baker is dead."

Chorus

O, I love my boss,
And my boss loves me.
And that is the reason,
I'm so hungry.
Chorus

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
Well, if I didn't eat,
I'd have money to burn.
Chorus

Oh, I like my boss;
He's a good friend of mine.
And that's why I'm starving
Out on the breadline.
Chorus

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

Final Chorus
Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a dollar
For Christ's sake, Amen!

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION **28**

Tune: There is Power in the Blood
Lyrics: Joe Hill, 1913
Key D

Would you have freedom from wage slavery?
Then join in the Grand Industrial Band.
Would you from misery and hunger be free?
Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

Chorus:
There's a power, there's a power
When the workers form a band,
When they stand, hand in hand.
That's a power, that's a power
Must rule in every land,
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly
And starve here with rags on your back?

Chorus

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise.
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Chorus

Come all ye workers, from every land;
Come join in the Grand Industrial Band;
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, lend a hand.

Chorus

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE
Traditional Black spiritual
New words added over time
Key G

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside;
Study war no more.

I ain't gonna study war no more;
Ain't gonna study war no more;
Ain't gonna study war no more.
(Repeat)

Gonna lay down the guns and bombs
Down by the riverside.
(Continue as above.)

Gonna bring all the soldiers back.
(Continue as above.)

Gonna build us a world of peace.
(Continue as above.)

Gonna bury those atom bombs,
But not, not by the riverside.
(Continue as above.)

(Repeat verse one.)

AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME AROUND 29
Updated 02/14/2021
The Albany, Georgia, Movement, 1964
Key: A minor

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round,
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round.
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round
I'm gonna keep on a walkin',
Keep on a talkin',
Marchin' up to freedom land.

Zip in appropriate lyrics—sample below:

Ain't gonna let the xenophobia …

Ain't gonna let New Jim Crow . . .

Ain't gonna let no border guards…

Ain't gonna let Capitalism…

Ain't gonna let war mongers …

Ain't gonna let big oil ...

Ain't gonna let the one percent...

Ain't gonna let fascism …

Ain't gonna let racism…

Ain't gonna let Republicans…

Ain't gonna let nobody …

HOLD ON! (Keep Your Eyes on the Prize) Updated 02/14/2021 **30**

Lyrics: Alice Wine and the Civil Rights Movement
Tune: Traditional (Keep Your Hand On the Plow)

Intro – BZ soft Am chord for pitch then cue

Paul and Silas, bound in jail
Had no money for to go their bail.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Chorus:
Hold on, hold on!
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Paul and Silas began to shout;
The jail doors opened and they walked out.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Chorus

The only thing that we did wrong
Was stay in the wilderness too long.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

The one thing that we did right
Was to organize and fight!
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Chorus (starting here, do echo Hold On)

"I can't breathe," Eric Garner said.
They didn't listen and choked him dead.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Tamir Rice was just a boy,
Killed for playing with a toy.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Chorus

We've fought jail and violence too,
But our love has seen us through.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Got our hands on the freedom plow;
There ain't nothing gonna stop us now!
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on!

Chorus (2X)

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE **31**

Tune: In the Sweet Bye and Bye
Lyrics: Joe Hill, 1911
Key G

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked about something to eat,
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Chorus:
You will eat (You will eat),
Bye and bye (Bye and bye),
In that glorious land above the sky (Way up high).
Work and pray (Work and pray),
Live on hay (Live on hay),
You'll get pie in the sky when you die. (That's a lie!)

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray,
Till they get all your coin on the drum.
Then they tell you, when you're on the bum:

Chorus

If you fight hard for children and wife-
Try to get something good in this life-
"You're a sinner and bad man," they tell.
"When you die, you will sure go to hell."

Chorus

Working folks of all countries unite!
Side by side we for freedom will fight.
When the world and its wealth we have gained,
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

You will eat (You will eat),
Bye and bye (Bye and bye),
When you learn how to cook and to fry (Cook and fry).
Chop some wood (Chop some wood),
It'll do you good (Do you good),
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye. (That's no lie!)

DEPORTEE (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos) **32**
Words: Woody Guthrie, 1961
Music: Martin Hoffman
Key D

The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'nin',
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps. /
You're flying them back to the Mexican border
To pay all their money, to wade back again.

Chorus:
Good-bye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesús y Maria. /
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
All they will call you will be / deportee.

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,
And they rode the trucks 'til they took down and died.

Some of us are illegal and some are not wanted.
Our work contract's out and we have to move on. /
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

Chorus

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and 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.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills. /
Who are these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says, "They are just 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, to rot on my topsoil,
And be called by no name except / deportee?
Chorus + last line slowly without guitar

THE JOLLY BANKER **33**

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
Key D

My name is Tom Cranker and I'm a jolly banker,
I'm a jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /
I safeguard the farmers and widows and orphans,
Singin' I'm a jolly banker, jolly banker am I.

When dust storms are sailing, and crops they are failing,
I'm a jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /
I check up your shortage and bring down your mortgage,
Singin' I'm a jolly banker, jolly banker am I.

If you show me you need it, I'll let you have credit,
I'm a jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /
Just bring me back two for the one I lend you,
Singin' I'm jolly banker, jolly banker am I.

When the bugs get your cotton, the times they are rotten,
I'm jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /
I'll come down and help you, I'll rake you and scalp you,
Singin' I'm jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /

When the landlords abuse you, or sadly misuse you,
I'm jolly banker, jolly banker am I. /
I'll send down the police chief to keep you from mischief,
Singin' I'm jolly banker, jolly banker am I.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND Updated 1/21/2002 **34**

Woody Guthrie (Chorus, verses 1 & 6, Sharleen Leahy verse 2, Ted Glick verse 4, Pete Seeger verse 5, unknown Spanish Chorus & verse 3)
Key C

English Chorus:
This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the Jersey Pinelands;
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

Spanish Chorus:
Esta tierra es tuya, esta tierra es mia,
Desde horisonte, hasta otra orrilla.
Desde las montañas, costa rios y playa.
La tierra es para ti, y para mi.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
'Cross the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding:
"This land was made for you and me."

English Chorus

From deadly violence families seek safety,
But from their arms ICE takes their babies.
What kind of country are we creating?
Is this land made for you and me?

Spanish Chorus

Our democracy has become plutocracy,
Laced with theocracy, drenched in hypocrisy,
But when our hollers drown rich men's dollars
We'll take back this land for you and me.

English Chorus

This land was stolen from the Native Peoples
And they continue to suffer still.
It's time to right this; it's time for justice.
United we can; we must; we will.

Spanish Chorus

Woodland and grassland, and river shoreline,
To everything living, bugs, snakes, and microbes.
Fin, fur, and feather, we're all here together.
This land was made for you and me.

English Chorus

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can make me turn back.
This land was made for you and me.

Spanish Chorus followed by English Chorus
+ repeat last line twice

BANKS OF MARBLE

Les Rice, 1950,
Key C

I've traveled 'round this country,
From shore to shining shore;
It really makes me wonder,
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer,
Plowing sod and loam;
I heard the auction hammer
A-knocking down his home.

Chorus:
But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for.

I saw the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
And I heard his children crying,
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

Chorus … miner sweated for.

I've seen the weary old folks
Without a nickel to their name;
And thrown out of their houses.
Do those bankers have no shame?.

Chorus … old folks sweated for.

I've seen good people working
Throughout this mighty land;
I pray we'll get together,
And together make a stand.

Then*(Yes)*we'll own those banks of marble,
With no guards at any door,
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That we all have sweated for.

THE RICH GET THE BAILOUTS / THE POOR GET THE BLAME **36**

Lyrics: Bennet D. Zurofsky, 2011
Tune: "She Was Poor But She Was Honest"
(Traditional British or, perhaps, by Bert Lee & Robert Patrick Westin)
Key: C

CHORUS:
It's the same the nation over
It's a shame, a bloody shame
It's the rich what gets the bailouts
And the poor what gets the blame

See those folks, who've all been laid off
They need a job with decent pay
But the bosses, they don't want 'em
Folks work cheaper far away.

CHORUS

The bankers and the speculators
Put us in debt up to our necks
Now we're all in foreclosure
While they're cashing great big checks

CHORUS

See them in the halls of Congress
With their donors by the score
Cutting taxes and regulations
Giving the richest more and more

CHORUS

Now they're after public workers,
Postal workers and teachers, too
They're scapegoated and insulted
For the profit of the few

CHORUS

Now it's time to stand together
Against the rich and corporate power
We ain't broke, we've been defrauded
Let's get back what's rightly ours

REPEAT VERSE

IF YOU WANT PEACE, WORK FOR JUSTICE

By Charlie King
Key: E

Chorus:
If you want peace, work for justice,
If you want peace, work for justice,
If you want peace, work for justice,
No justice, no peace!

You can't have peace in a world of hunger;
One dog over, one dog under.
You can't have peace in a world of hunger,
Not in this world.
Until the last chain falls
Hunger will make slaves of us all.

Chorus

You can't have peace in a world of war;
Where the rich get richer, and the poor stay poor.
You can't have peace in a world of war,
Not in this world.
Until the last chain falls
War will make slaves of us all.

Chorus

You can't have peace in a world of hatred;
Your way's evil; my way's sacred.
You can't have peace in a world of hatred,
Not in this world.
Until the last chain falls
Hatred will make slaves of us all.

Chorus

You can't have peace in a world of violence;
A world of terror, fear, and silence.
You can't have peace in a world of violence,
Not in this world.
Until the last chain falls
Violence will make slaves of us all.

Chorus
Repeat last line of chorus.

SINGING THROUGH THE HARD TIMES **38**

Bruce "U Utah" Phillips
Key D

Sometimes our living
Gets so dark and lonesome,
Seems like there's nothin' we can do.
So we reach out for each other,
Raise a song together,
And let our voices carry us through.

Chorus:
We are singing through the hard times,
Singing through the hard times,
Workin' for the good times to come.
We are singing through the hard times,
Singing through the hard times,
Workin' for the good times to come.

And when the war clouds gather,
It's so easy to get angry
And just as hard / not to be afraid.
But you know in your own heart/
No matter what happens
You just can't turn your back and walk away.

Chorus

So hand in hand together,
We help each other carry
The light of peace within us every day.
If we can learn to live it,
To walk and talk and give it,
That world of peace won't be so far away.

Chorus, sung a capella

Repeat chorus, this time with instrumental accompaniment.

DO IT NOW

Lyrics: Anonymous Climate Activists
Tune: Bella Ciao (Traditional Italian Anti-Fascist Song)

We need to wake up; we need to wise up
We need to open our eyes and do it now, now, now
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now

We're on a planet, that has a problem
We've got to solve it, get involved and do it now now now
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now

Make it greener, make it cleaner
Make it last, make it fast and do it now now now
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now

No point in waiting, or hesitating
We must get wise, no more lies; do it now now now
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now!

A SONG FOR LAC MÉGANTIC

Tune: "Red River Valley" (traditional)
Words: Norman Fisher (2016)
Key C

Chorus:
Oh, when those oil trains go rumblin' through here,
Oh, when that Bakken crude passes me by,
My heart goes out to those in Lac-Mégantic,
And it makes me want to sit down and cry.

Now that little town up north of the border,
It was just like any Bergen County town,
Until that day that the oil train derailed
And spread its evil load all around.

Chorus

Now it's clear that Bakken crude is volatile.
It explodes, and it burns so easily.
It isn't safe to transport by rail,
By barge or by pipeline, don't you see?

Chorus

Fossil fuels like that Bakken crude oil
Are climate changers as science has found.
So to keep earth safe for our children
We have to keep all of them in the ground.

Chorus

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' 'GAINST THE OIL TRAINS 41

Tune: "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad"
Words: Norman Fisher
Key: E

We've been fightin' 'gainst the oil trains
For many a long year.
We've been fightin' Bakken crude oil—
We're gonna keep it out of here.

We know that Bakken crude is dangerous.
There's fires and explosions, too.
If it spills into our waters,
There's nothing we can do.

Diesel, don't you speed;
Diesel, don't you idle
Diesel, don't you bring that oil through town.
Keep it in the ground;
Don't move it all around—
Gotta keep our families safe and sound.

Someone's in the capitol buildings;
Someone's spreadin' money all around.
Someone's buying votes and power
To take more Bakken from the ground.

Fee, fye, fiddly-eye-o
Congress isn't listening to me or you.
Fee, fye, fiddly-eye-o,
So I guess we're fightin' this year, too.

NO MEADOWLANDS POWER PLANTS! Updated 12/23/2019 **42**

Music: We Shall Not Be Moved (a spiritual)
Words: Paula Rogovin and the Solidarity Singers. Key G

No Meadowlands power plants!
We shall not be moved! (2x)
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Don't want more pollution!
We shall not be moved! *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

The Transit site is toxic
We shall not be moved! *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Transit should use **solar rail.**
We shall not be moved *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Want wind and solar power!
We shall not be moved! *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Tell Governor Murphy
We shall not be moved! *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

We need a moratorium
We shall not be moved! *(2x)*
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

WE SAY NO! Updated 11/26/19 **43**

(to the proposed fracked gas-powered Meadowlands power plant)
Music from Gonna Roll the Union, John Handcox.
Words: Paula Rogovin and the Solidarity Singers. Key G

Chorus:
We say NO! (We say NO!)
We say NO! (We say NO!)
The power plants've got to go!
We say NO! (We say NO!)
We say NO! (We say NO!)
The power plants've got to go!

Stop using fossil fuels
Cause they're not good for us
They're not good for us
They're not good for us
Stop using fossil fuels
They're not good for us
Keep 'em in the ground!

If the DEP won't stop them
We'll make a great big fuss
Make a great big fuss
Make a great big fuss
If the DEP won't stop them
We'll make a great big fuss
The power plants've got to go!

If Governor Murphy doesn't stop them,
We'll make a bigger fuss
Make a bigger fuss
Make a bigger fuss
If Governor Murphy doesn't stop them
We'll make a bigger fuss
Cause the power plants've got to go!

MORATORIUM SONG

Tune from: "We Don't Want Your Millions, Mister"
words by Jim Garland. Music, Traditional, East Virginia
adapted by Paula Rogovin & The Solidarity Singers
Key: C

You promised us renewables, Gov'nor
Promised you'd **do** all you could do
All we want's a clean world for children
Say MORATORIUM — or you are through

We don't want those pipelines, Gov'nor
Don't want a **fracked**-gas power plant
All we want's a clean world for children
Say MORATORIUM — don't say you can't

We don't want oil "bomb" trains, Gov'nor
Don't want re**fin**eries
All we want's a clean world for children
Say MORATORIUM — and put on a freeze

We don't want compressor stations,
Don't want no **frack**in' waste
All we want's a clean world for children
Say MORATORIUM — cause we **MUST** make haste!

You promised us renewables, Gov'nor
Promised you'd **do** all you could do
All we want's a clean world for children
Say MORATORIUM — or you are through

THE CO_2 HEAT WAVE

New lyrics: Bennet Zurofsky
Tune and original lyrics: Irving Berlin
Key: E

We're having a heat wave (*call and response:* having a heat wave)
A CO_2 heat wave! (a CO_2 heat wave!)
The temperature's rising
It isn't surprising
From greenhouse gasses — made by us (2X)

We started a heat wave (we started a heat wave)
A CO_2 heat wave! (a CO_2 heat wave!)
From SUV driving
And all that coal minin'
Comes greenhouse gasses — made by us (2X)

Can we the earth save? (can we the earth save?)
From this CO_2 heat wave? (CO_2 heat wave)
We've got to start learnin'
To keep turbines turnin'
Without greenhouse gasses — made by us (2X)

Burnin' oil, gas and lumber (oil, gas and lumber)
The Earth's days we've numbered (earth's days we've numbered)
We've got to find new ways
To power a new day
Without greenhouse gasses — made by us (2X)

We'll end this heat wave, (we'll end this heat wave)
This CO_2 heat wave (CO_2 heat wave)
If we all join together
Bring back the old weather
Reduce greenhouse gasses — made by us (2X)

Repeat final verse

SOMOS EL BARCO / WE ARE THE BOAT

Lorre Wyatt, 1984
Key: D

Chorus,
Somos el barco, somos el mar,
Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi.
We are the boat, we are the sea.
I sail in you, you sail in me.

The stream sings it to the river;
The river sings it to the sea;
The sea sings it to the boat
That carries you and me.

Chorus

Now, the boat we are sailing in
Was built by many hands.
And the sea we are sailing on,
Touches every land.

Oh, the voyage has been long and hard,
And yet we're sailing still,
With a song to help us pull together,
If we only will.

Chorus

So with our hopes, we raise the sails
To face the winds once more.
And with our hearts, we chart the waters
Never sailed before.

Chorus

MY RAINBOW RACE
Pete Seeger, 1970
Key A

Chorus:
One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shores,
One earth so green and round, who could ask for more?
And because I love you, I'll give it one more try,
To show my rainbow race it's too soon to die.

Some people live like an ostrich,
Bury their heads in the sand.
Some hope that plastic dreams
Can unclench all those greedy hands.

Some people want to take the easy way,
Poisons, bombs, they think we need 'em.
Don't they know you can't kill all the unbelievers?
There's no shortcut to freedom.

Chorus

Go tell, go tell all the little children.
Tell all the mothers and fathers too.
Now's our last chance to learn to share
What's been given to me and you.

Chorus

Add:
And because we love you, we'll give it one more try,
To show our rainbow race it's too soon to die.
Let's show our rainbow race it's too soon to die.

IF I HAD A HAMMER **48**

Lee Hays and Pete Seeger, 1951
Key C

If I had a hammer,
I'd hammer in the morning.
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land.
I'd hammer out danger,
I'd hammer out warning,
I'd hammer out love between my
brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a bell,
I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd ring out danger,
I'd ring out warning,
I'd ring out love between my brothers
and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a song,
I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd sing out danger,
I'd sing out warning,
I'd sing out love between my brothers
and my sisters
All over this land.

Well, I have a hammer,
And I've got a bell,
And I've got a song to sing
All over this land.
It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my
brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my
brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

TURN, TURN, TURN

Words: adapted from The Ecclesiastes 3:1–8
Music: Pete Seeger, 1962
Key A

To everything—turn, turn, turn
There is a season—turn, turn, turn
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything—turn, turn, turn
There is a season—turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

To everything—turn, turn, turn
There is a season—turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time of war, a time of peace
A time of love, a time of hate
A time that you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

To everything—turn, turn, turn
There is a season—turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose, under heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time to love, a time to hate
A time of peace: I swear its not too late!

GOD'S COUNTING ON ME

by Pete Seeger and Lorre Wyatt (Secularized by Solidarity Singers.)
4th verse by Jordan Dale.
Key: G

When we look and see
Things are not what they should be
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus:
Hoping we'll all pull through
Hoping we'll all pull through
Hoping we'll all pull through
Me and you

It's time to turn things around
Trickle up, not trickle down
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

We know climate change is real.
That's why we need a Green New Deal!
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

There's just one planet that we've got
And it's getting very hot
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

Yes, there's big problems to be solved
Let's get everyone involved
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

Now don't give up, don't give in
Workin' together we all can win
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

What we do now, you and me
Will affect eternity
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

When we sing with younger folks
We can never give up hope
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus

We know climate change is real.
That's why we need a Green New Deal!
You're counting on me
I'm counting on you

Chorus 2x

Words and music: Pete Seeger, 1960
Inspired by a Ukrainian folk song
Key G

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
Children picked them, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the children gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the children gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the children gone?
Gone to soldiers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

GUANTANAMERA **52**

Words: José Martí. Tune: Traditional Cuban.
Key: C
Chorus:
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera.
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera.
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera.
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera.

Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma.
Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma.
Y'antes de morir me quiero echar mis versos del alma.

Chorus

Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmín encendido.
Mi verso es de un verde claro y de un carmín encendido.
Mi verso es un ciervo herido que busca en el monte amparo.

Chorus

Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar.
Con los pobres de la tierra quiero yo mi suerte echar.
El arroyo de la sierra me complace más que el mar.

Chorus

O MARY DON'T YOU WEEP **53**

Traditional
Verses added over time
Key C

If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep!

Chorus *(sing after each verse):*
O Mary don't you weep, don't you mourn;
O Mary don't you weep, don't you mourn.
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep.

Mary wore three links of chain;
Every link was Freedom's name.
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep.

It was Moses first proved the notion:
The world is safer with the army in the ocean!
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep.

One of these days, 'bout twelve o'clock
This old world is gonna reel and rock.
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep.

One of these days, in the middle of the night,
People gonna rise and set things right.
Pharoah's army got drownded;
O Mary don't you weep.

God gave Noah the rainbow sign:
No more water, fire next time!
Musta been talking 'bout global warming
Oh Mary don't you weep!
…

SAILING DOWN THIS GOLDEN RIVER **54**

Words and music by Pete Seeger
Key A (banjo only accompaniment)

Sailing down my golden river
Sun and water all my own
Yet I was never alone

Sun and water, old life givers
I'll have them where e'er I roam
And I was not far from home

Sunlight glancing on the water
Life and death are all my own
Yet I was never alone

Life for all my sons and daughters
Golden sparkles in the foam
And I was not far from home

Sailing down this winding highway
Travelers from near and far
And I was never alone

Exploring all the little byways
Sighting all the distant stars
And I was not far from home

Sailing down my golden river
Sun and water all my own
Yet I was never alone

Sun and water, old life givers
I'll have them where e'er I roam
And I was not far from home

Yet I was never alone
And I was not far from home

IF IT CAN'T BE REDUCED **55**

Words and music by Pete Seeger, Martin Bourque and the City Council of Berkeley, CA
Key: G

If it can't be reduced [if it can't be reduced], reused, repaired [reused, repaired],
Rebuilt, refurbished, refinished, resold,
Recycled or composted [or composted],
Then it should be [then it should be] restricted, redesigned [restricted, redesigned],
Or removed [removed!] from production [from production].

Repeat verse

Chorus:
Hooray for the city of Berkeley!
The beautiful city of Berkeley!
Hooray for the city of Berkeley
And its zero waste commission!

Repeat chorus

If it can't be reduced [if it can't be reduced], reused, repaired [reused, repaired],
Rebuilt, refurbished, refinished, resold,
Recycled or composted [or composted],
Then it should be [then it should be] restricted, redesigned [restricted, redesigned],
Or removed [removed!] from production [from production].

Hooray for the city of Berkeley!
The beautiful city of Berkeley!
Hooray for the city of Berkeley
And its zero waste commission!

Hooray for the city of Berkeley!
The beautiful city of Berkeley!
Hooray for the city of Berkeley
And its zero waste commission!

DOES IT WEIGH ON YOU? Updated 3/10/2020 **56**

Written for the Sunrise Movement (2019) by Austin Badger, Jonny S of Flobots
Dyanna Jaye, and others
Based on "Which Side Are You On?" by Florence Reece (1931)
Key: A minor

Which side are you on now?
Which side are you on? (*4x*)

Does it weigh on you at all? (*4x*)

Storms surge and fires burn,
But you don't hear the call
'Cause fossil fuels keep paying you
Does it weigh on you at all?

Chorus:
Does it weigh on you at all? (*4x*)

Scientists keep telling us
That climate change is real
Will we keep denying facts
Or fight for Green New Deal?

Chorus
Does it weigh on you at all (2x)

When Exxon and the Koch brothers
Came to pay you off,
You took millions of their dollars.
Does it weigh on you at all?

Chorus
Does it weigh on you at all (2x)

To the halls of Congress
From schools across the land
Students are demanding
That we must take a stand.

Chorus
Does it weigh on you at all (2x)

Corporations raised you up,
But we can make you fall.
You picked a war with the young generation.
Does it weigh on you at all?

Chorus
Does it weigh on you at all (m 2x; w 4x)

Which side are you on now?
Which side are you on? (m *4x; w 2x*)

Which side are you on now?
Which side are you on? (all 2x)

TALKING UNION Updated 11/26/19 **57**

Lyrics: Pete Seeger, Lee Hayes & Millard Lampell, 1947
Melody: Talking Blues, Traditional, Key G (not too fast)*All:*

Now, if you want better wages,
Let me tell you what to do.
Got to talk to the workers in the shop with you.
Got to build you a union,
Got to make it strong.
If you all stick together, folks, it won't be long.
You get healthcare,
Better working conditions,
Vacations with pay -
Take your kids to the seashore.

Solo 1:
It ain't quite this simple,
So I better explain
Why you got to ride on the union train.
If you wait for the boss
To raise your pay,
We'll all be waiting 'till Judgment Day.
We'll be dead and buried, gone to heaven;
St. Peter'll be the straw boss then.

Solo 2:
Now, you know you're underpaid,
But the boss says you ain't.
He speeds up the work
'Til you're about to faint.
You may be down and out,
But you ain't beaten.
You can pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'.
Talk it over, speak your mind,
Decide to do something about it.

Solo 3:
Course, the boss may persuade
Some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool.
You can always tell a stool, though,
That's a fact. He's got a coward's streak
Running down his back.
He doesn't have to stool,
He'll always get along
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

Solo 4:
You got a union now,
And you're sitting pretty.
Put some of the folks
On the steering committee.
The boss won't listen
When one person squawks,
But he's got to listen when the union talks.

All:
He'd better, be mighty lonely
If everyone decides to walk out on him.

Solo 5:
Suppose they're working you so hard
It's just outrageous,
And they're paying you all starvation wages.
You go to the boss and the boss will yell,
"Before I raise your pay, I'll see you all in hell!"
Well, he's puffing a big cigar,
Feeling mighty slick
'Cause he thinks he's got your union licked.
Well, he looks out the window
And what does he see
But a thousand pickets, and they all agree:

All:
He's a bastard, unfair, slave driver;
Bet he beats his wife!

Solo 6:
Now folks, you've come to the hardest time.
The boss will try to bust your picket line.
He'll call out the police, the National Guard.
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card.
They'll raid your meetings, they'll hit you on the head;
They'll call every one of you a goddamn Red;
Unpatriotic, industrial spies, sabotaging the economy.

Solos 7-10, one line each:
*7 But a*t Republic Windows, here's what they found,
8 The West Virginia teachers, here's what they found,
9 And at Rutgers, here's what they found,
10 And out at Stop & Shop, here's what they found:

Gradual soft to very loud:
That if you don't let red-baiting break you up,
And you don't let stool pigeons break you up,
And if you don't let sexism break you up,
And if you don't let race hatred break you up,
You'll win.
What we mean is, take it easy,
But take it

Florence Reece/Aunt Molly Jackson, 1930s
Adapted by: Solidarity Singers, 2003
(A minor)

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, friends?
Which side are you on?
Join the IUC
Come, join the IUC

I am a union woman,
As brave as I can be.
I do not like the bosses,
And the bosses don't like me.

I was raised in old New Jersey,
New Jersey born and bred,
But when I joined the Union,
They called me a Russian Red.

Chorus

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you take a stand?

Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies.
Us working folks ain't got a chance
Unless we organize!

Chorus

If you want to join a union,
As strong as one can be,
Join the dear old IUC
And come along with me.

We are many thousand strong,
And I am glad to say
We are getting stronger
And stronger every day!

Chorus

HAVE YOU BEEN TO JAIL FOR JUSTICE?

By Anne Feeney
Key: C (one guitar plays G position chords with capo on fifth fret)

Maybe it was César Chávez, maybe it was Dorothy Day.
Maybe it was Dr. King or Gandhi sent you on your way.
No matter who your mentors are, it's mighty plain to see,
If you've been to jail for justice, you're in good company.

Chorus:

Have you been to jail for justice? I want to shake your hand.
'Cause sitting in and lying down are ways to make a stand.
Have you sung a song for freedom? Have you marched that picket line?
If you've been to jail for justice, then you're a friend of mine.

You law-abiding citizens, come and listen to my song:
Laws are made by people, and people can be wrong.
Once unions were against the law, but slavery was fine.
Women were denied the vote, and children worked the mines.
The more you study history, the less you can deny it:
A rotten law stays on the books, 'til folks with guts defy it.

Chorus

The laws were meant to serve us, and so are the police,
But when the system fails, it's time for us to speak our piece.
It takes eternal vigilance for justice to prevail,
So have the courage of your convictions! Let them haul you off to jail!

Final Chorus
Have you been to jail for justice? I want to shake your hand.
'Cause sitting in and lying down are ways to make a stand.
Have you sung a song for freedom? Have you marched that picket line?
Have you've been to jail for justice?
Will you go to jail for justice?
If you've been to jail for justice, then you're a friend of mine.

UNSETTLING FORCE **60**
by the Poor People's Campaign
Key C# minor, a cappella with percussion

We are a new unsettling force,
And we are powerful, a new unsettling force,
And we're here—a new unsettling force
For liberation, and we've got nothing to lose but our chains.
And we've got nothing to lose but our chains.
Repeat twice. Then sing:
And we've got nothing to lose but our chains

RISE UP CHANT
Rise up; keep the spirit alive. Come together; we must organize.
Rise up; we don't have long. Come together; keep our movement strong.

GOD BLESS THE GRASS **61**

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds
Key: A Minor

God bless the grass that grows through the crack.
They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back.
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do;
It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun.
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done.
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that grows through cement.
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent.
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.

POWER AND THE GLORY Updated 02/20/2022 **62**

Phil Ochs, 1964 - Key C

Come and take a walk with me through this green and growing land;
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand;
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains;
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain.

Chorus:
Here is a land full of power and glory,
Beauty that words cannot recall.
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom;
Her glory shall rest on us all.

From Colorado, Kansas, and the Carolinas too,
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new,
Texas and Ohio and the California shore,
Tell me, who could ask for more?
Chorus

Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of her poor,
Only as free as the padlocked prison door,
Only as strong as our love for this land,
Only as tall as we stand.
Chorus

But our land is still troubled by those who have to hate.
They twist away our freedom, and they twist away our fate.
Fear is their weapon, and treason is their cry.
We can stop them if they try.
Chorus

Repeat first verse.

Chorus +
On us all.

MAY THE WORK THAT I HAVE DONE SPEAK FOR ME **63**

Music by Sullivan S. Pugh; words adapted by the Freedom Song Network Group, et al.
Key: C

May the work that I have done speak for me.
May the work that I have done speak for me.
If I fall short of my goal, someone else will take a hold.

May the work that I have done speak for me.

May the friends that I have made…

May the songs that I have sung…

May the children I have taught…

May the love that I have shared…

May the peace that I have spread…

May the work that I have done…

SONG FOR MICHAEL BROWN Updated 01/10/2021 **64**

Lyrics: Vicki Ryder (2014, adapted by NJ Solidarity Singers, August 2014-Januart 2021)
Melody: "The Water Is Wide," traditional English
A cappella, Key C

We will remember Michael Brown,
Eighteen years old when they shot him down.
A human being just in his prime,
And "walking black" was his only crime.

Breonna Taylor and George Floyd
Trayvon Martin, Freddie Gray
Eric Garner, and Earl Faison
Philando Castile, we remember well…

Tamir Rice, and Sondra Bland
Abdul Kamal, and Jerome Reid
Laquan McDonald, and Sean Bell
Kashad Ashford, we remember well…

The people all cry out in pain
To see it happen once again.
We worked to end Jim Crow at last,
And we won't go back to our racist past.

The cops with guns across our land
Have got to stop and understand
That all of us are Michael Brown….
And tho' they try, they won't keep us down.

We hope they all didn't die in vain
We know George Floyd will make a change
Thousands marched to take a stand
All across this hate-filled land

WE'RE THE UNION **65**

Tune: Wimoweh (Mbube by Solomon Linda)
Lyrics: Julia McCall and Elise Bryant
Key G

(Bass 1X alone then continue thru Verse 1.)
Organize, organize, organize, organize.

(Tenor begins next, then continue.)
Organize, organize, organize, organize (2X).

Alto & soprano, sing on top of above:

1. We're the union, the mighty union,
Defending workers' rights.
We're the union, the mighty union,
The leaders in the fight.
We-ee-ee are leaders in the fight.
Wee-ee-ee-ee fight with union might.

<u>All voices</u> in unison, Verse 2:

2. In the workplace, in every workplace,
Justice is our plan.
In the workplace, in every workplace,
We'll take a union stand.
We-ee-ee will take a union stand.
We-ee organize across the land.

(Bass 1X alone then continue thru Verse 3.)
Organize, organize, organize, organize.

3. Show your power, your union power
To bosses everywhere.
Show your power, your union power
'Cause we deserve our share.
We-ee-ee-ee, we deserve our share.
We-ee let our voices fill the air.

(Bass 1X alone.)
Organize, organize, organize, organize.

(Tenor begins next, then continue.)
Organize, organize, organize, organize (2X).

Alto & soprano, sing on top of above:

4. We're the union, the mighty union,
Defending workers' rights.
We're the union, the mighty union,
The leaders in the fight.
We-ee-ee are leaders in the fight.
Wee-ee-ee-ee fight with union might.

<u>All voices</u> in unison

Organize, organize *(8X, fading)*
Organize!! *(Loud)*

SUPER CALLOUS RACIST FASCIST SEXIST BRAGGADOCIOUS **66**

Tune: "Supercalifraglisticexpialidocious" by Robert and Richard Sherman
Words: Solidarity Singers, adapted from Randy Rainbow.
Additional words by Dave Stump and Diane Beeny
Key: G

Super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious! [lying POTUS]
When we sing it loud enough the world knows he's atrocious.
The anger that we're feeling grows daily more ferocious!
At super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious!

Super-callous-racist-fascist-sexist-braggadocious!
He has such a swelled-up head and never was precocious.
His gutting of the EPA is totally atrocious.
That Super-callous-racist-fascist-sexist-braggadocious.

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle aye
How did we ever get stuck with this guy?
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle aye
How are we gonna get rid of this guy?

His itchy Twitter finger offends the world around.
If we can't get rid of him he'll burn the planet down.
However did we end up with such a horrid POTUS?
That super-callous-racist-fascist-sexist-braggadocious.

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle aye
How did we ever get stuck with this guy?
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle aye
How are we gonna get rid of this guy?

Super-callous-racist-fascist-sexist-braggadocious!
He has such a swelled-up head and never was precocious.
His gutting of the EPA is totally atrocious.
That super-callous-racist-fascist-sexist-braggadocious.

Super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious!
When we sing it loud enough the world knows he's atrocious.
The anger that we're feeling grows daily more ferocious!
At super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious!

Bennet says, "Everybody sing!"
Super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious!
When we sing it loud enough the world knows he's atrocious.
The anger that we're feeling grows daily more ferocious!
At super callous racist fascist sexist braggadocious!

OH FREEDOM Updated 1/21/2020 **67**

Traditional, sung by African-American soldiers in Union Army Black Regiments during the Civil War

Key: G

Oh Freedom, Oh Freedom,
Oh Freedom over me.
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord
And be free.

No more weepin', no more weepin',
No more weepin' over me.
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave
And I'll fight for the right
To be free.

No more slavery, no more slavery,
No more slavery over me.
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave
And I'll fight for the right
And be free.

No more segregation, no more segregation,
No more segregation over me.
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave
And I'll fight for the right
To be free.

The people united
Will never be defeated.
We'll never be defeated.
Down with greed!
And before we'll be your slaves,
We'll be buried in our graves,
And we'll fight for the right
To be free.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE FAST FOOD BOSSES? **68**
Tune: What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor
Words: $15Now Movement, adapted by the Solidarity Singers
Key: A minor

What shall we do with the Fast Food bosses ? (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning?

Chorus:
Way, ho, 15 an hour (3x)
15 and a union

Make ’em drink coffee ’til they wake up and listen...

Chorus

Stamp those burgers with a union label...

Chorus

Picket outside ’til they give us a raise, now. (3X)
Morning, noon, and nighttime.

Chorus

Sing this song ’til they can’t take it any more. (3X)
Morning, noon, and nighttime.

2 choruses

That’s what we’ll do with the Fast Food bosses (3x)
Late until the evening

3 choruses

PUT IT ON THE GROUND

Words: Ray Glaser
Music: Bill Wolff
© 1947, People's Songs, Inc.
Key: E

Oh! If you want a raise in pay, all you have to do
Go and ask the boss for it and he will give it to you
Yes, he will give it to you, my boys, he will give it to you
A raise in pay, without delay, oh, he will give it to you

Chorus:
Ohhh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around
Dig it with a hoe:
It will make your flowers grow

For men who own the industries I'm shedding bitter tears
They haven't made a single dime in over thirty years
In over thirty years, my boys, in over thirty years
Not one thin dime in all that time, in over thirty years.

Chorus

“The cost of living ain't so high,” I told my wife Miranda
“This talk of living being hard is Rooshian propaganda.”
It's Rooshian propaganda, boys, just Rooshian propaganda
From Molotov to Simonov, just Rooshian propaganda.

Chorus

It's fun to work on holidays, or when the day is done;
Why should they pay us overtime for having so much fun?
For having so much fun my boys, for having so much fun.
Pay overtime would be a crime for having so much fun.

Chorus

The men who own the industries, they own no bonds and stocks
They own no yachts and limousines, or gems the size of rocks.
They own no big estates with pools, or silken B.V.D.'s,
Because they pay the working man such fancy salaries.

Chorus

IT ISN'T NICE

by Malvina Reynolds, 1964
Tune arranged by Barbara Dane and the Chambers Brothers
Key: C

It isn't nice to block the doorway,
It isn't nice to go to jail,
There are nicer ways to do it,
But the nice ways always fail.
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once, you told us twice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind, we don't mind.
If that's freedom's price,
We don't mind.

It isn't nice to carry banners
Or to sit in on the floor,
Or to shout our cry of Freedom
At the hotel and the store.
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once, you told us twice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind, we don't mind.
If that's freedom's price,
We don't mind.

We have tried negotiations
And the three-man picket line,
Mr. Charlie didn't see us
And he might as well be blind.
Now our ways are not so nice
When we deal with men of ice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind, we don't mind.
If that's freedom's price,
We don't mind.

How about those years of lynchings
And the shot in Evers' back?
Did you say it wasn't proper,
Did you stand upon the track?
You were quiet just like mice,
Now you say we're not nice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind, we don't mind.
If that's freedom's price,
We don't mind.

It isn't nice to block the doorway,
It isn't nice to go to jail,
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nice ways always fail.
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once, you told us twice.
Well thank you, buddy for your
advice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind, we don't mind
Yes thank you, buddy, for your
advice,
But if that's Freedom's price,
We don't mind.

LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM 71

By Ed McCurdy
Key: C (?)

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
I dreamed I saw a mighty room,
Filled with women and men,
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

And when the papers all were signed
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed.
And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round.
And guns and swords and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

I AIN'T AFRAID **72**

Words and music by Holly Near, 2000
Key: E Minor

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh;
I ain't afraid of your Allah;
I ain't afraid of your Jesus;
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your churches;
I ain't afraid of your temples;
I ain't afraid of your praying;
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

Rise up to your higher power.
Free up from fear; it will devour you.
Watch out for the ego of the hour.
The ones who say they know it
Are the ones who will impose it on you.

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh;
I ain't afraid of your Allah;
I ain't afraid of your Jesus;
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your Bible;
I ain't afraid of your Torah;
I ain't afraid of your Koran.
Don't let the letter of the law
Obscure the spirit of your love.

Rise up and find a higher story.
Free up from the gods of war and glory.
Watch out for the threat of purgatory.
The spirit of the wind
Won't make a killing off of sin and Satan.

I ain't afraid of your money;
I ain't afraid of your culture;
I ain't afraid of your choices;
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your music;
I ain't afraid of your stories;
I ain't afraid of your dances;
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God

Repeat chorus 3, then verses 4 and 5

Repeat chorus 3 and end with: I ain't afraid!

ALE BRIDER

Lyrics: Morris Winchevsky
Music: Traditional Yiddish
Key: Dm

Un mir zaynen ale brider
Oy, oy, ale brider!
Un mir zingen freylekhe lider
Oy, oy, oy!

Un mir haltn zikh in eynem,
Oy, oy, zikh in eynem!
Azelkhes iz nito bay keynem,
Oy, oy, oy!

Un mir zaynen ale eynik,
Oy, oy, ale eynik!
Tsi mir zaynen fil tsi veynik,
Oy, oy, oy!

Un mir libn zikh dokh ale,
Oy, oy, zikh dokh ale!
Vi a khosn mit a kale,
Oy, oy, oy!

Un mir zaynen freylekh, munter,
Oy, oy freylekh, munter!
Zingen lider, tantsn unter,
Oy, oy, oy!

Un mir zaynen ale shvester
Oy, oy ale shvester
Azoy vi Rokhl, Rus un Ester
Oy, oy, oy.

English translation:

We are all brothers
And sing happy songs

We stick together
Like nobody else does!

We are all united
Whether we are many or few

And we love each other
Like bride and groom!

We’re happy and cheerful
Singing songs, topping our feet!

And we are all sisters,
Like Rachel, Ruth and Esther.

RISE UP! **74**

Words and music by Marcia Taylor
Key: F

Two steps forward, one step back.
Don't give up. Stay on track.
We are many. We are strong.
We are singing a justice song,
And if push comes to shove
We shall overcome with love!
Will you answer the call and rise up? Rise up!

For energy we can renew—rise up! Rise up!
For universal healthcare, too—rise up! Rise up!
For loving who and how we please—rise up! Rise up!
For sheltering the refugees—rise up! Rise up!
Rise up! Many hands for the work to be done!
Rise up! Stand together as one!

Two steps forward, one step back.
Don't give up. Stay on track.
We are many. We are strong.
We are singing a justice song,
And if push comes to shove
We shall overcome with love!
Will you answer the call and rise up? Rise up!

Black lives matter is our call—rise up! Rise up!
Reproductive rights for all—rise up! Rise up!
Decrying hate and bigotry—rise up! Rise up!
Earning our democracy—rise up! Rise up!
Rise up! Many hands for the work to be done!
Rise up! Stand together as one!

Two steps forward, one step back.
Don't give up. Stay on track.
We are many. We are strong.
We are singing a justice song,
And if push comes to shove
We shall overcome with love!
Will you answer the call and rise up? Rise up!

Rise up! Rise up! (*repeat to end*)

Words and music by Fred Small
Key: C

The world has gone crazy;
The country's a mess.
You open your eyes,
And you just get depressed.
If you take what they give you,
They'll keep all the rest.
So stand up and tell 'em you're here!

Chorus:
Stand up, stand up, and tell 'em you're here.
Shout it out loud for the whole world to hear.
They're long overdue for a kick in the rear.
So stand up and tell 'em you're here!

Oh, the problems are so hard,
And talk is so cheap.
Counting the crises
Is like counting sheep.
You can count on the experts
And go back to sleep,
Or stand up and tell 'em you're here!

Chorus

When you're fed up with
Being ignored and abused,
You're a mighty big bomb
With a mighty short fuse.
Yes, we'll make 'em an offer
They cannot refuse,
When we stand up and tell 'em we're here!

Stand up, stand up, and tell 'em we're here.
Shout it out loud for the whole world to hear.
They're long overdue for a kick in the rear.
So stand up and tell 'em we're here!

LOVE'S GONNA CARRY US

Words and Music by Fred Small
Key: G

Chorus:

It's been a long hard time.
It's gonna be a long steep climb,
But no one's gonna change our minds
'Bout what we gotta do.
And when the road gets rough,
Everybody's saying, "Just give it up."
All of our friends' sweet love
Gonna carry us through.

We don't have the money,
But we got the will.
We go voices talking the truth
That can never be stilled.
But they're gonna threaten
You know they have killed to get their way,
But this movement we are building
Will not go away.

Chorus

Beware of the heroes;
Beware of the stars,
'Cause a victory is hollow
If it ain't really ours.
We're talking 'bout changes
And not just in the faces at the top.
They say that freedom is a constant struggle.
Well, we ain't gonna stop.

Chorus

Now, we're gonna argue;
We won't always agree.
But we can't let anger blind us
To all we can be.
'Cause we need the laughter,
And we need the tears to wash us clean.
We need sisters and brothers beside us
To follow the dream.

Chorus

Words and music by Tom Bias, 2011
Key: E
Refrain:
Tom as soloist: Listen up, all you people!
Are you wise or are you fools?
Everyone: Will you do what's right; will you walk in the light,
Or bow down to the Golden Bull?

Tom as soloist, everyone else softly on "ooh": Well, Moses went up on a mountain,
Where the Lord laid down the law.
When Moses came down from the mountain,
This is what old Moses saw:
He saw his brother with the people,
They were dancin' round a Golden Calf.
He called God's wrath down on the people,
And he broke those tablets in half.

Everyone repeat refrain

Tom as soloist, everyone else softly on "ooh": On Wall Street in New York City,
That's where the Golden Calf is today.
It's guarded by forty policemen,
Just to keep the righteous children away.

Everyone: But the righteous children are a-coming;
The Fearless Girl is taking her stand. (*Accentuate underlined words with even syllables*)
Gonna cast out the prophets of profit,
And bring justice all over the land!

'Cause the prophets of profit are liars,
With deceit their mouths are full.
Don't listen to lies: keep your eyes on the prize. (*As in previous verse*)
Don't you listen to their golden bull!

So, listen up, all you people!
Are you wise or are you fools?
Will you do what's right; will you rise up and fight,
And do away with the Golden Bull?

Repeat last two lines slowly

FORECLOSURE SONG **78**

Words and music: Tom Bias, 2011
Key A

In our town there are houses in foreclosure:
There are two on our street since last July.
And for each foreclosed address, there's a family in distress,
And every one has got its reasons why.

Refrain:
Every family in foreclosure has its story,
A story of hard luck and broken dreams.
Don't say that they're no good, 'cause they've done the best they could,
And the good times have gone away, it seems.

Now, Mr. Rodríguez was a roofer.
He had an accident three years ago.
He could never work again, but the bills kept coming in,
And now he and his family have to g*o.*

Repeat refrain.

Mrs. Kelly's husband was an Army corporal.
He came back from Afghanistan last May.
But his mind just wasn't right, and he shot himself one night,
And she never got a dime from the V.A.

Repeat refrain.

Instrumental break

The Wall Street bankers live in mansions
And penthouse apartments in the sky.
They push working folks like us into poverty and worse.
But together we can stop 'em, you and I.

Repeat refrain.

Words by Bertolt Brecht. Music by Hanns Eisler.
Key: E minor

And just because he's human,
A man doesn't like a pistol at his head.
He wants no servants under him,
But no boss over his head.

Chorus:
So, left, two three, so left, two three,
To the work that we must do.
March on in the workers' united front,
For you are a worker, too.

A worker is a worker,
and no one else can ever sit him free.
So only the working class
Can put an end to wage slavery.

Chorus

SHARE THE DOUGH! **80**

Tune: "Let it Snow" by Jule Styne
Lyrics: Julie McCall
Key: F

While the minimum wage is frightful,
For the wealthy, life's delightful.
Tell those millionaire CEO's
Share the dough, share the dough, share the dough!

The battle around us rages,
As we fight for living wages,
And we want to get what we're owed.
Share the dough, share the dough, share the dough!

Bridge
We leave families home at night;
Working two jobs is the norm.
And we know that it's just not right.
/ This system needs reform!

The economy's globalizing;
In the streets we're organizing,
And we're making our movement grow.
Share the dough, share the dough, share the dough! (2X)

THE SOUP SONG **81**

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
Words: Maurice Sugar, 1937
Key G

I'm spending my nights in the flophouse.
I'm spending my days on the street.
I'm looking for work, but I find none.
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus:
Soo-oop, soo-oop,
They gave me a bowl of soo-oo-oop.
Soo-oop, soo-oop,
They gave me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the factory.
I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and faithful,
But now I am out in the cold:

Chorus

I borrowed some bucks from my bankers
To buy me a house and a lot.
I asked of them not to foreclose me,
And this is the answer I got:

Chorus

I fought in the war for my country.
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply:

Chorus

DONNY THE CON MAN **82**

Tune: "Frosty the Snow Man"
Lyrics: Sing
Key: C

Donny the con man is a nasty, hateful soul,
Just an angry man with a spray-on tan,
Telling lies about clean coal.

Donny the con man did a job Election Day,
Telling old white men they'd be great again
If they'd let him have his way.

But now they see how tragically he played them all for fools.
He worked with spies to feed them lies, and he won by Russian rules! Oh!

Donny the con man says there is no climate change.
It's a Chinese plot—it's not getting hot! He is totally deranged.

Chumpity chump chump, Donny the Trump! This ain't a TV show!
Chumpity chump chump, Donny the Trump! Off to hell we go!

Donny the con man says he wants a great big wall—
And the caravan was a Jewish plan, so we need a Nazi brawl.
Gay, Black or Muslim, say goodbye to civil rights!
With the KKK and the NRA, he has got us in his sights.

He guards his prize with petty lies like any cornered thief—
But look around, we're taking down the terrorist-in-chief! Oh!

Donny the con man, in the end you'll have to pay:
We will wave goodbye, and we'll say nice try,
And we'll send—you—on—your—way!

I HEAR THE OIL TRAIN COMIN' Updated 3/15/2021 **83**

Tune: "Folsom Prison Blues" by Johnny Cash
Words: Andy Kafel
Key: G

I hear that train a comin', it's rollin' round the bend.
I hope it don't jump off the tracks, cause that would be the end
Of life as we know it...in this peaceful town.
But, those oil trains keep a-comin',
We've got to shut 'em down!

When I was just a baby, my Momma told me: "Son,
Only play with safe toys, don't ever play with bombs."
Cause Bakken crude is dangerous...It'll blow sky-high!
It'll spill into the river,
And make your children die.

(This last verse starts on a higher pitch.)
They drill into the mountains. They fracturize the earth.
Poison air, land, and water; to get their money's worth
Squeeze the last drop of oil, out of Mother Earth.
It's up to us to stop them
(and have an) Alternative energy re-birth!

Notes: Key of G seems most singable. The chords are from the Rise Again Songbook. The last line of each stanza can be scaled up to make it easier to sing. In the last line of the song, "and have an Al," should be sung on the upbeat, before hitting "ter" on the next downbeat. The last line should be sung with ascending notes to finish brightly.

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR EYES ON THE BIG PICTURE Updated 3/15/2021 **84**

Words & Music by Bennet Zurofsky – May 2018
Key of C

Chorus:
(We've Got to) Keep Our Eyes On the Big Picture
We're all getting poorer as the rich get richer
The daily scandal can be a distraction
The immoral system demands our action!

They're drilling for oil and digging for coal
Corp'rate profit is their only goal
Stopping climate change requires a stand
Ban fossil fuels is our demand!

Chorus

They're building bombs and killer drones
And collecting the data from everyone's phones
The War Machine must be stopped
And we'll rejoice when their profits drop!

Chorus

Concentration of wealth is an obscenity
That can only be fatal to democracy
The wealth they hoard goes untaxed
We need to rise up and take it back!

Chorus

GENBAKU O YURUSUMAJI-NEVER AGAIN THE A-BOMB

Tune: Koji Kinoshita, Central Chorus of Japan
Lyrics: Ishiji Asada; Translation: Ewan MacColl
Key: B Minor (Am on Capo 2)

Fu-ru-sa-to no machi yaka-re
Miyo-ri no ho-ne u-mesi yakesuchi ni
Ima wa si-ro-i ha-na sa-ku
Ah-yuru-su-maji gen-baku o
Mi-ta-bi yu-rusu-maji gen-baku o
Wa-re-ra no ma-chi ni

In the place where our city was destroyed,
Where we buried the ashes of the ones that we loved;
There the green grass grows and the white waving weeds -
Deadly harvest of two atom bombs.
Then brothers and sisters, you must watch and take care
That the third atom bomb never comes.

Gentle rain gathers poison from the sky,
And the fish carry death in the depth of the sea;
Fishing boats are idle, their owners are blind -
Deadly harvest of two atom bombs.
Then landsmen and seamen you must watch and take care
That the third atom bomb never comes.

The sky hangs like a shroud overhead,
And the sun's in the cage of the black, lowering cloud;
No birds fly in the leaden sky -
Deadly harvest of two atom bombs.
Then brothers and sisters, you must watch and take care
That the third atom bomb never comes.

All that we have created with our hands
And our minds for the glory of the world that we live in,
Now it can be smashed, in a moment destroyed -
Deadly harvest of two atom bombs.
Then people of the world, you must watch and take care
That the third atom bomb never comes.

Japanese language verse repeated by two singers.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND **86**

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Key: D(?)

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

I'VE GOT TO KNOW **87**

Tune: "Farther Along"
Words: Woody Guthrie
Key G

Why do your war boats ride on my waters?
Why do your death bombs fall from my skies?
Why do you burn my farm and my town down?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!

What makes your boats haul death to my people?
Nitro blockbusters, big cannons and guns?
Why don't your ships bring food and some clothing?
I've sure got to know, folks, I've sure got to know!

Chorus: I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend;
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go!
Comrades and friends all falling around me
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know.

Why can't my two hands get a good pay job?
I can still plow, plant, I can still sow!
Why did your laws chase me off my good land?
I'd sure like to know, friend, I've just got to know!

What good work did you do, sir, I'd like to ask you,
To take all my money right out of my hands?
I built your big house here, now you hide from my people,
Why do you hide so, I'd love to know!

Chorus

You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison,
Your hospital's jammed and your crazyhouse full,
What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
You'll hafta talk plain 'cause I sure have to know!

Why can't I get work and cash my big paycheck?
Why can't I buy things in your place and your store?
Why close my plant down and starve all my buddies?
I'm asking you, sir, 'cause I've sure got to know!

PEACE RAP 101 **88**

Diane Beeny, 2004
Key C

Chorus:
Lay down your swords and shields;
Study war no more.
Lay down your swords and shields;
Study war no more

Drop those guns,
Dismantle those bombs;
Instead of hate,
Spread peace and calm.

Shine a light,
Teach hope, not fear;
Study war no more.

We sure need some better solutions.
Teach peaceful conflict resolution
Let's have more conscious evolution.
Study war no more.

Children and parents mourn the world
'round
For all of the lives prematurely cut down.
Let all the wailing confirm and resound
That we'll study war no more.

Chorus as above

Bypass that local recruiting station;
Death should cause you some hesitation
And killing others real consternation.
Study war no more.

On our youth they prey like vultures.
Let's get the violence out of our culture.
We can't keep sacrificing our future.
Study war no more.

Chorus as above
Pollution, starvation, war and
occupation;
It's all a dead end destination.
Let's turn away from this desecration
And study war no more.

Instead of sowing hate and dissension
Intensifying conflict past comprehension,
Sow seeds of hope and regeneration.
Study war no more.

Final chorus:
Lay down your swords and shields;
Study war no more.
Lay down your swords and shields;
Study war no more

Drop those guns,
And <u>ban</u> those bombs;
Instead of hate,
Spread peace and calm. *(slowly)*

Shine a light,
Teach hope, not fear;
Study war no more. *(slowly)*

Study War No More
(very slowly, each syllable separate

GOD BLESS FREE ENTERPRISE Updated 1/21/2020 **89**

Tune: God Bless America by Irving Berlin
Lyrics: Verse 1 by Walter Peterson, National Secretary of Young People's Socialist League 1948; Remaining verses by Dottie Gutenkauf, 2002 & 2009; Trump modifications 2020 by Solidarity Singers
Key E - a cappella

God bless free enterprise, system divine;
Stand beside her and guide her, just as long as the profits are mine.
Dear old Wall Street, may she flourish, corporations, may they grow.
God bless free enterprise – the status quo!
(Repeat last line)

God bless the marketplace, long may it stand;
Healthy pensions, stock options, and the profits we make are just grand!
The Trump family's hiding assets, and they all say, "It's all mine!"
God bless the marketplace – we'll all be fine!
(Repeat last line)

God bless conservatives, they're really swell;
Slick accounting, debt mounting, and the workers can all go to hell!
Contributions buy us access to our buddies in DC.
God bless conservatives – they work for me!
(Repeat last line)

God bless the neo-cons, making a war:
Kill civilians, bomb millions, and keep lying about what it's for!
Mass destruction, reconstruction, profiteering never ends.
God bless the neo-cons - they're our best friends!
(Repeat last line)

[We do not sing the following verse at the present time]

God damn those Democrats-- They beat us bad!
Took the White House and Congress; it's no wonder we've gone raving mad!
Filibusters and obstruction-- we'll put on our right-wing show.
And to those Democrats - we'll just say "NO"!
(Repeat last line)

LO YISA GOY (VINE AND FIG TREE) **90**

From Isaiah 2:4 & Micah 4:3-4
English: Leah Jaffa & Fran Minkoff
Key D Minor

(Sing <u>each couplet 2X</u>, starting with the high tune, then the low, and alternate, ending with the high tune.)

Lo yisa goy el goy cherev *high*
Lo yilmedu od milchama.

Lo yisa goy el goy cherev *low*
Lo yilmedu od milchama.

Lo yisa goy el goy cherev *high*
Lo yilmedu od milchama.

And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree *low*
Shall live in peace and unafraid.

And into plowshares beat their swords; *high*
Nations shall learn war no more.

Lo yisa goy el goy cherev *low*
Lo yilmedu od milchama.

Lo yisa goy el goy cherev *high*
Lo yilmedu od milchama.

SHALOM ALÉCHEM **91**

Traditional
A Minor

Sing 2X:
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom, shalom, shalom aléchem.

Sing 2X:
Mir viln frayhayt far ale
Mir viln glaykhkayt far ale
Mir viln sholem far ale,
Mir viln sholem, sholem, sholem oyf der velt!

Sing once:
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom aléchem
Hévénu shalom, shalom, shalom oyf der velt!

WOKE UP THIS MORNING Updated 1/21/2020 **92**

Traditional Gospel song
Adaptation: Rev. Osby, 1963
Key A

You gotta walk, walk (2X)

You gotta talk, talk (2X)

Oh, I woke up this morning with my mind
(My mind it was stayed)
Stayed on freedom. *(3X)*

Hallelu (Hallelu)
Hallelu (Hallelu)
Hallelujah.

Ain't no harm to have your mind
(Have your mind stayed)
Stayed on freedom. *(3X)*

Hallelu ….

Interlude:
You've got to walk, walk *(2X),*
You've got to walk, [rest, rest]
With your mind on freedom.
You've gotta talk, talk *(2X),*
You've gotta talk, [rest, rest]
With your mind on freedom.
Oh, Oh, Oh.
You gotta walk, walk,
You gotta talk, talk.

Walkin' and talkin' with my mind
(Mind it is stayed)
Stayed on freedom *(3X)*

Hallelu …

Repeat interlude.
Repeat first verse.
Add two Hallelujah choruses

THE TIDE IS RISING **93**

by Rabbi Shoshana Meira Friedman
Key G

The tide is rising, and so are we (3X)
This is where we are called to be. (2X)

The task is mighty, and so are we (3X)
This is where we are called to be. (2X)

The storm is raging, and so are we. (3X).
This is where we are called to be. (2X)

The sun is shining, and so are we. (3X)
This is where we are called to be. (2X)

The world is ready, and so are we. (3X)
This is where we are called to be. (2X)

This is where we are called to be.

VOTE 'EM OUT **94**

Words and music by Willie Nelson
Key: D

If you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out!
That's what Election Day is all about!
The biggest gun we've got is called the ballot box,
So if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out!

Chorus:
Vote 'em out! (Vote 'em out!) Vote 'em out! (Vote 'em out!)
And when they're gone, we'll sing and dance and shout.
Bring some new ones in, and we'll start that show again.
And if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out!

If it's a bunch of clowns you voted in,
Election Day is comin' round again.
If you don't like it now, it's more than you allow,
If you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out!

Chorus

Vote 'em out! (Vote 'em out!) Vote 'em out! (Vote 'em out!)
That's what Election Day is all about!
The biggest gun we've got is called the ballot box,
So if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out!

WE SHALL OVERCOME **95**

Adapted in 1960 by Zilphia Horton from Black Gospel Singers of the
Charleston Food & Tobacco Workers Union and the Southern Civil Rights Movement
Key C

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

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

We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

I WON'T BACK DOWN **96**
by Tom Petty and Jeff Lynne
Key: C (principal riff: Am – G – C)

Well I won't back down
No I won't back down
You can stand me up at the gates of Hell
But I won't back down
No I'll stand my ground
Won't be turned around
And I'll keep this world from draggin' me down
Gonna stand my ground
And I won't back down (I won't back down)

Hey baby
There ain't no easy way out (I won't back down)
Hey I, will stand my ground
And I won't back down

Well I know what's right
I got just one life
In a world that keeps on pushin' me around
But I'll stand my ground
And I won't back down (I won't back down)

Hey baby
There ain't no easy way out (I won't back down)
Hey I, will stand my ground (I won't back down)
And I won't back down

Hey baby
There ain't no easy way out (I won't back down)
Hey I, won't back down (I won't back down)

Hey baby
There ain't no easy way out (I won't back down)
Hey I, will stand my ground (I won't back down)
And I won't back down (I won't back down)
No, I won't back down

THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR Updated 11/26/19 **97**

Words and music by Thomas Bias, 2009, revised 2018
Key: A

Seems like he's just a baby, that little boy next door.
Now he's finished up with boot camp, and he's headed off to war.
I hear his mama cryin' at her window every night,
And we're just prayin' that he makes it home all right.

He's going to a country called Afghanistan.
It's a country many miles away that we don't understand.
He wants to serve our country, and he wants to keep us free,
But over there don't make much sense to me.

I've seen the vet'rans come home, and mostly they're okay,
But they've got a look that's in their eyes that seems so far away.
And I wonder what they're feelin' 'bout what they've seen and done.
Well people, they're our daughters and our sons!

They've come back from a country called Afghanistan.
It's a country many miles away that we don't understand.
Well they went to serve their country, and they fought to keep us free,
But over there don't make much sense to me.

A boy from down the corner, been back about a year.
I never heard him talk much. Never saw him shed a tear.
Well he took his daddy's shotgun and blew himself away.
Just couldn't stand to live just one more day.

He came back from a country called Afghanistan.
It's a country many miles away that we don't understand.
He went to serve our country, and he fought to keep us free,
But over there don't make much sense to me.

Our troops have been there fightin' since twenty and oh-one,
And I'll be damned if I could say what good it all has done.
One thing I know: the people there don't want us anymore.
It's time for us to end this endless war!

Bring the troops back from that country called Afghanistan.
And all those other countries like Venezuela and Iran.
Let's work for peace together; that's what will keep us free.
Let's bring 'em home; that's what makes sense to me.

Let's bring 'em home; that's what makes sense to me.

NO ROSELAND COMPRESSOR STATION! **98**

Music: We Shall Not Be Moved (a spiritual)
Words: Paula Rogovin and the Solidarity Singers

Chorus:
No **Rose**land Com**pres**sor Station!
We shall not be moved!
No **Rose**land Com**pres**sor Station!
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Don't want more pollution!
We shall not be moved! (2x)
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

New Jersey **has** too much pollution!
We shall not be moved! (2x)
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Chorus

Want wind and solar power!
We shall not be moved! (2x)
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Tell Governor Murphy
We shall not be moved! (2x)
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Chorus

We need a moratorium!

ROOM FOR THE REFUGEE **99**

Words and Music by Thomas Bias, April 2017
Key: C
Dedicated to Fr. Brent Bates and the congregation of Grace Episcopal Church,Newark, NJ
This version has an alternative secular fifth stanza.

In a country far away from our borders,
Where people are hungry and afraid,
A young widow cries for her children at her window,
She knows that to survive they will have to go away.

Men of hatred and violence killed her husband,
Leaving her and her children alone.
But there is a land of plenty where her family can find safety.
If they can go to America they can make a new home.

Chorus:
Will you send them back to cry from hunger?
Will you send them back to die from a gun?
Or welcome them here, to live free from fear,
In a country with room for everyone?

Long ago when Jesus Christ was a baby,
An angel came to Joseph in a dream.
He said, “Take Mary and Jesus into Egypt this night;
King Herod will kill Him if you don’t take flight.”

Joseph did as the angel had commanded,
And his family became refugees.
They stayed on the other side until King Herod died,
And then they went back to their home in Galilee.

Chorus
A new family has come to our country;
With help from Americans who care,
They are grateful to have come to a new and hopeful home,
Surrounded by good people who know what it means to share.

We have food for a widow and her children,
Shelter and clothes to keep them warm;
In this richest land of all, it’s up to us to heed the call,
And stand up to save the refugee from hunger and from harm.

We won’t send them back to cry from hunger.
We won’t send them back to die from a gun.
We will welcome them here, to live free from fear,
In a country with room for everyone.

SOLAR RAIL Updated 12/23/19 **100**

Music: This Train Is Bound For Glory, Traditional
New Lyrics: Tim Sevener, Cassandra Worthington, Paula Rogovin, and The Solidarity Singers
Key of E *(Not too fast.)*

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train runs on solar, this train
This train is bound for glory, rays from sunshine, that's its story
This train runs on solar, this train

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train runs on solar, this train
This train is bound for glory, fossil fuels are an outdated story
This train runs on solar, this train

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train runs on solar, this train
This train is bound for glory, SOLAR RAIL's a sustainable story
This train runs on solar, this train

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train runs on solar, this train
This train is bound for glory, no pollution's a real good story
This train runs on solar, this train (x3)

SOON AND VERY SOON (PEACE LYRICS) 101

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and the Solidarity Singers
Peace lyrics
Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!
Soon and very soon, atomic weapons will be gone.
Soon and very soon, atomic weapons will be gone.
Soon and very soon, atomic weapons will be gone.
They'll be gone forever and ever! We're going to change the world!
Soon and very soon, we will welcome refugees.
Soon and very soon, we will welcome refugees.
Soon and very soon, we will welcome refugees.

They'll be welcome forever; we're going to change the world.
Soon and very soon, we'll build bridges instead of walls.
Soon and very soon, we'll build bridges instead of walls.
Soon and very soon, we'll build bridges instead of walls.
Open borders forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon we will dump Donald Trump.
Soon and very soon we will dump Donald Trump.
Soon and very soon we will dump Donald Trump.
He'll be gone forever and ever! We're going to change the world!
Soon and very soon, peace and justice shall prevail.
Soon and very soon, peace and justice shall prevail.
Soon and very soon, peace and justice shall prevail.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED / CLIMATE VERSION **102**
Traditional
Key G

English Chorus:
We shall not, we shall not be moved.
We shall not, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
We shall not be moved.

Spanish Chorus:
¡No, no, no nos moverán!
¡No, no, no nos moverán!
Porque estamos bien organizidos,
¡No nos moverán!

We're fighting for our future . . .

We're fighting for clean water . . .

We march against pollution . . .

We'll build a mighty movement . . .

We march to save the planet . . .

Unidos en la huelga . . .

We stand against fracking . . .

Unidos por el ninos . . .

We need lead-free water . . .

Hand in hand together . . .

Let's work for peace and unity . . .

New verses created on and for the occasion.

WE'RE THE WORKING PEOPLE — THAT'S US! **103**

Tom Bias, 2009
Key A

There's a dozen middle managers for every worker on the line
And consultants with flow charts and statistics on their mind.
Well, Einstein couldn't understand half the things they say,
But they tell us all to do our jobs their way.

Yeah, we're the working people; we're the ones who get things done.
We build things, and we fix things; we make the country run.
We just want to make a living without a lot of fuss.
We're the working people. / That's us!

An economist from Harvard says my wages are too high,
While he's wearing a suit that a garment worker can't afford to buy.
He says because I'm paid so well our business can't compete,
While I'm going into debt to pay for heat.

Yeah, we're the working people; we're the ones who get things done.
We teach kids and nurse patients; we make the country run.
We just want to make a living without a lot of fuss.
We're the working people. / That's us!

We get all the work done with our brains and hands,
But our bosses think we're stupid and we'll never understand.
Well, ain't they done a heck of a job of running things so far?
Just who in Sam Hill do they think they are?

So next time that you see the boss, look him in the eye.
Let him know you'll be respected, or you'll know the reason why.
If he thinks he's so much better, if he thinks he's such high class,
We can throw him out the door right on his ear.

Yeah, we're the working people; we're the ones who get things done.
We mine coal and fly aircraft; we make the country run.
We just want to make a living without a lot of fuss.
We're the working people. / That's us!

We're the working people; we're the ones who get things done.
We ought to run the country, 'cause we make the country run.
We just want to make a living without a lot of fuss.
We're the working people. That's us! *(Repeat line)*

HEALTHCARE'S A RIGHT FOR YOU AND ME Updated 9/02/2021 **104**

Tune: This Land is Your Land by Woody Guthrie
Words: Andrew Sprung, Blue Wave, Solidarity Singers (verse 1), unknown (verse 3)

Chorus:
Healthcare is your right,
Healthcare is my right,
If they try to take it,
we're gonna fight fight.
Tax breaks for the wealthy
Won't make us healthy,
Healthcare's a right for you and me.

Fighting Covid
Made it clear
Medicare for all
Should be here!
No more waiting,
Or equivocating
Healthcare's a right for you and me

Chorus
After an election
we got a health scare:
Extremists tried to
take away our healthcare.
But we're united,
and they're divided...
Healthcare's a right for you and me.

Chorus

When our democracy
Becomes plutocracy
Laced with theocracy
Drenched in hypocrisy,
But when our hollers
Drown rich men's dollars
We'll take back this land for you and me.

Chorus

Other verses:

State flexibility!
That's how they bill it.
Truth: First they'll cap it
and then they'll kill it...
That's Medicaid, Dear:,
Come to its aid, Dear...
Healthcare's a right for you and me.

24 Million uninsured
Is a pill quite poison,
So hear our voices
Rep (INSERT NAME)!
We sing in chorus:
Don't un-insure us...
Healthcare's a right for you and me.

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR OUR HEALTHCARE Updated 9/02/2021 **105**

Tune: I've Been Working on the Railroad"
Words: Andrew Sprung, adapted by the Solidarity Singers

We've been fighting for our healthcare. All these live long days.
We've been fighting for our healthcare, just don't vote it away.
Can't you hear our chorus growing? We're rising up because we must!
Can't you hear the people shouting? Congress don't betray us!

Congress won't you vote;
Congress won't you vote;
Vote Medicare for a-l-l!
Congress won't you vote;
Congress won't you vote;
Vote Medicare for all!

We need single-payer healthcare
Single payer's what we ne-e-e-ed
We need single-payer healthcare
Single payer's what we need

Hey, hey, Medicare for all
Medicare for a-l-l!
Hey, hey, Medicare for all
Medicare for all!

RYANCARE, GOODNIGHT **106**

Tune: Goodnight, Irene

Chorus:
Ryancare, goodniii—-iii—ght,
Ryancare, goodnight.
Goodnight, Ryancare,
You gave us a scare,
now vanish into thin air.

Last Monday night, a bill landed
on the internet, with a thud
Now CBO's gone through it,
and everyone knows it's a dud.

Chorus

$900 billion in tax cuts...
A trillion in benefits gone
24 million lose healthcare..
People askin', "WTF's goin on?!"

And now it's time, to say, No No,
Our insurance will not go away...
Put some tens of billions on the table,
And Democrats may come and play.

Chorus

ARE YOU GOING TO GUT MY HEALTH CARE? 107

Tune: Are You Going to Scarborough Fair?

Are you going to gut my health care?
Tom Price, Trump, McConnell, and Ryan.
Remember when you said you'd be fair?
That once was your campaign-trail line.

But now you're throwing us off Medicaid
Tom Price, Trump, McConnell, and Ryan
Remember when you said don't be afraid?
But now we see how much you been lyin' !

OUR SHOT **108**

Original song by Lin-Manuel Miranda
New healthcare lyrics unknown

We are not throwing way our...SHOT
We are not throwing away our..SHOT
Ya know, we're just like Obama,
all action, no drama,
and we're not throwing away our..SHOT.

We're gonna stand outside your windows, Frelinghuysen
chantin singin make-all-kinda-noisin
until you let us freezin girlz and boyz in
to prove to you that Ryancare is poison —

An electoral disaster,
a stinkin lump of coal,
meets no healthcare access goal,
sure t'erode your soul,
put the country in a hole...

Disinsurin' tens of millions
Cuttin taxes a cool trillion
for the people who have billions
while the poor folks you'll be killin

Our plan is to fan opposition into flame,
but damn it's gettin dark so let us spell out our name:
We are you CON. STIT. CHU. ENTS —
Hire you. Fire you. Pay your rent.
Voters every one,
loadin an electoral gun...

And we are not throwing way our...SHOT
We are not throwing away our..SHOT
Ya know, we're just like Obama,
all action, no drama,
and we're not throwing away our..SHOT.

AWAY IN A MANGER **109**
Key: G

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed
And no crib is coming, the Congress has said.
No comfort for poor people not any more.
We'll teach 'em a lesson by slamming the door

The stars in the sky looked down where he lay
His parents are lazy; his dad might be gay.
Well, they are a burden and we've had enough.
We're cutting off access to all that free stuff

The baby grew up and he taught peace and love.
There are many believers in Congress—sort of.
They claim to embrace the example he taught.
To witness their actions we think they do not.

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
With Congress concerned "Merry Christmas" was dead.
They focused on that and ignored all the rest,
Devising new ways to oppress the oppressed.

Away in a manger is where he must stay
Or else his teachings might get in their way.
There's money to grub and there're wars to sustain.
That they believe in—their faith they just feign.

To them we now say you are not what you claim.
It's apparent that profit is your only aim.
Whatever you say and whatever you do,
We don't want to hear crap about Christmas from you!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS (WAR IS OVER) **110**
By John Lennon and Yoko Ono
Key: C

Coda:
War is over, if you want it.
War is over now.
War is over, if you want it.
War is over now.

So this is Christmas, and what have you done?
Another year over, and a new one's begun.
And so this is Christmas. I hope you have fun,
The near and the dear one, the old and the young.

Chorus:
A very merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!
Let's hope it's a good one, without any fear.

Coda

And so this is Christmas for weak and for strong,
For rich and the poor ones; the world is so wrong.
And so happy Christmas for black and for white
For yellow and red ones, let's stop all the fight.

Chorus

Coda (repeat 3 or 4 times)

TRAMP ON THE STREET **111**
by Grady and Hazel Cole
Key A(?)

Only a tramp was Lazarus that begged.
He lay down at the rich man's gate.
He begged for crumbs from the rich man to eat,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was some mother's darlin'; he was some mother's son.
Once he was fair, and once he was young.
And some mother rocked him, little darlin', to sleep.
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Now, Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed His life's blood for you and for me.
They pierced His side, His hands and His feet,
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darlin'; He was God's chosen Son.
Once He was fair, and once He was young.
And Mary she rocked Him, little darlin', to sleep.
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

If Jesus should come and knock on your door,
Would you let Him come in and take from your store?
Would you send Him away with nothin' to eat?
Would you leave Him to die like a tramp on the street?

He was Mary's own darlin'; He was God's chosen Son.
Once He was fair, and once He was young.
And Mary she rocked Him, little darlin', to sleep.
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

HOBO'S LULLABY **112**
by Goebel Reeves
Key:C(?)

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Can't you hear the steel rails hummin'
That's the hobo's lullaby

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning gray
Lift your head and smile at trouble
You'll find peace and rest someday

Now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Let tomorrow come and go
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar
Safe from all that wind and snow

I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But when you die and go to Heaven
You'll find no policemen there

So go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Listen to the steel rails hummin'
That's a hobo's lullaby.

ONLY A HOBO **113**
by Bob Dylan
Key:

As I was out walking on a corner one day,
I spied an old hobo, in a doorway he lay.
His face was all grounded in the cold sidewalk floor
And I guess he'd been there for the whole night or more.

Only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry him home
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

A blanket of newspaper covered his head,
As the curb was his pillow, the street was his bed.
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come
And a fistful of coins showed the money he bummed.

Only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry him home
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

Does it take much of a man to see his whole life go down,
To look up on the world from a hole in the ground,
To wait for your future like a horse that's gone lame,
To lie in the gutter and die with no name?

Only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry him home
Only a hobo, but one more is gone.

THE TRAMP **114**

By Joe Hill.

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

CHORUS:
Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

CHORUS:

Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor,
'Till his knees got rather sore.
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry

CHORUS:

Down the street he met a cop.
And the Copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

CHORUS:

Finally came that happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,
When he reached the pearly gate,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

RUDOLPH THE UNION REINDEER **115**

Lyrics: Julie McCall
Tune: "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" by Johnny Marks
Key: C
C

Rudolph the Union reindeer
Ebdim G7
Pulled the sleigh for old St. Nick.
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
He signed a Union contract.
Dm7 G7 C
He knew North Pole politics.
All of the other reindeer
Worked long hours 'round the clock.
They paid no heed to Rudolph.
They worked in non-union shops.
F Em7 A7

Then one year on Christmas Eve,
Dm7 G7 C C#dim
They all came to say,
G G6 G#dim
"We will do what you advise.
Am7 D7 Dm7 G7
Rudolph, help us organize!"
Then how the reindeer loved him,
As they lined up with their sleigh.
Now when they work on Christmas,
They're all getting premium pay.

AWAY IN A SWEATSHOP **116**

Lyrics: Raging Grannies of Canada
Revision: The Solidarity Singers, 2004
Tune: "Away in a Manger"
Key: F

F Bb F
Away in a sweatshop, where no one can see,
C7 F
The immigrant seamstresses work constantly.
F Bb F
Conditions are awful; the pay is absurd,
C7 F Gm C7 F
And they will get fired if they say a word.

Away in a factory, an ocean away,
Young girls making shoes for a dollar a day.
The bosses who sweat them, we're sad to report,
Don't pay decent wages for the stuff we import.

Away in the Congress, the Senators fat
Count up their Koch dollars, pass tax cuts and laugh.
They couldn't care less about workers in need.
They've traded their conscience to serve their own greed.

MAOZ TZUR/ROCK OF AGES (RESISTANCE VERSION) 117

by Dave Lippman
Key: D
Sung a cappella

Mighty stronghold is our land
Immigrants together
Those who work our fields and homes
Those who've slipped their tether
Furious, Trump assails them
As our nation fails them
They must stay / safe with us
We shall not be silent
They must stay / safe with us
We shall not be silent

When a people is enslaved
And then persecuted
Africans who came in chains
Families uprooted
Men in blue may kill them
Justice must fulfill them
We proclaim, say her name
We say Black lives matter
We proclaim, Say her name
We say Black lives matter

Out of Egypt came the Jews
Persecution endured
Now Israel leads us astray
Failure is assured
Ethnic demolition
But there's no submission
Palestine will persevere
We will not be silent
Palestine will persevere
We will not be silent

To respect first people's rights
Listen to their demands
Use the pow'r of sun and wind
Leave oil in the earth and sands
For our son and daughter
We defend the water
Let their word break the sword
We stand with their resistance
Let their word break the sword
We stand with their resistance

IT'S A SMALL WAGE AFTER ALL **118**

Bennet Zurofsky & Dottie Gutenkauf, 2000
Jean Romsted (Wal-Mart verse)
Tune: It's a Small World After All by Richard M. & Richard B. Sherman
Key D

It's a world of laughter, a world of tears.
It's a world of hope and a world of fears.
There's so much we can share,
That it's time we're aware
It's a small wage after all.

It's a small wage after all!
It's a small wage after all!
Around the world, working people sweat
For a small, small wage.

Children sweat all day for 28 cents,
And they can't buy food or pay the rent,
While the Disney CEO
Makes a whole bunch of dough;
It's exploitation after all!

It's exploitation after all!
Exploitation after all!
Down in Haiti the children sweat
For a small, small wage.

In the Marianas, the women toil,
And they don't set foot on American soil,
But the labels all say, "Made in USA,"
It's deception after all!

It's deception after all!
It's deception after all!
In Saipan the women sweat
For a small, small wage.

Out in Chinese prisons and labor camps,
They make women's clothes, children's toys and lamps.
US firms make a heap, For slave labor is cheap;
It's oppression after all!
It's oppression after all!
It's oppression after all!
Out in China, the prisoners sweat
For a small, small wage.

Here, the Wal-Mart workers must watch their step;
They have no health insurance, no union rep;
And if they should complain,
There's a pink slip with their name;
Intimidation, after all!

Intimidation, after all,
No union voice, no one to call.
We all lose when the Wal-Marts gain.
It's a small wage after all!

Repeat first verse and chorus

Additional verse optional:

In the crowded cities of Pakistan
Children work all day as fast as they can.
They make surgical tools and they don't go to schools.
It's injustice after all.

It's injustice after all,
It's injustice after all.
Medical tools make by children's sweat
For a small, small wage.

I'M DREAMING OF A FAIR CONTRACT **119**

Lyrics: Julie McCall
Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" by Irving Berlin

I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
The best agreement we have known;
One with no concessions,
That we'll vote yes on,
A real union milestone.

I'm dreaming of a fair contract,
With every picketline I walk;
Till there's justice in every shop
And the Union busting has been stopped.

We're dreaming of a fair contract,
Without a cut in benefits;
We have worked for our share,
Of decent healthcare,
And not for the profits of the rich.

We're dreaming of a fair contract
With every rally that we lead
Now the struggle's picking up speed
As we put the brakes on corporate greed.

HANUKKAH OH HANUKKAH **120**
by Dave Lippman
Key: A minor

Hanukkah, Oh Hanukkah
Come light the menorah
Persecuting refugees
Is not in the Torah
Anti-Muslim hate speech
We cannot allow
Stop your state surveillance
And profiling now

Invading their nations
Destroying their world from above
You're demonizing
And militarizing/
This planet's not your world to own
Your war on terror
Is worse than an error
Now you have reaped what you've sown

Hanukkah, Oh Hanukkah
A time of rejoicing
Honor and support
The resistance we're voicing
Gather round the threatened
The wounded and the scarred
How you treat the victim
Is who you really are

And while we are standing
The voices of hatred must heed
Think what you do
For it could be you
As it was in days long ago
Think what you do
For it could be you
As it was in days long ago

WAL-MART OY VEY! **121**

Lyrics: Bennet Zurofsky, 2005
Tune: "I Have a Little Dreidel"
Key: C

Wal-Mart moved into our shtetl[1]
Bulldozed our woods away.
Their traffic jams up all our streets.
We all shout, "Oy vey!"

Chorus:
Oy, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart,
Our communities you wreck!
Oy, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart,
All you sell is dreck![2]

They're paying lousy wages;
They fire union folks all day.
Our Main Street is now boarded up.
We all shout, "Oy vey!"

Chorus

They're schnorrers and goneyvim[3]
With the angles that they play,
With their lobbying and sweatshops.
We all shout, "Oy vey!"

Chorus

It's time to stand together
And stand in Wal-Mart's way.
We'll drive them from our shtetl,
Make the Waltons shout, "Oy vey!"

Final chorus:

Oy, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart,
Your profits we will wreck!
Oy, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart, Wal-Mart,
We'll flush out all your dreck!

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[1] "Shtetl": little village
[2] "Dreck": excrement or inferior merchandise
[3] "Schnorrers" parasites; "Goneyvim": thieves

WAL-MART STORES ARE COMING TO TOWN 122

Words: Julie McCall, 2004
Tune: "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"
Key: C

C F
You'd better watch out; it's happening fast—
C C7 F
Mom and Pop shops are a thing of the past.
C Am Dm7 G7 C
Wal-Mart stores are trashing our towns.
C F
The corner store's gone; it couldn't compete
C C7 F
With mega-marts covering a million square feet.
C Am Dm7 G7 C
Wal-Mart stores are coming to town.
C7 F

Three hundred billion dollars
C7 F
They're haulin' in each year.
D7 G7 G#dim
They're the biggest corporation
Am D7 G7
In both the hemispheres.

They say they're "just folks"; simple and plain.
We know damned well they're merchants of shame.
Wal-Mart stores are coming to town.

You'd better take note if you're in retail,
Tomorrow your job might be up for sale.
Wal-Mart stores are coming to town.

A poverty wage is what you'll expect
When you've got the Waltons writing your check.
Wal-Mart stores are coming to town.

They're slashing pay and prices—
An endless downward race,
Destroying our economy
While they wear their happy face.

So, it's time to say "No," we're taking a stand:
Shopping for justice, that is our plan.
Wal-Mart stores ain't runnin',
Wal-Mart stores ain't runnin',
Wal-Mart stores ain't runnin' this town!

'

HOLIDAY JEER Updated 12/31/2019 **123**

To the tune of: Jingle Bells

Plunder through the earth
In a golf cart driving slow,
All his family,
Stealing as they go.

Oh how great it'd be
To see them all in jail,
Please Congress do your job
Before our country fails.

Get Trump out, Get Trump out,
Get Trump out today.
He's a threat to all of us,
But soon we'll have our say, hey!

Impeach him now, Impeach him now,
Impeach him today.
Oh, what fun that will be,
To see him sent away.

He watches Fox and Friends
And worships Breitbart News.
He gets his info in sound bites,
And makes up his own rules.

Get Trump Out, Get Trump Out,
Get Trump Out today.
He's a threat and he's a fool,
Let's send him far away, hey!

Impeach him now, Impeach him now,
Get him off the stage.
We know he's an extortionist,
Get him off the stage!

ARE YOU THERE, DONALD TRUMP?

To the Tune of: Winter Wonderland

Are you there, Donald Trump?
Do you care, you've hit a slump?
We're here to tell you
We're out to pursue
You, in this winter wonderland.

Are you scared, Mr. Ryan?
Pretty soon, you'll be a-cryin'.
We're out to get you,
We know what to do,
Vote you out of office in the fall.

(Bridge):
In the future we can get a woman,
She can fix the mess that she has found.
All of his supporters that got him in
Will soon learn he is just a stupid clown.

You're the worst, Mitch McConnell.
You're as bad as The Donald.
You broke Senate norms
As your party transforms
Our country into oligarchy.

WE WISH YOU A GOOD IMPEACHMENT Updated 1/21/2020 **124**
Key G

We wish you a good impeachment.
We wish you a good impeachment.
We wish you a good impeachment,
And this goes for Pence, too.

We know you are hiding something.
We know you are hiding something.
We know you are hiding something,
In your covered-up files.

We're sure it is rank corruption
Compounded by your obstruction.
We're sure it is rank corruption,
Or treason or worse…

We wish you a good impeachment.
We wish you a good impeachment.
We wish you a good impeachment,
And your cabinet, too.

Followed by your indictment
Followed by your indictment
Followed by your indictment
And a lifetime in jail!

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE TAX SCAM, **125**
To the tune of: Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Have yourself a merry little tax scam,
Make the debt explode.
From now on our troubles will be seven-fold.

Have yourself a merry little tax scam,
Let our schools decline.
Go put all our children's futures on the line.

Here we are as in olden days,
Happy golden days, before Trump.
Just remember how we laughed and sang,
Now we all need our stomachs pumped.

All this year we have to work together
To defeat this man,
From now on we'll figure out a clever plan,
To rid ourselves of this phony little businessman.

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE TAX SCAM,

TWELVE MONTHS OF TRUMPDOM **126**
To the Tune of: 12 Days of Christmas ⇨

In the first month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
The inauguration crowd was so big.

In the second month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the third month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the fourth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the fifth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the sixth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the seventh month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the eighth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
Hillary sold uranium,
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

Continued

12 MONTHS OF TRUMPDOM (Continued) **127**

In the ninth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
He gave a lot to charity,
Hillary sold uranium,
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the tenth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
The murder rate is soaring,
He gave a lot to charity,
Hillary sold uranium,
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the 11th month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
Ts'not him on Access Hollywood
The murder rate is soaring,
He gave a lot to charity,
Hillary sold uranium,
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO is obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

In the twelfth month of Trumpdom,
The Donald lied to me:
The tax bill hurts the wealthy,
Ts'not him on Access Hollywood
The murder rate is soaring,
He gave a lot to charity,
Hillary sold uranium,
He signed so many bills,
Coal-mining's good,
Obamacare has failed,
Obama tapped his phones,
NATO's obsolete,
The Muslim ban is great,
And the inauguration crowd was so big.

O LITTLE TOWN OF WASHINGTON 128

To the Tune of: O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Washington,
How sad we hear these lies.
Above thy deep and scheming sleep
The donors' dollars fly by.

Yes, in thy dark streets schemers
Hatch plans to aid the rich.
The hopes and fears of Trump's own cheerers
Are dashed by bait and switch

HE'S DREAMING OF A WHITE NATION

To the Tune of: White Christmas

He's dreaming of a white nation,
Just like the world he used to know.
White men in power,
Like in Trump Tower,
Just like the Politburo.

He's dreaming of a white country,
So only strong men rule the earth.
With white men winning, in every inning,
And black men must produce their birth (certificate).

He's dreaming of a white White House,
Just like the one he used to know,
Where he uses twitter,
With a baby sitter,
And Bannon running the whole show.

He's dreaming of a white country,
Just like the kind he grew up in.
But we will crush him,
His dream so Russian,
And also oust his next of kin.

We're dreaming of a new era,
Where presidents don't tweet all night.
May your days be tweet-free and bright,
And may future presidents be non-white.

DONALD THE LYING CON MAN Updated 1/21/2020 **129**

Tune: Rudolf the Nose Red Reindeer by Johnny Marks, 1949

Donald the lying con man,
Just look at his growing nose.
And if you read his tweeting,
You could see how big it grows!

All of the other Republicans
Used to laugh and call him names.
Now they suck up and kowtow;
They should all be named and shamed!

Then one foggy election eve,
Voters had their say.
Donald with his nose so bright
Lost his power overnight.

Donald the lying con man,
You can see he's losing it.
We need to work together
To save us all from his deep shit,

OR To save us from this hypocrite.

DECK THE HALLS (WITH VOTES FOR BERNIE) **130**

Deck the halls with votes for Bernie falalalala lalalala
If he wins, more you'll be earning falalalala lalalala
Billionaires want all the money falalalala lalalala
Bernie says that isn't funny falalalala lalalala
Corporations don't pay taxes falalalala lalalala
Burdening the middle classes falalalala lalalala
Bernie wants to change the system falalalala lalalala
That is why we should vote for him falalalala lalalala

JINGLE BELL ROCK WITH BERNIE

Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock
Bernie's the guy we'll take to the top
Grouchy and slouchy although he may be
He's the best choice for you and for me

Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock
Dealing with crime in these troubled times
But locking up people and arming the cops
Bernie says it must stop

Now's a bright time, it's the right time
To get you all involved
Join Our Revolution
So leave your email and take to the streets

Billionaires, millionaires and super pacs
Corruption is all around
Corporations ain't people and so shouldn't vote
That's what Bernie says
That's what we believe
That's why Bernie must win

DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW (TO NIGHT-TIME URGENT CARE)131

Dashing through the snow,
to night-time urgent care,
Hardly ever go, but I gave myself a scare;

Good thing I came in;
they saved my life, and shucks...
What fun it is to get a bill for seven thousand bucks!

Oh!
Single-payer, single-payer single all the way,
Please come quick, and help the sick who can't afford to pay!

Single-payer, single-payer single all the way,
It's no joke, we're going broke,
Please pass this law today!

SANTA BERNIE

Santa Bernie, just slip some healthcare under the tree, for me...
Been a pauper all year!
Santa Bernie, so hurry to the White House right now!

Santa Bernie, a living wage would help a great deal, for real!
Feels to swell to have heat,
Santa Bernie, so hurry to the White House right now!

Think of all the homeless vets,
Think of all the students with ungodly debts,
So you must make sure to beat,
Corporate shills with private jets!

Santa Bernie, don't want a prez who's chummy with banks, no thanks!
Let's take care of our weak,
Santa Bernie, so hurry to the White House right now...
Hurry to the White House right now...

WE'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR PIGGISH PLUNDERLAND 132

Tune: Winter Wonderland by Felix Bernard (music) and Richard B. Smith (lyrics) (1934)

Oligarchs, are you listening?
Yeah, your coins sure are glistening...
A sickening sight, prepare for a fight...
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland;

All your games should be illegal,
We're returning Glass-Steagall,
We're Feeling The Bern, get ready to learn,
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland;

We know how you love to build a straw-man,
And say Bernie's out of control,
But we're gonna overturn your world, man...
Bernie surges more in every poll...

You'll no longer conspire...
No more shills to acquire...
We're calling your bluff, enough is enough!
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland!

I'M DREAMING OF BERNIE'S WHITE HOUSE 133

Tune: White Christmas by Irving Berlin

I'm dreaming of Bernie's White House
Unlike the government I know
He'll work for the people, not corporations
Although his hair is white as snow

I'm dreaming of Bernie's White House
With every debate that I see
I'm inspired to help him succeed
Because he's the president we need

I'm dreaming of Bernie's White House
Where Wall Street doesn't run the show
With free public college, and single-payer
To help the middle class grow

I'm dreaming of Bernie's White House
With every phone bank call I make
Start the revolution today
And make the one percent pay

BERNIE SANDERS IS COMING TO TOWN Updated 12/11/2020 **134**
Tune: Santa Clause is Comin' to Town by J Fred Coots & Haven Gillespie, 1934.

You better support, it's easy as pie
Register to vote, I'm telling you why
Bernie Sanders is coming to town

He's organizing, raising a fight
All across the nation, let's start tonight
Bernie Sanders is coming to town

He'll re-form campaign finance
And help the working class
He'll close corporate tax loopholes
And make changes that will last

You better get up and take a stand
Join Our Revolution '
cuz it's in your hands
Bernie Sanders is coming
Bernie Sanders is coming
Bernie Sanders is coming to town

BERNIE'S RING OF FIRE **135**

Music: "Ring of Fire" by June Carter Cash; Words: Colleen Kottau
Key: A

Politics can be a dirty thing
It can make a grimey ring
Bound by greed and liars
Buying and selling with guns for hire

Chorus:
I fell into Bernie's ring of fire,
'Cuz there's a man in town, and he's no liar.
Feel the Bern, Bern, Bernieeee!
He's no liar,
and we're on fire.

The taste of money's not so sweet
When a child is gunned down in the street.
When the wealthy few party like wild,
And many cannot feed a child.

Chorus

He comes from socialist roots
Workin' for civil rights and bringing home the troops.
He is no climate denier.
He's an inequality rectifier.

Chorus

MR. SANDERS, BRING US A DREAM **136**

Mr. Sanders, bring us a dream
We know you're not on the corporate team.
Expose the greed and financial blur
And tell them that the corruption is over.

Mr. Sanders, we feel alone
The middle class, the coop it has flown.
It's time for us to stand and scream
Mr. Sanders, bring us a dream.

Mr. Sanders, bring us a dream
Democratic socialism's not that extreme.
Education should not cost the farm
A kidney, leg or even an arm.

Mr. Sanders, you have our ear
There's such a buzz through the blogosphere.
So please turn on your media stream
Mr. Sanders, bring us a dream.

Mr. Sanders, bring us a dream
Government reform like we've never seen.
Military spending is out of control
Rebuild our country should be the goal.

Mr. Sanders, time to transform
Election finance needs so much reform.
Overturn the old regime
Mr. Sanders, bring us, please, please bring us

Bernie Sanders bring us our dream!

WHEN WE STAND UP AND FEEL THE BERN **137**

Tune: When the Saints Go Marching In
Words: Dave Lippman
Key C

[*The first verse is only sung at Sanders campaign events*]

When we stand up and feel the Bern;
When we stand up and feel the Bern,
Well, I want to be in that number
When we stand up and feel the Bern.

When we stand up for workers' rights,
A living wage, yes, that's our fight.
Well, I want to be in that number
When we stand up for workers' rights.

And when we shout
that Black Lives Matter,
We're not just making idle chatter.
Reid and Ashford, Kamal and Bell—
We're in the street, and we're raisin'
hell!

Let's educate, and make it free
From pre-K to university.
Well, I want to be in that number
When we educate, and make it free.

When we defend clean air and soil,
We'll use the wind and sun, not dirty oil.
Well, I want to be in that number
When we defend clean air and soil.

And when we stop the war on drugs,
We'll heal the sick, jail Wall Street
thugs.
Well, I want to be in that number
When we jail the Wall Street thugs.

When we stand up to dirty tricks,
Get money out of politics,
Well, I want to be in that number
When we stand up to dirty tricks.

No question where the money went.
It's time to tax the one percent.
Well, I want to be in that number
When we tax the one percent.

PEOPLE GET READY – SOLAR TRAINS ARE COMING Updated 2/11/2020 **138**

By Curtis Mayfield
Adapted by Laurie Ludmer, Lela Charney, Paula Rogovin
Key E

(chorus)
People get ready, solar trains‘re comin’
Don’t need no diesel, you just get on board
All you need is sun to hear the motor hummin’
Gonna travel clean to help save the earth.
-
People get ready, solar trains‘re comin’
Picking up **pas**sengers from coast to coast
The energy’s clean, just open doors and board ‘em
There’s room for all on solar trains.

There ain’t no room for fossil fuels
They fill the air with poison, it hurts us all.
Past time for a change, our chances grow thinner
Cause it’s time for the trains to travel swift and clean.

People get ready, solar trains‘re comin’
Don’t need no diesel, just get on board
The energy’s clean, just open doors and board ‘em
No **more** fossil fuels, cause they’re **pow**ered by the sun.

Get ready, I’m gettin’ ready

THE IMPEACHABLE DREAM **139**

Melody: The Impossible Dream by Mitch Leigh,
Lyrics by Peter Jones

To dream the impeachable dream
To fight the impeachable foe
To care for our children's tomorrow
To go where the brave dare not go

To right the impeachable wrong
To love everyone near and far
To try when your arms are too weary
To stop the reality star

This is our quest, to impeach that star
It isn't that hopeless, it isn't that far
To fight the right, without question or pause
To be willing to march and to strike for a popular cause
And we know, if we'll only be true to this glorious quest
Our hearts will be peaceful and calm, we can finally rest

And the world will be better for this
That he's scorned and then put behind bars
We'll strive and with one final flourish
We'll impeach the impeachable star.

ALL YOU FASCISTS ARE BOUND TO LOSE Updated 02/20/2022 **140**

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie.

I'm gonna tell all you fascists, you may be surprised
People all over this world are getting organized
You're bound to lose
You fascists are bound to lose.
Chorus:
All you fascists are bound to lose
All you fascists bound to lose
All you fascists bound to lose
You're bound to lose, you fascists
Are bound to lose.

Race hatred cannot stop us, this one thing I know
Poll tax and Jim Crow and greed have got to go
You're bound to lose
You fascists are bound to lose.
Chorus
People of every color marching side by side
We’re gonna stop you fascists, there’s no place you can hide!
You're bound to lose
You fascists are bound to lose.

All you fascists are bound to lose
All you fascists bound to lose
ALL you fascists bound to lose
You're bound to lose, you fascists
Are bound to lose.

AS TIME GOES BY **141**

New words © 1998 Bernard Gilbert, further adaptations: Linda Bisgaard
Original words and music: Herman Hupfeld (1931)

When corporations woo
They screw the workers too
On this you may rely
No matter what the papers say
As time goes by

lt's the same old picture
The rich are getting richer
Their millions multiply
The rest of us are losing patience
As time goes by

Bridge:

Sweatshops all over, child labor, toxic spills
Lobbyists shopping for votes up on the Hill
Nothing ever changes, but perhaps it will
At least we have to try.

It's an old, old story.
The workers get the glory
When we organize
Solidarity's our song
As time goes by

Bridge:

Sweatshops all over, child labor, toxic spills
Lobbyists shopping for votes up on the Hill
Nothing ever changes, but perhaps it will
Let's give it one good try.

You must remember this
A fist is still a fist
Let's raise it to the sky
And globally we'll stand together
As time goes by.

BATTLE HYMN OF UPPITY NURSES **142**
Tune: Solidarity Forever
Words: An Unknown Group of N.J. Nurses

I joined the health professions
to fight pain and misery
But after my 8 hours
I'm the one in agony
So much to do, so little time
It really is a shame
and I'm the one they blame.

Chorus:
Don't let the health industry screw ya
Get what you've got coming to ya,
The quality of care will soon unglue ya
If the patient s just a pawn.

I worked on Christmas, New Year's,
Thanksgiving and Halloween,
I'm not sure, but I think I had a weekend
in between,
Rotating shifts and lack of help,
Can make a person mean,
When the patient's just a pawn.
Chorus.

Reporting off I wished the next shift
"Bon voyage, good luck!"
We've 17 on critical,
and 12 lV's are stuck,
Management is deaf and dumb,
The laundry's gone amuck,
and the patient's just a pawn.
Chorus.

I work harder than the bosses,
But I rarely hear a "thanks,"
I'm still saving for support hose,
They got money in Swiss banks,
If you think that this is quite unfair,
Then come and join our ranks,
or the patient's just a pawn.
Chorus.

BOYCOTT'S THE WORD **143**

Lyrics: Julie McCall,
Adapted by Bennet D. Zurofsky
Tune: "Joy to the World"

Boycott's the word
The time has come
Now we can turn the tide
Support the rank-and-file
ln every Wal-Mart aisle
Scab products we won't buy
Solidarity's our cry
Scab products, scab products
We will not buy!

Boycott's the word
The time has come
We will not patronize
Sweatshops have got to go
They will not get our dough
Scab products, scab products
We will not buy!

Boycott's the word
The time has come
For us to mobilize
Child labor we abhor
Consumers know the score
Scab products, scab products
We will not buy!

BREAD AND ROSES **144**
Words by James Oppenheim
Music by Mimi Farina.

As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray.
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses.
For the people hear are singing:
Bread and roses, bread and roses!

As we go marching, marching, we battle too, for men.
For they are in the struggle, and together we shall win.
Our days shall not be sweated, from birth until life closes.
Hearts starve as well as bodies: give us bread, but give us roses!

As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead,
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread;
Small art and love and beauty their trudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses, too!

As we go marching, marching, we're standing proud and tall:
The rising of the women means the rising of us all.
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories:
Bread and roses, bread and roses, bread and roses!

This was an era of tragedy and an era of great ideals. Much about Lawrence-the participation of all ethnic groups and of women and children in major decisions, the democratic spirit—grew out of the philosophy of the union that organized the strike, the industrial Workers of the Word, or Wobblies. According to journalist Ray Stanard Baker, the l.W.W. sought "to bring together all workers in all industries... They say that all workers should unite, just as capital is uniting."

They also had their share of detractors.

"We'll drive the goddamned sons-of-bitches into the river and drown them. We'll starve them…We'll kill every damned man of them or drive them, together with the Socialists, from the city!"
—Judge Davis, Minot. North Dakota, 1912

CASEY JONES - THE UNION SCAB Updated 9/02/2021 **145**

Tune: Traditional (The Ballad of Casey Jones)
Lyrics: Joe Hill (1911)

The workers on the S.P. line
to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer,
he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking,
and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearing,
they were all out of plumb,

Casey Jones kept his junk pile Running;
Casey Jones was working double-time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S.P.
line.

The workers said to Casey:
"Won't you help us win this strike?"
But Casey said: "Let me alone,
you'd better take a hike,"
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran
right off the worn-out track,
And Casey hit the river
with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey got to heaven
to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy
that pulled the S.P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter,
"our musicians went on strike;
You can get a job a-scabbing
any time you like.

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the
angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P.
line.

The angels got together and they said
it wasn't fair.
For Casey Jones to go around a-
scabbing everywhere.
The Angel Union No. 23,
they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey
down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;"
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur-
That's what you get for scabbing
on the S.P. line."

DON'T YOU WANT TO GO TO THAT LAND? 146
Words: Nimrod Workman
Music: Adaptation of Traditional Spiritual

Chorus
Don't you want to go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land where I go?
Don't you want to go to that land.'
l'm a-gonna go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land where l go?

Be no strip mining in that land where I go.
Be no strip mining in that land where I go.
I'm a-gonna go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land where I go?

No low wage: in that land where I go.
No low wages in that land where I go.
l'm a-gonna go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land where I go?
Repeat chorus

No exploitation in that land where I go.
No exploitation in that land where I go.
l'm a-gonna go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land.
Don't you want to go to that land where l go?
Repeat chorus

GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN **147**
By: Millard Lampell, Lee Hayes & Pete Seeger

Boss comes up to me with a five dollar bill
Says, "Get you some whiskey, boy and drink your fill."

Get thee behind me Satan
Travel on down the line
l am a union man
Gonna leave you behind!

A red-headed woman took me out to dine
Says, "Love me baby, leave your union behind!"

On the Fourth of July the politicians say
"Vote for us and we'll raise your pay."

Oh, then the company union sent out a call, they said
"Join us in the summer, we'll forget you in the fall."

If anyone should ask you your union to sell
Just tell him where to go, send him back to hell!

GIULIANI Updated 2/11/2020 **148**

Tune: Pretty Baby (a/k/a Every Party Has A Pooper) (1916) by Tony Jackson w original lyrics by Gus Kahn & Egbert Van Alstyne
Words: Linda Bisgaard, Dottie Gutenkauf & Diane Beeny

There's a touchy little tyrant,
searching for a balcony-
Giuliani! Giuliani!
He rips babies from the homeless
to improve life's quality-
Giuliani! Giuliani!
Screwing cabbies, vendors, squeegiemen,
And thinks he's so smart...
And the last word on art.
Welfare mothers get no child care, but he
says they've got to work-
Giuliani, you jerk!

He is arrogant, defensive, all civility is out --
Giuliani, Giuliani!
Do not question his decisions.
They are right without a doubt-
Giuliani, Giuliani!
Dumping Donna with a photo op-
It's how she got the news-
How he gives us the blues!
Razing Esperanza Gardens
nearly made us lose all hope--
Giuliani, you dope!

Between Christie and his Judith,
he is grinning ear to ear-
Giuliani! Giuliani!
Funds for cancer screening—
PSA's for others disappear--
Giuliani! Giuliani!
Doesn't set a good example-
He's one hypocrite-
Not fooling us one bit.
Once more trampling on the Bill of Rights,
Again, he gets shot down.
Giuliani, you clown!

He cares less about injustice,
than what rich investors see--
Giuliani! Giuliani!
Human rights to corporate power
Soon become his casualty-
Giuliani! Giuliani!
Police can kill an unarmed man,
if he's not white-
ln his view might makes right.
Public space is up for auction,
just for those with piles of loot-
Giuliani, you brute!

When he worries we are gaining on him,
Snap! He'll change the rules.
Giuliani! Giuliani!
His fanatic love of vouchers
jeopardizes public schools-
Giuliani! Giuliani!
He denies and stonewalls every trouble
When he makes a mess.
Sometimes he wears a dress.
Then he breaks the backs of unions,
and he thinks that it's just fine.
Giuliani, you swine!

(Pig noises follow)

HOLD UP THE LIGHT **149**

Arranged and adapted by Gloria Brittan Ellis from the work of the New Jersey Mass Choir.

Hold up the light (3x),
All you union people.
Hold up the light (2x),
Let your light shine around
the world.

Pray for the dead (3x),
Fight like hell for the living.
Pray for the dead (2x),
Fight like hell for the living.

Interlude:

This world is so full of darkness
we have to be a light. Be a light
It's like a flame burning bright,
Lighting the night, the dark night

Union all the way (3x),
All you working people.
Union all the way (2x),
Let the light shine around
the world.

Repeat interlude.

Repeat first verse.

I AM A UNION WOMAN **150**

Tune: "Which Side Are You On?"
By Aunt Molly Jackson

l‘am a union woman,
Just as brave as l can be.
I do not like the bosses,
and the bosses don't like me.

Chorus:
Join the C.l.O.
Come join the C.l.O.

I was raised in old Kentucky,
in Kentucky born and bred,
But when I joined the Union,
The called me a Rooshian Red.
Chorus.

This is the worst time on earth
That I have ever saw,
To get killed out by gun thugs,
And framed up by the law.
Chorus.

If you want to join a union,
As strong as one can be,
Join the dear old C.l.O.,
and come along with me.
Chorus.

We are many thousand strong,
And l am glad to say
We are getting stronger
And stronger ev’ry day.
Chorus.

The bosses ride fine horses
While we walk in mud,
Their banner is the dollar sign,
and ours is Striped with blood.
Chorus.

JOE HILL Updated 01/10/2021**151**

Words by: Alfred Hayes (1930)
Music by: Earl Robinson (1336)
Key: G

I dreamed I saw Joe last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he. (2x)

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." (2x)

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe.
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,
Says Joe, "I didn't die." (2x)

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with is eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize." (2x)

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working folks are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side." (2x)

"From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organize,
It's there you'll find Joe Hill." (2x)

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died, " says he. (2x)

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING **152**
Lyrics: James Weldon Johnson, 1900
Music: John Rosamond Johnson, 1905

Lift ev'ry voice and sing, 'till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us:
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet,
Come to the place for which our parents sighed?

We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered.
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last,
Where the clear gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee:
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

NINETY-NINE AND A HALF WON'T DO **153**
Adaptation and arrangement of a modem Gospel song by Carlton Reese.

Oh, Lord, l'm runnin', runnin' for freedom, ninety-nine and a half won't do.

Oh Lord, l'm building, building my union, ninety-nine and a half won't do.

Oh Lord, we're marching, marching for justice, ninety-nine and a half won't do.

Oh Lord, we're winning, winning our struggle, ninety-nine and a half won't do.

Lord, l'm runnin', try'n to make a hundred, Lord,
l'm runnin, try'n to make a hundred,
ninety-nine and a half won't do.

Lord, l'm building...

Lord, l'm marching...

Lord, l'm winning...

NO MORE LAYOFFS
Lyrics: Solidarity Singers
Tune: Oh Freedom

No more layoffs (3x)
Down with greed (2x)
Before we'll be your slaves
We'll be buried in our graves.
And we'll fight for the right to be free.

Jobs with justice, etc.

People before profits.

The people united will never be defeated
We'll never be defeated
Down with greed
and before we'll be your slaves
We'll be buried in our graves.
And we'll fight for the right to be free.

Add words to fit occasion

NO MORE NUKE TESTS Updated 9/02/2021 **154**

Lyrics: Bennet D. Zurofsky & The Solidarity Singers
Tune: Oh Freedom!

No more nuke tests, (no nuke tests)
No more nuke tests,(no nuke tests)
No more nuke tests.
Ban the Bomb (Ban the Bomb)
We are taking a stand
For a thermo-nuclear ban
And we'll work, 'til we're all, nuclear free.

No more H-Bombs . . . (continue as above)

Pass the nuke ban . . .

De-commission . . .

No more D.U. . ..

The people united
Will never be defeated
We'll never be defeated.
Ban the Bomb (Ban the Bomb)
We are taking a stand
For a thermo-nuclear ban
And we'll work, 'til we're all, nuclear free.

PUBLIC WORKERS STAND TOGETHER **155**

Words by Paul McKenna
Tune: "A Miner’s Life

Times are tough for public workers,
every day it's something new;
Layoff threats and hiring freezes,
freezes in our wages, too.
Paychecks pounded by inflation,
budgets cut down to the bone;
We have got to stand together,
it's no time to stand alone!

Chorus
Public workers stand together!
Stand with pride and dignity.
We are all in this together,
Ev’ry public employee.

The papers slander and insult us,
call us lazy parasites.
They say we're only civil servants,
and servants have no civil rights
They turn the populace against us with
the lies they fabricate.
Let's tell our side of the story,
then we'll set the record straight

Workers in the private sector,
we're no different from you.
We work hard to feed our families,
pay our rent and taxes too.
It doesn't matter who we work for,
we're all workers just the same,
But the rights you take for granted
we're still fighting to obtain.

ln conclusion, fellow workers, we must
organize for power;
"Solidarity forever“ is the watchword of
the hour.
Let's fight back in opposition
against the bosses and the press,
Build a workers’ coalition and march
onward to success.

STAND TOGETHER FOR CHOICE Updated 02/20/2022 **156**

Tune: Union Miners, Stand Together
Lyrics: Dottie Gutenkauf (2000)
KEY: D

Chorus:
Men and women, stand together!
Heed no politician's wail;
We will fight to keep our freedom
And we don't intend to fail!

On this day we've come together
to proclaim support for choice;
Though we may have different
viewpoints,
we are speaking with one voice.
We are not all pro-abortion,
but we support the right to choose:
When one person loses freedom,
it's a freedom we all lose.

We are wives and we are mothers,
single women, grandmas, too;
Black and white and brown and yellow,
every color, every hue;
Teenage kids and younger children;
grownup women, straight and gay;
And the men are marching with us
every step along the way.

Bit by bit, the right-to-lifers
chip away at Roe v Wade,
Constitutional amendment is the goal
of their crusade;
In some states, they're getting closer,
but we won't let that happen here-
We have come too far to falter; -
we get stronger every year.

There are candidates aplenty
who pretend that they're prochoice,
But their actions often leave us
with no reason to rejoice.
When they want support from women,
they insist they're on our side,
They all need to get our message:
They may run, but they' can't hide!

Politicians whine and whimper
at the noises from the right,
But today we are assembled -
we're a pretty awesome sight!
We have come by trains and buses,
we have come by bike and car-
We will vote, and we'll remember
who our real supporters are!

THE POPULAR WOBBLY Updated 2/11/2020 **157**

Lyrics: T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta) (1920)
Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me (1917) by Fred Fisher, original lyrics by Joe McCarthy
Key D

l'm as mild-mannered as I can be,
And I've never done them harm
that I can see;
Still on me they put a ban and
they threw me in the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty,
But I can't see why they always
pick on me;
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they
take me for a ram,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "buIl" he went wild over me,
And he held his gun where
everyone could see;
He was breathing rather hard
when he saw my union card,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild
over me,
And I plainly saw we never
could agree;
So, l let the man obey what his
conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,
And he locked me up and threw
away the key;
It seems to be the rage, so they
keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,
I'm referring to the bedbug and the
flea;
They disturb my slumber deep,
and l murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone into the land that
is to be?
When my soul and body part in the
stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE (PICKET LINE VERSION) **158**
Traditional

This little light of mine, l'm gonna let it shine. (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Gonna stay out on the line ‘til we get that contract signed. (3X)
Get it signed, get it signed, get it signed.

We got the light of the Union, we're gonna let it shine (3X)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

You know we won't submit to a cut in benefits (3x)
No more shit, benefits. No more shit!

On the job and on the line, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

WE ARE THE UNION **159**

Tune: We Will Rock You - Brian May (Queen) (1977)
Lyrics: Julie McCall

Thump, thump, CLAP
Thump, thump, CLAP
Thump, thump, CLAP
Thump, thump, CLAP

WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!
WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!

We're demand fairness
Bosses * couldn't care less.
We're gonna fight for our rights today
It's a big disgrace, a slap in the face
They're cutting back ** all over the place

WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!
WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!

No more Union-busting
It is so disgusting
We're organized and we're here to stay
Put on the heat, out in the street
Union power can never be beat

WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!
WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!
WE ARE, WE ARE UNION!
UNION POWER CAN NEVER BE BEAT!

---

* Put in the name of your boss or company.
** Put in your own issue.

WE DON'T WANT NO
Lyrics: Arnie Alpert
Tune: "Mama Don't 'Low"

We don't want no sweatshop companies here.
We don't want no sweatshop companies here.

Refrain.
We're taking our message to the Mall.
We want the shoppers to hear our call.
We don't want no sweatshop companies here.

We don't want no forced overtime here (or China).
We don't want starvation wages here (or Haiti).
Refrain.

We don't want no toxic workplace here (or Indonesia). (2x)
Refrain.

We want a living wage for workers everywhere. (2x)
Refrain.

We want human rights for workers everywhere. (2x)
Refrain.

THE UNION TRAIN **160**
By Lee Hays

Oh, what is that I see yonder,
Coming, coming, coming...
Get on board, get on board!

It's that union train coming...

It has saved many a thousand...

It will save a many more thousand...

It will carry us to freedom...

WE WERE THERE **161**
By Bev Grant

We have plowed and we have planted,
We have gathered into barns.
Done the same work as the men,
With babies in our arms.
But you won't find our stories, i
In most history books you read.
We were there and we're still here.
Fighting for the things we need.

[Chorus]
We were there in the factories,
We were there in the mills,
We were there in the mines,
And came home to fix the meals.
We were there on the picket lines,
We raised our voices loud.
It makes me proud, just knowing
We were there....

From the textile mills in Lawrence,
To the sweat shops in New York,
From the fields in California,
Where our children had to work,
We fought to make a living,
Bread and roses was our cry.
Though they jailed and beat our bodies,
Our spirit never died.
[Chorus]

We were Polish, we were Irish,
We were African and Jew
Italian and Latina,
Chinese and Russian, too.
They tried to use our differences
To split us all apart,
But the pain we felt togeher,
Touched the bottom of our hearts
[Chorus]

We are teachers, we are doctors,
We are cooks and engineers.
Letter carriers, truck drivers,
Conductors and cashiers.
We operate machinery,
We fly the big airplanes.
And we help to build our unions,
We got struggle in our veins.
[Chorus]

WE WISH YOU A UNION CHRISTMAS **162**
Lyrics: Julie McCall and Bo Stauffer
Tune: "We Wish You a Merry Christmas"

We wish you a Union Christmas,
We wish you a Union Christmas,
We wish you a Union Christmas,
And a contract this year!
A victory is near
We'll keep up the fight
Cause our Union spirit
ls still shining bright.

We wish you a Union Christmas
We wish you a Union Christmas
We wish you a Union Christmas
And a contract this year!
We thank one and all
For support that you bring
Through the streets of New Jersey
Solidarity rings

We wish you a Union Christmas
We wish you a Union Christmas
We wish you a Union Christmas
And a contract this year!!

WTO HAS GOT TO GO **163**

Words & Music by: Bennet Zurofsky with the third verse by Karen Szczepanski
Gratitude to Carl Perkins

One for the money,
Two for the show,
The WTO has got to go.
Shout No - No WTO!!!
Shout No, No, No - No WTO!

The rich elite,
They tried to meet.
The didn't count on the people
in the street.
Shout No! No WTO!
Shout No, No, No — WTO!

The Greens and the Unions,
Fought in the past,
But Teamsters and Turtles are
together at last!
Shout No! - No WTO!
Shout No, No, No - No WTO!

Tell the politicians,
And the CEOs,
Corporate power has got to go.
Shout No - No WTO!
Shout No, No, No - No WTO!

We shut ‘em down once.
We'll shut ‘em down twice.
This just ain't the time to be nice.
Shout No - No WTO!
Shout No, No, No - No WTO!

SHOUT N0, NO, NO - NO WTO!!!

TWELVE DAYS OF CONGRESS **164**

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas.
Words by Maria Concilio.

On the first day of Congress Bernie gave to me
an end to inequality.

ON the second day of Congress Bernie gave to me 15 dollars an hour
and an end to inequality

On the third day of Congress Bernie gave to me
free public college, 15 dollars and hour, and an end to inequality

On the fourth day of congress Bernie gave to me wind and solar power,
free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality

On the fifth day of Congress Bernie gave to me HEALTH CARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality

On the sixth day of Congress Bernie gave to me Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

ON the seventh day of CONGRESS Bernie gave to me equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

On the eighth day of Congress Bernie gave to me Breaking up the big banks,
equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

TWELVE DAYS OF CONGRESS (Continued) **165**

On the ninth day of CONGRESS Bernie gave to me cancelling student debt,
Breaking up the big banks,
equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

On the tenth day of CONGRESS Bernie gave to me
Shutting Private prisons, cancelling student debt,
Breaking up the big banks,
equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

On the eleventh day of CONGRESS Bernie gave to me
fair trade and unions,
Shutting Private prisons, cancelling student debt,
Breaking up the big banks,
equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

On the twelfth day of Congress Bernie gave to me
campaign finance reform,
fair trade and unions,
Shutting Private prisons, cancelling student debt,
Breaking up the big banks,
equal pay for women,
Infrastructure spending,
HEALTHCARE FOR ALL!
wind and solar power, free public college,
15 dollars an hour and an end to inequality.

SOON AND VERY SOON (BERNIE VERSION) 166

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and the Solidarity Singers
Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we'll all have a living wage. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will have healthcare for all. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will have A Green New Deal. (3X)
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, the rich will pay their share. (3X)
Tax bosses, not workers; we're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will dump Donald Trump (3X)
He'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, Bernie Sanders will prevail. (3X)
We're voting for Bernie! We're going to change the world!

WE'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR PIGGISH PLUNDERLAND (TRUMP IMPEACHMENT) 167

Tune: Winter Wonderland by Felix Bernard (music) and Richard B. Smith (lyrics) (1934)

Donald Trump, are you listening?
Yeah, your coins sure are glistening…
A sickening sight, prepare for a fight…
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland;

We're fed up with your corruption
And your endless obstruction,
When impeaching is done, your removal will come,
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland;

We know how you love to build a straw-man,
And say Impeachment's out of control,
But we're gonna overturn your world, man...
Removal surges more in every poll...

You'll no longer conspire…
No more shills to acquire...
We're calling your bluff, enough is enough!
We've had it with your piggish Plunderland!

SOON AND VERY SOON (IMPEACHMENT VERSION) Updated 1/21/2020 **168**

Music: Andrae Crouch
Words: San Francisco Labor Chorus and the Solidarity Singers
Economic equality version
Key: E

Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
Soon and very soon we are going to change the world.
It'll last forever and ever! We're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we will dump Donald Trump (3X)
He'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, we will welcome refugees. (3X)
They'll be welcome, forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, the rich will pay their share. (3X)
Tax bosses, not workers; we're going to change the world!

Soon and very soon, we'll build bridges instead of walls. (3X)
Open borders, forever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, fossil fuels will be passé. (3X)
They'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, we will dump Donald Trump (3X)
He'll be gone forever and ever; we're going to change the world.

Soon and very soon, people power will prevail. (3X)
People power forever! We're going to change the world!

IMAGINE POTUS SANDERS Updated 1/21/2020 **169**

Lyrics: Dave Lippman 2019
Tune: Imagine - John Lennon
Key G

Imagine POTUS Sanders
It's easy if you try
Some say that he's too old now
Like that Mandela guy
Imagine they don't realize
He's our boldest and best ally

Imagine corporate candidates
It isn't hard to do
Nothing they really stand for
Least of all, me and you
Imagine all the people
Deciding to change the world

You may say he's a dreamer
But he can't be bought or sold
Together we can stop the billionaires
Their rule is what is really old

Imagine revolution
Not me, it's us you see
We give our 18 dollars
A grass-roots guarantee
Imagine all the people
In command of their destiny

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
If we all stand up for justice
Come November, we will have won

LET MY PEOPLE STAY! Updated 02/20/2022 **170**

Words: Paul Stein, 2018
Tune: "Go Down Moses" (variant), Traditional African American Spiritual
Key: Dm

Immigrants helped build this land.
Let my people stay!
Hear our voices, we demand,
Let my people stay!

Chorus (sung after every verse)

No ban! [No ban!] No wall! [No wall!]
Welcome all with love each day!
Take a stand throughout the land
Let my people stay!

See our faces proud and strong.
Let my people stay!
All faiths and colors, we belong.
Let my people stay! [chorus]

Detention is a travesty.
Let my people stay!
ICE, set our friends and families free!
Let my people stay! [chorus]

Give me your tired, give me your poor
Let my people stay!
Refugees flock to our shore.
Let my people stay! [chorus]

Together we fight bigotry.
Let my people stay!
Hate threatens peace and liberty.
Let my people stay! [chorus]

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PEACE SALAAM SHALOM **171**

By Emma's Revolution. (Pat Humphries and Sandy 0), 2001
Key: C

OSTINATO:
Peace salaam, shalom.
Peace salaam, shalom.
Peace salaam, shalom,
Peace salaam, shalom.

OBBLIGATO PART l (lyrics improvised by soloist, per examples below):
I. We believe in peace (4X]
2. We will work for peace (4X)
3. We can live in peace l4X)
4. Jerusalem ~ Ramallah. — in Tel Aviv — in Washington
5. In Hebron - in Kabul — in Lebanon — in New York City
6. We believe in peace (4X}
7. We believe in peace l4X)

OBBLIGATO PART II:
Shalom, Salaam,
Shalom Salaam,
Shalom. Salaam.
Shalom Salaam

HOT SUN ON THE RISE Revised 3/10/2020 **172**

Words: Terry Moore
Tune: Bad Moon On The Rise by John Fogerty (Creedence Clearwater Revival)
Key: G

I see the temperature arising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquake and lightning
I see bad times today

Chorus(2X)
Don't go out today
Cause it's bound to take your life
There's a hot sun on the rise

I hear hurricanes a blowing
I know the end is coming soon
I fear oceans overflowing
I hear the voice of rage and ruin
Chorus: (2X)

Hope you got your things together
Hope you are quite prepared to die
Looks like we're in for nasty weather
One eye is taken for an eye
Chorus(2x)

I see the temperature arising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquake and lightning
I see bad times today

Chorus(2X)(repeat final line 3x at end)

MR. BLOCK

Words by Joe Hill. Tune: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight."
Key: A

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you
A man who is a credit to the old Red White and Blue.
His head is made of lumber and solid as a rock
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block
And Block thinks he may|
be President some day…

Chorus
Oh Mr. Block, you were born by mistake
You take the cake, you make me ache
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake.
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake!

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky—he got a job, by gee!
The shark got seven dollars for job and fare and fee.
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck
But when he tried to find his job he sure was out of luck.
He shouted, "That's too raw!
I'll fix them with the law!"
Chorus

Block hiked back to the city but wasn't doing well.
He said "I'll join the union, the great AF of L."
He got a job that morning, got fired by the night.
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right!
Sam Gompers said, "You see,
you've got our sympathy."
Chorus

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The comrade got elected [and] he happy was for fair.
But after the election he got an awful shock.
A great big socialistic bull did rap him on the block.
And Comrade Block did sob,
"I helped him get his job!"
Chorus

Poor Block he died one evening, I'm very glad to state.
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.
He said, "Oh, Mister Peter, one thing I'd like to tell:
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D Rockerfell!"
Old Pete said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below!"
Chorus

ARMAGEDDON, HERE WE COME! Added 2/11/2020 **174**

Dottie Gutenkauf for the Solidarity Singers, 2005
Tune: California, Here I Come!
Inspired by Bill Moyers, Star-Tribune, 1/30/05 and Seymour Hersh, The New Yorker, 1/24/05
(Key C)

Armageddon, here we come!
All you sinners must succumb!
Our mission
Is fission — nuclear type;
We're groping
And hoping — you won't see through all the hype!
And while we're waiting to be saved,
Your road to hell is being paved.
The invitations are engraved,
Armageddon, here we come!

Armageddon, here we come!
Darwin we can overcome!
No pretext,
Iran's next — Syria too!
While warring
Gets boring — you'll be dead before we're through!
The Middle East will be the stage
For good and evil to engage.
It's almost time to turn the page,
Armageddon, here we come!

Armageddon, here we come!
Wave the flag and beat the drum!
Rebuke 'em
Then nuke 'em — in the Mid-East!
We'll capture
The rapture — then we'll play our harps and feast!
The world will shortly meet its fate,
But we don't want to have to wait.
Open up that pearly gate,
Armageddon, here we come!

(Repeat last 4 lines at the end of the song.)

GIULIANI (2020 Update) Added 2/11/2020 **175**

Tune: Pretty Baby (a/k/a Every Party Has A Pooper) (1916) by Tony Jackson w original lyrics by Gus Kahn & Egbert Van Alstyne
Words: Diane Beeny (based on the original version on p.148.)

If you think of sleazy lawyers
you'll sure find one standout name:
GIULIANI. .. GIULIANI
When it comes to gall and chutzpah,
he has really upped his game:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
His antics and his interviews —
They defy belief;
While defending the LIAR-IN-CHIEF...
What a whack-a-doodle;
Such a media SLUT —
GIULIANI: You NUT!!

Hanging out with Lev and Igor —
What a sleazy little gang:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
He's looking for corruption and he heads
for the Ukraine:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
Digging for dirt on the Bidens
he dives in doo-doo neck deep —
He stirs up QUITE A REEK...
Corruption sure will find him
'cause in it he's fully steeped –
GIULIANI: You CREEP!!

He's a petty little tyrant
searching for a balcony:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
Paints himself as a crusader;
But blind to his hypocrisy:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
Emerging from the falling ashes on that
one fateful day –
"America's Mayor' they'd say...
His credentials now are tarnished;
Gone - along with all his luck –
GIULIANI: You SHMUCK!!

He talks just like a mobster
with some fascist tendencies:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
lf you want to know how low he'll stoop;
Ask Ambassador Marie:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
He vents his spleen on talk shows;
a "grenade" ready to blow —
What a SAD and CRA-ZEE SHOW...
On the coattails of the ORANGE ONE
and they BOTH have GOT TO GO –
GIULIANI: You BLOW!!

This tale is yet unfolding;
It gets more crazy EVERY day:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
His credibility has faded;
But he still won't go away:
GIULIANI... GIULIANI
If there's ANY sense and justice,
he will answer for his crimes —
At him they should
THROW THE BOOK
When he goes down we hope he takes
this whole %$@*! (CRAP) SHOW DOWN
WITH HIM --
GIULIANI: YOU CROOK!!!

We Really MEAN IT!!
GIULIANI: YOU CROOK!!!

(Pig noises follow.)

WE SAY NO! *(SIC Divestment Version)* Updated 3/15/2021 **176**

Tune: "We're Gonna Roll the Union On," original words by John Handcox.
Words: Paula Rogovin and the Solidarity Singers
Key G

Chorus
We say NO! (We say NO!)
We say NO! (We say NO!)
These investments got to go! (Got to go!)
We say NO! (We say NO!)
We say NO! (We say NO!)
These investments got to go!

Stop using fossil fuels
Cause they're not good for us
They're not good for us
They're not good for us
Stop using fossil fuels
They're not good for us
Keep 'em in the ground!

If the SIC* won't stop it
We'll make a great big fuss
Make a great big fuss
Make a great big fuss
If the SIC won't stop it
We'll make a great big fuss
These investments got to go!

If Governor Murphy doesn't stop it,
We'll make a bigger fuss
Make a bigger fuss
Make a bigger fuss
If Governor Murphy doesn't stop it
We'll make a bigger fuss
Cause These investments got to go!

* SIC=State Investment Council

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN Updated 02/14/2021 **177**

Words and Music by Bob Dylan (1963)
KEY G

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or
you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's
namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it is ragin
It'll soon shake your windows and
rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you
can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be
last
For the times they are a-changin'

GARBAGE Updated 02/14/2021 **178**

Words & Music - Bill Steele (1969); last verse by
Michael Agranoff & Pete Seeger (1977)
Key: Am

Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato
Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skins;
The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it
And puts it in a can with coffee grinds and sardine tins;
The truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away;
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the Bay, oh,

Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
We're filling up the sea with garbage (garbage!)
Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the garbage? (garbage!)

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it up the freeway track
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon haze;
He's joined by lots of other cars all sending gases to the stars,
Where they form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days.
The sun licks down into it with an ultraviolet tongue.
And turns it into smog that settles deep inside our lungs, oh,

Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
We're filling up the sky with garbage (garbage!)
Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
What will we do when there's nothing left to breathe but garbage (garbage!)

Getting home and taking off his shoes, he settles down with the evening news,
The kids do their homework with the TV in one ear
While Superman for the thousandth time sells sexy dolls and conquers crime
The children learn the date of birth of Paul Revere.
In the paper there's a piece about the mayor's middle name,
Thompson gets it done in time to watch the all-star bingo game, oh,

Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
We're filling up our minds with garbage (garbage!)
Garbage (garbage!) Garbage! (garbage!)
What will we do when there's nothing left to read
And there's nothing left to need
And there's nothing left to watch
And there's nothing left to touch
And nothing left to walk upon
And nothing left to talk about
And nothing left to think about
And nothing left to smell
And nothing left to eat
And there's nothing left to see
And there's nothing left to be . . .
But Garbage! (garbage!)

In Mister Thompson's factory, they make plastic Christmas trees
Complete with silver tinsel and a geodesic stand.
The plastic's mixed in giant vats from some conglomerat
That's piped from deep within the earth or strip-mined from the land.
And if you question anything, they say, "Why, don't you see?
It's absolutely needed for the economy," oh,

Garbage! (Garbage!) Garbage! (Garbage!)
Their stocks and their bonds -- all garbage! (garbage!)
Garbage! (Garbage!) Garbage! (Garbage!)
What will they do when their system goes to smash
And there's no value to their cash
And no money to be made
But there's a world to be repaid?

Their kids will read in history books
About financiers and other crooks
And feudalism, and slavery
And nukes and all their knavery
To history's dustbin they're consigned
Along with many other kinds of garbage. (garbage!)

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Lyrics: Union Soldiers (many disputed origins, some with different lyrics)
Tune: "Say Brothers, Will You Meet Us" (American Camp Meeting Hymn, late 1700s)

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
But his truth goes marching on

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
His truth goes marching on

The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down
The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down
The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down
On the grave of old John Brown

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
His truth goes marching on

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true
He frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through
They hung him for a traitor, they themselves the traitor crew
But his truth goes marching on

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
His truth goes marching on

MOVE ON OVER OR WE'LL MOVE ON OVER YOU (CIVIL RIGHTS) Added 01/10/2021 180

Lyrics: Len Chandler (1966)
Tune: John Brown's Body

Mine eyes have seen injustice in each city, town and state
Your jails are filled with Black men and your courts are white with hate
And with every bid for freedom someone whispers to us, "Wait!"
That's why we keep marching on.

CHORUS (sing after each verse):
Move on over or we'll move on over you (3x)
And the movement's moving on.

You conspire to keep us silent in the field and in the slum
You promise us the vote and sing us, "We Shall Overcome"
But John Brown knew what freedom was and died to win us some
That's why we keep marching on.

Your dove of peace with bloody beak sinks talons in a child
You bend the olive branch to make a bow, then with a smile
You string it with the lynch rope you've been hiding all the while
That's why we keep marching on.

It is you who are subversive, you're the killers of the dream
In a savage world of bandits it is you who are extreme
You never take your earmuffs off nor listen when we scream
That's why we keep marching on.

I declare my independence from the fool and from the knave
I declare my independence from the coward and the slave
I declare that I will fight for right and fear no jail or grave
That's why we keep marching on.

Many noble dreams are dreamed by small and voiceless men
Many noble deeds are done for the righteous to defend
We're here today, John Brown, to say we'll triumph in the end
That's why we keep marching on

MOVE ON OVER OR WE'LL MOVE ON OVER YOU (WOMEN'S VERSION) (A/K/A THE BATTLE HYMN OF WOMEN)

Added 01/10/2021 **181**

Lyrics: Meredeth Tax (1970)
Tune: John Brown's Body

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
flame of women's rage
Kept smoldering for centuries, now
burning in this age
We no longer will be prisoners in that
same old gilded cage
That's why we're marching on

CHORUS (sing after every verse):
Move on over or we'll move on over you
(3x)
For women's time has come

You have told us to speak softly, to be
gentle and to smile
Expected us to change ourselves with
every passing style
Said the only work for women was to
clean and sweep and file
That's why we're marching on

It is we who've done your cooking, done
your cleaning, kept your rules
We gave birth to your children and we
taught them in your schools
We've kept the system running but
we're laying down our tools
That's why we're marching on

You think that you can buy us off with
crummy wedding rings
You never give us half the profit that our
labor brings
Our anger eats into us, we'll no longer
bend to kings
That's why we're marching on

We have broken through our shackles,
now we sing a battle song
We march for liberation and we're many
thousands strong
We'll build a new society, we've waited
much too long
That's why we're marching on

IMAGINE Added 01/10/2021 **182**

By John Lennon (1971)

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people living for today

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people living life in peace, you

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people sharing all the world, you

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us
And the world will be as one

WE JUST COME TO WORK HERE (WE DON'T COME TO DIE)

Updated 3/15/2021 **183**

By Harry Stamper (first and fourth verses by Anne Feeney)
Key E

Working at this job is dirty and
dangerous
And I'm taking risks anyway.
Oh, if I had the time and the proper
equipment,
I could do my job safely each day.
Everybody here says they're sticklers for
safety,
and I'm not here to say that they lie;
I'm saying we just come to work here –
We don't come to die.

CHORUS:
"Cause if it's always level on the floor
where you're working
and your telephone is OSHA approved
When you tell me how much you're
spending on safety,
pardon me if I'm not moved.
Ever since 1970
the law has been on my side.
And we just come to work here, we
don't come to die.

I would like to end up with all of my
fingers,
I don't want my brain to get numb
I would like to have my ears when
retirement nears,
I wanna hear that applause come.
And I'd like to see my grand-children
Be able to pick them up when they cry.
That's why we just come to work here,
we don't come to die.

You know, we sat still for forty years of
Reaganism,
Saw OSHA brought down to its knees
Saw lots of union busting and watched
our plants rusting,
While our jobs were shipped overseas.
Sixty thousand workers that we buried
last year
Found the cost of doing business too
high.
We just come to work here – We don't
come to die.

Now you and I know that the things that
ain't code
could be fixed with relative ease.
But we never did get anything
By asking on our knees.
So now we're looking you straight in the
eye.
Shoulder to shoulder and side by side.
We're saying we just come to work here
we don't come to die.

CHORUS
CODA
We're saying we just come to work here
MISTER!
We don't come to die.

THE UNION BUSTER Updated 3/15/2021 **184**

Lyrics: Paul McKenna (1983)
Tune: "Oh Susannah" by Stephen Foster (1847)
Key C

Now let me introduce myself – Jack Shyster is my name.
I'm a management consultant, union-busting is my game.
I'm a master of the con job, I'm an expert at the hoax,
And I make my living stealing bread from the mouths of working folks.

CHORUS:
I'm a union-buster, the bosses' trusty aide.
I help keep their employees overworked and underpaid.

In the old days we used gun thugs, we used ginks and finks and goons.
Nowadays we use fancy words but sing the same old tune.
Pitting folks against each other, spreading hatred, fear and lies,
Cutting down the hopes of workers who rise up to organize.
CHORUS

There's no tactic I won't stoop to, there's no trick I haven't tried.
To intimidate and infiltrate, to conquer and divide.
I'll wear the union down with litigation and delay,
And all the while I'm raking in a thousand bucks a day.
CHORUS

When I was young, I used to fight with kids one-half my size.
Pull the legs of bugs and spiders and the wings off butterflies.
Now I've grown to be a man, I haven't changed at all,
I'm still stepping on the underdog, the humble and the small.
CHORUS

Jack London tells the story -- God was working in his lab,
And from some hateful substance he made my good friend the scab.
Well, he gave some of that awful stuff a graduate degree,
He dressed it in a three-piece suit and that's how he made me.
CHORUS

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE

Added 01/10/2021 **185**

Lyrics: Traditional Irish (Possibly Joseph Geoghegan, 1867)
Tune: "When Johnny Comes MarchingHome"(Patrick Gilmore, 1863
Key: E minor (?)

When goin' the road to sweet athy,
hurroo, hurroo
When goin' the road to sweet athy,
hurroo, hurroo
When goin' the road to sweet athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me
eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry
Johnny I hardly knew ye

Chorus (sing after each verse):
With your drums and guns and guns
and drums, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and guns
and drums, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and guns
and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh Johnny lad, you do look bad
Johnny I hardly knew ye

Where are the eyes that looked so
mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so
mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so
mild
When my poor heart you first
beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are the legs on which you run,
hurroo, hurroo
Where are the legs on which you run,
hurroo, hurroo
Where are the legs on which you run
When first you went to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless,
chickenless egg
You'll have to be left with a bowl out
to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo,
hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo,
hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Ceylon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

ELLA'S SONG (We who believe in freedom cannot rest) Added 01/10/2021 186

By Bernice Johnson Reagon (1983)
(Dedicated to Ella Baker)

Refrain: (sing at the end of each verse.)
We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes

Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons

And that which touches me most is that I had a chance to work with people
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me

To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail
And if I can shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on
Is when the reins are in the hand of the young who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me
I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot I come to realize
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survive

I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard
At time I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word

WOULD YOU HARBOR ME Added 01/10/2021 **187**

By Ysaye M. Barnwell (1994)

Would you harbor me?

Would I harbor you?

Would you harbor me?

Would I harbor you?

Would you harbor a Christian, a Muslim, a Jew

a heretic, convict or spy?

Would you harbor a runaway woman, or child,

a poet, a prophet, a king?

Would you harbor an exile, or a refugee,

a person living with AIDS?

Would you harbor a Tubman, a Garrett, a Truth

a fugitive or a slave?

Would you harbor a Haitian Korean or Czech,

a lesbian or a gay?

Would you harbor me?

Would I harbor you?

Would you harbor me?

Would I harbor you?

CHAD OYVEDYO – ONE WORKER Added 01/10/2021 **188**

This is a variation/parody of the Passover song Chad Gadya published by the Bund, the largest and most influential Jewish socialist organization in the late nineteenth century through the first half of the twentieth century. Bundist haggadot can be over-wrought, but they also contain critiques of capitalism and injustice that remain powerful today

One worker
One worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the banker
Who wolfed down the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the bankruptcy
That annihilated the banker
Who wolfed down the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the crisis
That scorched the bankruptcy
That annihilated the banker
Who wolfed down the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came the Revolution
That demolished the crisis
That scorched the bankruptcy
That annihilated the banker
Who wolfed down the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

Then came Socialism BLESSED MAY IT BE!
Which ended the Revolution.
That demolished the crisis
That scorched the bankruptcy
That annihilated the banker
Who wolfed down the loan shark
Who gobbled up the shopkeeper
Who displaced the worker
My father hired for two zuzim.
Chad oyvedyo, chad oyvedyo

NOAH HEIST THE WINDOW Added 01/10/2021 **189**

Tune: Traditional
New Lyrics: David Tarlo

Chorus:
Noah – heist the window (3x)
Heist the window let the dove come in

The earth's getting hotter and the seas are rising
Heist the window let the dove come in
Got to look for solutions beyond the horizon
Heist the window let the dove come in

Chorus

For the life of this planet we're holding a torch
Heist the window let the dove come in
And that's why we join the People's Climate March
Heist the window let the dove come in

Chorus

With your oil spills, strip mines, meltdowns and fracking
Heist the window let the dove come in
If we want a future we'd better get cracking
Heist the window let the dove come in

Chorus

WE'LL BE SAVING ALL OUR PENSIONS. LET'S DIVEST! Added 01/10/2021 **190**

by Alan Seiden (2020)
Tune: "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain"

Fossil fuels are not the future. Let's divest!
Fossil fuels are not the future. Let's divest!
Fossil fuels are not the future
Besides that, they pollute; your
Fossil fuels are not the future. Let's divest!

The smart money's fossil free. Let's divest!
The smart money's fossil free. Let's divest!
The smart money's fossil free,
With lower volatility,
The smart money's fossil free. Let's divest!

Think of future generations. Let's divest!
Think of future generations. Let's divest!
Think of future generations,
And our retirement aspirations,
Think of future generations. Let's divest!

We'll be saving all our pensions, let's divest
We'll be saving all our pensions, let's divest
We'll be saving all our pensions,
And curbing climate tensions,
We'll be saving all our pensions, let's divest

Tell the State Investment Council. Let's divest!
Tell the State Investment Council. Let's divest!
Tell the State Investment Council
Please help our earnings bounce; we'll
Tell the State Investment Council. Let's divest!

(REPEAT LAST VERSE)

REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY IS DONE

Updated 2/20/2022 **191**

Music: John Brown's Body.
Words by Don Cannon of the Parody Project adapted by the Solidarity Singers.

The right to representative democracy is done.
It is money that's selecting all the candidates who run.
It's money buying policies that impact everyone,
And we fell for the con.

Chorus: You decide who's gonna rule you.
Look behind the red and blue to
Find a way you can cut through
The corruption that lives on.

Our leaders passing laws that only benefit the rich
They take our last resources with a clever bait and switch.
HMOs and banks and corporate CEOs that they enrich
And that's what's going on. *Chorus.*

Most voters favor tighter regulations on the banks
And taxes for the billionaires. But they just say "No thanks."
They say of course, that's socialism, you fill in the blanks.
But it's you they prey upon. *Chorus.*

You have no right to education if among the poor,
And if you try a life of debt is what you have in store.
Education is related to the years you are good for

And those years are soon gone. *Chorus.*

Corporations freely do their business as monopolies.
They're poisoning the planet and they do just as they please.
Destroying the free market while they spread like a disease
As they keep marching on. *Chorus.*

We're the ones who hold the power.
This must be our finest hour.
We're the ones we must empower
So the truth goes marching on,
And on, And on, And on.

CROW ON THE CRADLE Added 01/10/2021 **192**

Sydney Carter, Quaker peace activist, 1960
Tune an old English folk song (700–800 AD)
Key A Minor

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Now is the time for a child to be born.
He'll cry for the moon and he'll laugh at the sun.
"If he's a boy, he'll carry a gun,"
Sang the crow … on the cradle.

If it should be that our baby's a girl,
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
"A bomber above her wherever she goes,"
Sang the crow … on the cradle.

Rock-a-bye baby, the dark and the light
Somebody's baby is born for a fight.
Rock-a-bye baby, the white and the black,
"Somebody's baby is not coming back,"
Sang the crow … on the cradle.

Your mother and father, they'll scrape and they'll save;
Build you a coffin and dig you a grave.
Hush-a-bye little one, why do you weep?
"We have a toy that will put you to sleep,"
Sang the crow … on the cradle.

Bring me a gun, and I'll shoot that bird dead!
That's what your mother and father once said.
Crow on the cradle, oh what can we do?
(last two lines a cappella and much more slowly):
"This is the thing that I'll leave up to you,"
Sang the crow on the cradle.

LEAN ON ME Added 02/14/2021 **193**

By: Bill Withers (1972)
Key: D

Hmm... hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm
Sometimes in our lives
We all have pain
We all have sorrow
But if we are wise
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me
When you're not strong
And I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on...

For it won't be long
Till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow

For no one can fill
Those of your needs that you won't let show

You just call on me brother when you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on

I just might have a problem that you'll understand
We all need somebody to lean on

Lean on me And
When you're not strong
I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on...

For it won't be long
Till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

You just call on me brother
When you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on

I just might have a problem that you'll understand
We all need somebody to lean on

If there is a load you have to bear
That you can't carry

I'm right up the road
I'll share your load
If you just call me

Call me
If you need a friend
(Call me)
Call me (call me)
If you need a friend
(Call me)
If you ever need a friend
(Call me)
Call me
(Call me) Call me
(Call me) Call me
(Call me) Call me
(Call me)

I WISH I KNEW HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO BE FREE Updated 9/02/2021 **194**

Song by Billy Taylor & Dick Dallas (1968)
Key: G

I wish I knew how
It would feel to be free
I wish I could break
All the chains holdin' me
I wish I could say all the things
That I should say
Say 'em loud
Say 'em clear
For the whole wide world to hear

I wish I could share
All the love that's in my heart
Remove all the bars
That keep us apart
I wish you could know
What it means to be me
Then you'd see
And agree
That every one should be free

I wish I could give
All I'm longin' to give
I wish I could live
Like I'm longin' to live
I wish I could do
All the things that I can do
Oh, I'm way overdue
I'd be startin' anew

Oh, I wish I could be
Like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be
If I found I could fly
I'd soar to the sun
And fly o'er the sea
And I'd sing
Cause I'd know how it feels to be free
Yes, I'd sing
Cause I'd know how it feels to be free

WAR ON THE WORKERS Updated 9/02/2021 **195**

by Anne Feeney (1994)
Key: E Minor

Listen up, we've got a war zone here today
Right in our heartland, and across the USA
These multinational bastards don't use tanks and guns it's true
But they've declared a war on us, fight back! It's up to you
There's a war on the workers (3X)
And it's time we started calling the shots

Going to work could be the death of you and me
But we're not unarmed--Our weapon's solidarity
Jim Beals and Karen Silkwood
The list goes on and on
With every year that passes 60,000 more are gone
There's a war on the workers (3X)
And it's time we started calling the shots

When they boost your co-pay, (it's a war on the workers!)
Don't you know what to say - (it's a war on the workers!)
When they talk privatization (it's a war on the workers!)
And co-operation (it's a war on the workers!)
When they call you “a team” (it's a war on the workers!)
You’d better learn how to scream (it's a war on the workers!)
There's a war on the workers (3X)
And it's time we started calling the shots

They can lock us out, they can lock us up
We cannot give in
No more lies, no compromise! We’ll battle til we win!
There's a war on the workers (3X)
And it’s time we started calling the shots

They call it "flexibility" (it's a war on the workers!)
But every working stiff can see (it's a war on the workers!)
When they poison our water (it's a war on the workers!)
Don’t go like lambs to the slaughter (it's a war on the workers!)
When they foul up the air (it's a war on the workers!)
You’ve gotta show that you care (it's a war on the workers!)
When they talk WTO (it's a war on the workers!)
We should be screaming HELL NO! (it's a war on the workers!)

Oh, it's a war on the workers—
It's a war on public education,
It's a war on child labor protections,
It's a war on the 8 hour day,
It's a war on occupational health & safety,
Aa war on social security –
Now thanks to WTO, GATT, NAFTA, MAI , the IMF and the World Bank
It's a world wide war –
There's a war on the workers (3X)
And its time, sister and brothers, I said its time right now
That we started calling the shots

THE CORPORATE WELFARE SONG Updated 02/20/2022 **196**

By Anne Feeney (1998) Key: F (1st Chord C7)

Chorus
It's time to end welfare as we know it
Let's get those greedy chiselers off the dole
It's time to end welfare as we know it
Teach them a little self-control.
For far too long we've allowed these corporate hogs
To belly up to the public trough
No more welfare as we know it
No more handouts! Cut them off!

We should all be irate at this huge welfare state
Right here in this mightiest of nations
AFDC is disgraceful to me
I'm talking Aid For Dependent Corporations
Free enterprise! Ha! The cruelest of lies!
It cost us $200 billion just last year!
Why if they paid their fair share we'd have billions to spare
It's time to tell them, the bucks stop here! ***Chorus***

Let's consider Charlie Hurwitz, the CEO at Maxxam
Holding redwood forests hostage in a vicious little tax scam
It's clear cut we've picked up the tab for Charlie's union-busting
And paid him to pollute our waters ; Jesus, that's disgusting
Now Charlie won't repay $500 million that he stole
From a Houston S&L -- what's say we kick him off the dole? ***Chorus***

That taco bell chihuahua begs for bucks for Frito lay
And "Poppin fresh" from Pillsbury needs more dough every day
That thief Ronald McDonald and his sidekick Mayor Mc Cheesey
Hambuglarize our treasury in ways that make me queasy
That nasty little mermaid takes tax dollars overseas
To hire thugs to bring poor Haitian workers to their knees. ***Chorus***

They've been picking every pocket here from sea to shining sea
We must intervene to break this cycle of dependency
ADM and Cargill, General Motors, Ford and Boeing
ITT and Lockheed and the welfare line keeps growing
Now congress says we can't afford to subsidize the needy
But before we slash the safety net let’s tell the truly greedy. ***Chorus***

RINGING OF REVOLUTION *MUSIC PHIL OCHS LYRICS ROSEANN DE PASQUALE (2021)*

Added 02/14/2021 **197**

In a building of gold, where history is told,
worked a party in which the country was founded
Never heeded the warning, the fascists were coming,
they still worked on the floor of the senate.....
And the noise outside, caused people to hide,
for the building was fully surrounded
The fascists are ringing the bells of Revolution!

In tattered fatigues, they met all their needs,
the banners and flags they were raising....
And closer and closer came the ringing of Revolution!

As the cloud filled the room with darkening gloom,
they show no human emotion...
Just weapons in hands, try to meet their demands,
as the hate in their faces still showing....
But the noise inside was the Rhythm!

There was terror inside, as they marched in with pride,
using flags of tools of destruction....
But yet taking a knee, some Do Not Agree,
that it stands for Peace and for Justice...
But we weren't there cause hate filled the air,
as the family next door were rejoicing...
Oh this is the sound and the Rhythm of Revolution!

BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY Updated 9/02/2021 **198**

By Richard Farina (1963)

Tune: Traditional Scottish (I Once Loved A Lass)

Key E

Come round by my side and I'll sing you a song
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong
On Birmingham Sunday, the blood ran like wine
And the choir kept singing of freedom

That cold autumn morning no eyes saw the sun
And Addie Mae Collins, her number was one
At an old Baptist church, there was no need to run
And the choir kept singing of freedom

The clouds they were gray and the autumn winds blew
And Denise McNair brought the number to two
The falcon of Death was a creature they knew
And the choir kept singing of freedom

The church it was crowded but no one could see
That Cynthia Wesley's dark number was three
Her prayers and her feelings would shame you and me
And the choir kept singing of freedom

Young Carol Robertson entered the door
And the number her killers had given was four
She asked for a blessing, but asked for no more
And the choir kept singing of freedom

On Birmingham Sunday the noise shook the ground
And people all over the earth turned around
No one could recall a more cowardly sound
And the choir kept singing of freedom

The men in the forest, they asked it of me
How many blackberries grew in the blue sea?
I asked them right back with a tear in my eye
How many dark ships in the forest?

The Sunday has come and the Sunday has gone
And I can't do much more than to sing you this song
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong
And the choirs keep singing of freedom

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY?

Added 02/14/2021 **199**

Words and music by Anne Feeney, 1994
Key: A

I was a welder, pulling down forty thou'.
For all I know that job's in Pakistan now.
And I'm out workin' for that minimum wage (and wondering)
Whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

Chorus:
Whatever happened to the eight-hour day?
Who feeds the family now on one person's pay?
I can't take much more; I just got one thing to say:
Whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

You got no time for the house, no time for the kids,
That eighty-hour week can put your life on the skids.
I can't take much more; I just got one thing to say:
Whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

Bridge:
The companies keep tellin' us we want too much,
I see all of them still got that Midas touch.
Oh, the economy's boomin', yeah, that's what they say.
It's 'cause I work twice as hard to take home half of the pay.

The kids need attention; the house is a mess.
Our marriage is bucklin' from all of this stress.
There's only one thing gonna take it away;
Tell me, whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

Remember when one job would pay all the bills?
Remember good jobs that demanded some skills?
If this globalization is great like they say,
Tell me, whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

Last chorus:
Oh, whatever happened to the eight-hour day?
Can't feed a family on one person's pay.
I'm fed up to here; I just got one thing to say:
Whatever happened to the eight-hour day?

MAKE IT GREAT

Updated 9/02/2021 **200**

By Alastair Moock Key: C

Love it or leave it, it's us against them.
We're gonna make it great once again.
This once was the land of the free and the brave.
We all had it good here (except for the slaves.)

When we came here, this country was pure and pristine.
The skies were all blue and the trees were all green.
We fought for the rights of the nations we'd build.
And all here rejoiced ('cept the natives we killed.)

Then we built cities and roads and great ports.
Protected by brave men aloft in great forts.
And then came the railroads that stretched to the seas.
We all had it good (unless you were Chinese.)

Then Abraham Lincoln, the guy with the beard.
Said, "no more to slavery" so that disappeared.
And that was the end of race problems, we know.
Black people were equal (except for Jim Crow.)

The late 1800's were elegant, grand.
Victorian Houses and trust in the land.
The right to your income and vote you possessed.
For all of us here (barring those who had breasts.)

The depression and war kinda soured some years.
But we all pulled together and got back in gear.
Freedom secured in the home of the champs.
(Offer not valid in internment camps.)

The fifties, that's when things really improved.
The GI Bill and your mortgage approved.
Employment was high and the future was bright.
For everyone, all of us (if you were white.)

And that's what we mean by "Be great again."
Let's get ourselves back to where we were when.
Freedom, prosperity, peace all prevailed.
(For the Caucasian, Christian, straight, middle-class male.)

Love it or leave it, it's us against them.
Were gonna make it great once again.
This once was the home of the brave and the free.
The world's greatest nation (if you looked like me.)

BE A PAIN

Added 03/15/2021 **201**

Music and Lyrics by Alastair Moock ©2020
Key: G

If you see something that's wrong,
raise your hand and say that's wrong,
Point it out and name that thing by its name.
Don't stand by and stare —
if it's wrong, it's your affair.
Don't be quiet, make a riot, be a pain.

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain.
Don't be polite, raise your voice and do what's right.
Be a pain, be a pain, be a pain.

When Rosa Parks sat on that bus, she chose to make a fuss.
She chose to break the rules and take the blame.
Her choice to sit and fight helped to bring on Civil Rights.
Because one strong woman chose to be a pain.

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain.
If they say, "You have to move," say "I'll remain".
Be a pain, be a pain, be a pain.

Harvey Milk, he chose to run for the council board and won.
Even though folks said, "You can't because you're gay".
One brave LGBTQ elected leader ran and knew/
You can change things if you choose to be a pain.

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain.
Tell 'em, "I won't let you make me feel ashamed."
Be a pain; be a pain; be a pain.;

A tennis star named Billy Jean told the world she had a dream
That men and women would be paid the same
She refused to hit the ball 'til there was equal pay for all
She was a King because she was a royal pain

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain
If they refuse to pay, refuse to play the game
Be a pain, be a pain, be a pain.

Kids from Parkland led the fight for something they all knew was right
They said, "It's time for us to finally make a change
If adults can't compromise, we must go march for our lives".
They spoke out and led the charge, they all were pains

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain
When you're faced with laws you know are just insane
Be a pain, be a pain, be a pain

Chorus:
Be a pain, be a pain, shout about it and complain
Ignore the crowd and go against the grain
Don't be polite, raise your voice and do what's right
Be a pain, be a pain, be a pain

NO FORECLOSURES Updated 9/02/2021 **202**

Lyrics: Bennet Zurofsky and The Solidarity Singers, 2011
Tune: Oh Freedom Key: G

No foreclosures, no foreclosures
No foreclosures - Down with greed
When the bankers feel the pain
The regular folks will gain
And we'll fight for the right to be free

No evictions, no evictions
No evictions – Down with greed
When landlords feel the pain
The regular folks will gain
And we'll fight for the right to be free

Jobs with justice, jobs with justice
Jobs with justice, down with greed
When corporations feel the pain
The regular folks will gain
And we'll fight for the right to be free

Tax the wealthy, tax the wealthy
Tax the wealthy, down with greed
When the rich folks feel the pain
The regular folks will gain
And we'll fight for the right to be free

No more moaning, no more moaning
No more moaning over me
I'm gonna bring my friends along
Build a movement deep and strong
And we'll fight for the right to be free

PASTURES OF PLENTY Added 03/15/2021 **203**

Woody Guthrie, 1942
Key C Minor

Pay close attention to whomever the lead guitar is, because sometimes there are rather long pauses after lines.

It's a mighty rough row that my poor hands has hoed;
My poor feet has traveled a hot dusty road.
From out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled.
And your deserts were hot / and your mountains was cold.

We worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes;
We slept on the ground by the light of the moon.
At the edge of the city, you see us and then
We come with the dust / and we're gone with the wind.

California, Arizona, we make all your crops,
Then it's up north to Oregon to harvest your hops,
We dig your beets from the ground, pick your grapes from the vine
For to set on your table that light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down,
Every state in the Union us migrants has been;
But we're in this fight / and we'll fight till we win.

Well, it's always we rambled, that river and I;
And in this green valley, I'll work till I die.
But my land I'll defend with my life if it be,
So my pastures of plenty / will always be free.

ROLL THE UNION ON Added 03/15/2021 **204**

Lyrics by John Handcox (c. 1937) (Southern Tenant Farmers Union)
Tune: Traditional "Roll the Chariot On"
Key G

Chorus
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll) we're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll the union on (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll) we're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll the union on!

If the boss gets in the way, we're gonna roll it over him
Gonna roll it over him, gonna roll it over him
If the boss gets in the way, we're gonna roll it over him
We're gonna roll the union on

If the scabs gets in the way, we're gonna roll it over them
Gonna roll it over them, gonna roll it over them
If the boss gets in the way, we're gonna roll it over them
We're gonna roll the union on

Improvise verses to suit the issues of the day. E.g., If Amazon's in the way . . .
The leader can cue each verse by shouting "What about the ____?"
Depending upon the occasion, substitute the word "movement" for "union."

THE REBEL GIRL Added 03/15/2021 **205**

Joe Hill, 1915,
Inspired Paterson Silk Strike activist, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn
Key C

There are women of many
descriptions
In this cruel world, as everyone
knows.
Some are living in beautiful mansions
And are wearing the finest of clothes.
There are blue-blooded queens and
princesses,
Who have charms made of diamonds
and pearl,
But the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

Chorus:
That's the Rebel Girl,
That's the Rebel Girl,
To the working class, she's a precious
pearl.
She brings courage, pride, and joy
To the fighting Rebel Boy.
We've had girls before, but we need
some more
In the Industrial Workers of the
World.
For it's great to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be harden'd from
labor
And her dress may not be very fine,
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are
trembling,
When her spite and defiance she'll
hurl.
For the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

Chorus + additional line:
Yes, it's great to fight for freedom
with a Rebel Girl.

Updated Chorus by Hazel Dickens

She's a Rebel Girl, a Rebel Girl!
She's the working class, the strength
of this world.
From Maine to Georgia you'll see
Her fighting for you and for me.
Yes, she's there by your side with her
courage and pride.
She's unequaled anywhere.
And, I'm proud to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.

PLUTOCRACY Added 03/15/2021 **206**

Words & Music
by Bennet D. Zurofsky, 2011
Key: C

Plu-to-cra-cy
Means government for the rich
Everyone else / in the ditch
In Congress and State House halls
They vote the way / the money calls.

Plu-to-cra-cy
Means that the government
Is run for the top one percent
The wealth keeps growing at the top
For the rest of us / wages drop.

Plu-to-cra-cy
Is what we're up against
You can't stay on that fence
Because we're losing this class war
The rich are taking / more and more.

De-mo-cra-cy
We've got to take it back
Stand up to the right's attack
Stop bitin' on the rich folk's bait
And organize / take back the state.

De-mo-cra-cy
Means raising the bottom up
Instead of filling the rich man's cup
Helping the many instead of the few
That's what government ought to do.

De-mo-cra-cy
It's the very best way
To fight corporations and the games
they play
Organize on the job and in the street
And plutocracy / we will defeat!

De-mo-cra-cy
It's what they say
Is the basis of the U.S.A.
And if this land's made for you and me
We've gotta beat plu-to-cra-cy!

De-mo-cra-cy
This land's made for you and me
We've got to beat / plutocracy!

BLESSED IS OUR PLANET EARTH Updated 9/02/2021 **207**

Lyrics: Jeffrey Vogel (NY City Labor Chorus)
Tune: Irving Berlin (God Bless America)

Blessed is our planet Earth,
Sailing 'round the sun,
With oxygen and water
And an atmosphere second to none.
Photosynthesis we adore you,
You provide us food to eat.
Blessed is our planet Earth, And mighty sweet.
Blessed is our planet Earth, And mighty sweet.

Blessed is our Mother Earth,
Home to humanity,
And fellow creatures, aplenty, with wondrous variety.
There are mammals, there are reptiles,
There are insects, and microbes,
Blessed is our planet Earth, More than we know.
Blessed is our planet Earth, Our only home.

GOD HELP AMERICA Updated 9/02/2021 **207**

Lyrics by Leydorf (SingOutLouiseNYC)

Come On America – What Have We Done?
Stand beside us and join us, fix the mess and distress we've begun
All their bigots and their gun nuts, every greedy billionaire!
Let's save America from this nightmare (2X)

Come on America, stand up to hate –
Don't divide us, unite us: you can't break us to make us more great
Tell the bigots and the gun nuts, every greedy billionaire!
Let's make America more free and fair!
Let's save America from this nightmare.

THE PEOPLE GONNA RISE LIKE WATER Updated 02/20/2022 **208**

Words & Music: The Peace Poets

The people gonna rise like the water
We're gonna face this crisis now
I hear the voice of my great-granddaughter
Saying keep it in the ground
Saying shut those pipelines down

WE ARE THE EARTH

We are the Earth
We are the sea
We won't stop rising
'Til we are free

WE WILL NOT STOP SINGING Updated 02/20/2022 **209**

Words & Music by Lily Chapin & Abigail Chapin (2015)

We will not stop singing
We will not stop singing
We will not stop singing
'til the world can sing along
'til the world can sing the song

We will not stop marching
We will not stop marching
We will not stop marching
'till the world can hear the song
'til the world can sing along

'til the world can sing
'til the world can sing
'til the world can sing along

We will not stop shouting
We will not stop shouting
We will not stop shouting
Shouting right from wrong
'til the world can sing the song
'til the world can sing
'till the world can sing
'till the world can sing along

We will not stop chanting
We will not stop chanting
We will not stop chanting
Chanting till the dawn
When the world will sing along

We will not stop singing
We will not stop singing
We will not stop singing
'till the world can sing along
'till the world can sing the song

'til the world can sing
'til the world can sing
'til the world can sing along (repeats)

WHEN HEALTH CARE REACHES ALL! Added 07/19/2021 **210**

Lyrics: Bret Hesla & Josh Wise (Twin Cities Labor Chorus)
Tune: Ilkley Moor Baht 'At (Traditional Yorkshire)

I've got a longing for that day [for that day]
When healthcare reaches all
I've got a longing for that day [I've got a longing for that day]
I've got a longing for that day [Oh day how glorious]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all!

No child will be left behind [left behind]
When healthcare reaches all
No child will be left behind [No child will be left behind]
No child will be left behind [With dental coverage]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all!

No more healthcare sold for profit [no more profit]
When healthcare reaches all
No more healthcare sold for profit [no more healthcare sold for profit]
No more healthcare sold for profit [It won't be sold at all]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all!

Join us to hasten that great day [that great day]
When healthcare reaches all
Join us to hasten that great day [join us to hasten that great day]
Join us to hasten that great day [When Congress gets a spine]
And healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
Healthcare reaches all [clap, clap]
When healthcare reaches all!

NEVER GET SICK IN AMERICA Added 09/02/2021 **211**

Tune: L. Bernstein and S. Sondheim
Lyrics: Steve Jones

Chorus
Never get sick in America
They give you the stick in America
Cause if you're sick in America
You better die quick in America!

Went to my doctor for advice
He saw Medicare and charged twice
I said that it's hurting right here
"First let's see your wallet, my dear." (Chorus)

I had a good medical plan
Now my job has moved to Thailand
I'll be okay, I'll be just fine
I'll plan to stay healthy all the time. (Chorus)

Congress is passing lots of laws
Good for the rich and for the boss
If it is more than you can stand
Better get rid of congress, man. (Chorus)

New chorus
We got to fight in America
To get our rights in America
For a good life in America
We got to fight in America! `

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY THEY'VE GONE? Updated 02/20/2022 **212**

Lyrics: Charles Carter (2020)
Tune: Dick Holler (1968) (Abraham, Martin, and John) Key: D

Has anybody here seen my old friend Trayvon,
Can you tell me why he's gone?
They plucked his life like strange fruit from the American lynching tree,
So we have to say his name (Trayvon Martin)

Has anybody here seen my old friend Breonna
Can you tell me why she's gone?
They shot her in her own home and let her die in a pool of blood
So we have to say her name (Breonna Taylor)

Don't you wanna shout and yell and sob and hang your head?
Don't you feel despair, wanna tear your hair and heart out?
Tell me will there ever come a day
When we weed out hate---sow love and solidarity?

Has anybody here seen my old friend George
Can you tell me why he's gone?
28 times he cried 'I can't breathe', til they choked his life away
So we have to say his name (George Floyd)

Has anybody here seen the Bombingham Four (say their names): Addie Mae, Denise, Cynthia and Carol
Has anybody here seen my old friend Emmet Till (say his name): Emmet Till
Has anybody here seen my old friend Chairman Fred Hampton (say his name): Fred Hampton
Has anybody hear seen my old friend Earl Faison (say his name): Earl Faison
Has anybody here seen my old friend Eric Garner (say his name): Eric Garner
Has anybody here seen my old friend Freddy Gray (say his name): Freddy Gray
Has anybody here seen my old friend Sandra Bland (say her name): Sandra Bland
Has anybody here seen my old friend Ahmaud Arbery (say his name): Ahmaud Arbery
Has anybody here seen my old friend Rem'mie Fells (say her name): Rem'mie Fells
Has anybody here seen the Charleston Nine (say their names): Charleston Nine
Has anybody here seen my old friend Medgar Evers (say his name): Medgar Evers
Has anybody here seen my old friend Malcolm (say his name): Malcolm X
Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin (say his name): Martin Luther King (slowly)

Can you tell me why they've gone
Too many lynchings to tell every story and sing each song
So we have say their names
So we have to sing their names
Yes we have to say their names

MOTHER EARTH Added 09/02/2021 **213**

Lyrics: Neil Young (adapted by The Solidarity Singers)
Music: Traditional (The Water Is Wide)
Key: D

Oh Mother Earth, with your fields of green
Once more laid down by the hungry hand
How long can you give and not receive
And feed this world, that's ruled by greed?

Oh ball of fire, in the summer sky
Your healing light, your parade of days
Is betrayed by all those in power
Who hold this world in their thieving hands (2X)

Oh Freedom Land, let us all go
Down to the streets, where the numbers grow.
Respect Mother Earth and her giving ways
Or trade away our children's days (2x)

Respect Mother Earth and her giving ways
Or trade away our children's days

THE INTERNATIONALE (MULTI-LINGUAL VERSION) Added 09/02/2021 **214**

Original French: Eugéne Pottier, 1871
English lyrics: Charles Kerr, 1900
Tune: Pierre DeGeyter, 1888 Key: A

Debout! les damnés de la terre
Debout! les forçats de la faim
La raison tonne en son cratère,
C'est l'éruption de la fin.
Du passé faisons table rase
Foule esclave, debout! debout!
Le monde va changer de base
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!

French (2X)
C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous et demain
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Two languages per chorus:

Dutch
Makkers, ten laatste male,
Tot den strijd ons geschaard,
En D'Internationale
Zal morgen heerschen op aard.

German
Völker, hört die Signale!
Auf zum letzten Gefecht!
Die Internationale
Erkämpft das Menschenrecht!

Italian
Su lottiamo! L'ideale
Nostro alfine sará
L'Internazionale
Futura umanitá.

Polish
Bój to bedzíe ostatni,
Krwawy skonczy sietrud,
Gdy zwiazek nasz bratni
Ogarnie ludski ród.

Yiddish
Dos vet zayn shoyn der letster
un antshidener strayt!
Mit dem internatsyonal
shteyt oyf ir arbets-layt!

Arabic
Bijamu'e quwiyah
habuaa alah az-zafar
Ghadu alamamiyah
yuhadu al-bashar

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!
For justice thunders condemnation:
A better world's in birth!
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise you slaves, no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations:
We have been naught; we shall be all!

English (2X)
'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in place.
The international working class
Shall be the human race.

Chorus of all 8 languages simultaneously

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION (Billy Bragg) Added 09/02/2021 **215**

Lyrics: Billy Bragg (1986)
Tune: George Frederick Root (1862) (The Battle Cry of Freedom)
Key: E

There is power in a factory, power in the land
Power in the hand of the worker
But it all amounts to nothing
If together we don't stand
There is power in a Union

Now the lessons of the past
Were all learned with workers' blood
The mistakes of the bosses we must pay for
From the cities and the farmlands
To trenches full of mud
War's always been the bosses' way, sir

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters
From many far off lands
There is power in a Union

Now I long for the morning that they realize
Brutality and unjust laws cannot defeat us
But who'll defend the workers who cannot organize
When the bosses send their lackeys out to cheat us?

Money speaks for money
The Devil for his own
Who comes to speak for the skin and the bone?
What a comfort to the widow
A light to the child
There is power in a Union

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters
Together we will stand
There is power in a Union

FREE AND FAIR ELECTIONS

Added 09/02/2021 **216**

Lyrics: John J. Hawkins for Thomas Jefferson's inauguration (1801)
Tune: Yankee Doodle (Traditional)
Key: G

While some on rights and some on wrongs prefer their own reflections,
The people's rights demand our song - the rights of free elections!

CHORUS:
Law and order be the stake with freedom and protection,
Let all stand by the ballot box for fair and free elections!

For government and order's sake and law's important sections,
Let's all stand by the ballot box for freedom of elections!

Each town and county's wealth and peace, its trade and all connections
With science, arts must all increase by fair and free elections.

Then thwart the schemes of fighting lands and traitor disaffections!
Stand up with willing hearts and hands for fair and free elections!

Should enemies beset us 'round misleading our intentions
Undaunted, we can stand our ground upheld by free elections.

Elections are to make us laws for trade, peace and protection.
Who fails to vote forsakes the cause of fair and free elections.

ABOLISH THE LINE Added 02/20/2022 **217**

Lyrics by Larry Furman
Music by Johnny Cash ("I Walk the Line")
Key: D

Chorus:

The machine politicians win just fine.
Gerrymandered landslides all the time.
Rigging the vote should be a crime.
Vote in sunshine. Abolish the line.

As sure as night is dark and day is light.
Party bosses in the dark of night.
Decide who runs and that ain't right.
Vote in sunshine. Abolish the line.

Chorus

We have the future on our side.
The arc of justice money can't hide.
Together we can turn the tide.
Vote in sunshine. Abolish the line.

The machine politicians win just fine.
Gerrymandered landslides all the time.
Rigging the vote should be a crime.
Vote in sunshine. Abolish the line.

Vote in sunshine. Abolish the line.

LET'S ABOLISH THE LINE

Added 02/20/2022 **218**

Lyrics by Leonard Lehrman
Music by Huddie Ledbetter ("Rock Island Line")
Key: A

Chorus (repeat after each verse):

Let's abolish the Line, 'cause it's doin' no good -
Unless you're an incumbent on the bosses' side
Abolish the Line, yes we can, yes we could
Have a ballot where each candidate we easily find
And choose incumbent or insurgent - let's abolish the Line!

Hey, politicians, listen to our voice:
We are the voters and deserve a choice!

Voting our choice would be really fine.
All we got to do is abolish the Line!

Hear what we're sayin' an' get out of the way:
Get rid of the Line, and we mean today!

Hear what we're sayin' an' we mean today:
Get rid of the Line, or get outa the way!

By ending the line, don't you understand?
Ya don't give incumbency the upper hand!

WE'RE ABOLISHIN' THE LINE

Added 02/20/2022 **219**

Lyrics by Bennet Zurofsky
Music by Bob Dylan ("I'm Walkin' Down the Line")
Key: C

Refrain:

We're abolishin' the line
We're abolishin' the line
We're abolishing' the line
The Bosses are all cryin'
Cause the People gonna vote their minds

Oh the primaries are stacked
The primaries are stacked
Yes the primaries are stacked
And the bosses rig the pack
It's time the People take them back

Refrain

Lobby money comes and goes
Lobby money comes and goes
Lobby money comes and goes
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows
And the bosses direct the hose

Refrain

The incumbents always win
The incumbents always win
The incumbents always win
'Cause the bosses keep them in
Time to let democracy begin!

Refrain

It's time to do what's right
It's time to do what's right
It's time to do what's right
And we're gonna shine a light
So the People can use their might!

WE HATE TO SEE THEM GO Added 02/20/2022 **220**

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds (1958)
Key: C

Last night I had a lovely dream.
I saw a big parade with ticker tape galore,
And men were marching there
The like I'd never seen before.

Oh the bankers and the diplomats are going in the army.
Oh happy day! I'd give my pay to see them on parade,
Their paunches at attention and their striped pants at ease.
They've gotten patriotic and they're going overseas.
We'll have to do the best we can and bravely carry on,
So we'll just keep the laddies [young folk] here to manage while they're gone.

Chorus:
Oh, oh, we hate to see them go,
The gentlemen of distinction in the army.

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army,
It seemed too bad to keep them from the wars they love to plan.
We're all of us contented that they'll fight a dandy war,
They don't need propaganda, they know what they're fighting for.
They'll march away with dignity and in the best of form,
And we'll just keep the laddies [young folk] here to keep the lassies [each other] warm.

(Chorus)

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army,
We're going to make things easy cause it's all so new and strange;
We'll give them silver shovels when they have to dig a hole,
And they can sing in harmony when answering the roll,
They'll eat their old K-rations from a hand-embroidered box,
And when they die, we'll bring them home, and bury them in Fort Knox.

(Chorus)

THE VALIANT SOLDIERS

Added 02/20/2022 **221**

Lyrics: Sojourner Truth
Tune: John Brown's Body
Key: G

Note on Authorship: Sojourner Truth claimed authorship of these lyrics in the 1878 Edition of *The Narrative of Sojourner Truth* (which she had originally dictated to Olive Gilbert and published in 1850). The 1878 edition says she wrote it for the Michigan Colored Infantry and it appears that she may have sung it to those troops in 1863 or 1864. This song is virtually identical to a song known as "Marching Song of the First Arkansas" or "Arkansas First" which appeared in print as early as 1864 and is attributed to Captain Lindley Miller, the White commander of that Black regiment. Authorship of the lyrics is therefore disputed. Most likely, versions of this song circulated widely among the Black Union troops and both the Truth and Miller versions may have actually been compilations of verses of unknown, or folk, authorship. I have included some of Miller's variant lyrics in brackets. - BDZ

We are the valiant soldiers who've 'listed for the war;
We are fighting for the Union, we are fighting for the law;
We can shoot [hit or kick] a rebel farther than a white man ever saw,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.--
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah, as we go marching on.

Look there above the center, where the flag is waving bright;
We are going out of slavery, we are bound for freedom's light;
We mean to show Jeff Davis how the Africans can fight,
As we go marching on.--Chorus.

We are done with hoeing cotton, we are done with hoeing corn;
We are colored Yankee soldiers as sure as you are born.
When massa hears us shouting, he will think 'tis Gabriel's horn,
[When the massas hear us coming, they'll think 'tis Gabriel's horn]
As we go marching on.--Chorus.

They will have to pay us wages, the wages of their sin;
They will have to bow their foreheads to their colored kith and kin;
They will have to give us house-room, or the roof will tumble in,
As we go marching on.--Chorus.

We hear the proclamation, massa, hush it as you will;
The birds will sing it to us, hopping on the cotton hill;
The possum up the gum tree couldn't keep it still,
As he went climbing on.--Chorus.

[They said, "Now colored brethren, you shall be forever free,
From the First of January, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-Three;
We heard it from the river going rushing to the sea,
As it went sounding on. –Chorus]

Father Abraham has spoken, and the message has been sent;
The prison doors have opened, and out the prisoners went
To join the sable army of African descent,
As we go marching on.--Chorus.

[Then fall in colored brethren, you'd better do it soon,
Don't you hear the drum a-beating the Yankee Doodle tune?
We are with you now this morning, we'll be far away at noon,
As we go marching on –Chorus]

WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL TODAY? Added 02/20/2022 **222**

Words and Music by Tom Paxton (1963)

What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?
What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?

I learned that Washington never
told a lie,
I learned that soldiers seldom die,
I learned that everybody's free,
And that's what the teacher said to
me,
And that's what I learned in school
today,
that's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?
What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?

I learned the policemen are my
friends,
I learned that justice never ends,
I learned that murderers pay for
their crimes,
Even if we make a mistake
sometimes,
And that's what I learned in school
today,
That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?
What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?

I learned that war is not so bad,
I learned about the great once we
had had.
We fought in Germany and in
France
And some day I might get my
chance.
And that's what I learned in school
today,
That's what I learned in school

What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?
What did you learn in school today,
Dear little child of mine?

I learned our government must be
strong;
It's always right and never wrong!
Our leaders are the finest men
And we elect them again and again,
And that's what I learned in school
today,
That's what I learned in school.

ELLA BAKER WAS A FREEDOM FIGHTER Added 02/20/2022 **223**

Lyrics: Poor Peoples Campaign
Tune: Traditional, Which Side Are You On?

Ella Baker was a freedom fighter
She taught us how to fight
We're gonna fight both day and night
Until we make things right

Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (2x)

Reverend Barber is a freedom fighter
He teaches us how to fight
We're gonna fight both day and night
Until we make things right

Which side are you on? Which side are you on? (2x)

Rosa Parks was a freedom fighter . . .

Doctor King . . .

Anne Feeney . . .

WHAT IF, NO MATTER? Added 02/20/2022 **224**

Words and Music by Tom Paxton

What if no matter how angry he was
How outraged he was, how furious he was
What if no matter how angry he was
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

What if no matter how right he was
How wrong they were, how evil they were
What if no matter how right he was
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

No rifle, no shotgun, no pistol in sight
No revolvers, automatics, no assault guns tonight
No clips crammed with bullets anywhere to be found
No weapons just laying around

What if no matter how outraged he was
How furious he was, how murderous he was
What if no matter how outraged he was
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

If he dug through his Chevy, the back seat, the trunk
The attic, the basement, piles of old junk
Came up empty-handed again and again
Tell me, what would he do then?

What if no matter how angry he was
How outraged he was, how furious he was
What if no matter how angry he was
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

THE CHILDREN OF GAZA

Added 02/20/2022 **225**

Lyrics: Sally Alice Thompson (Albquerque WILPF) & Corinne Willinger (NY Metro Raging Grannies); Third verse revised by Charles Carter & Ted Glick (2024)
Music: Paul Simon, The Sound of Silence; Key: Am

When I think of Gaza's plight
Its children haunt me day and night
All the children who are crying
All the children who are dying
And the things they've seen,
That no one should have to bear
Happening there
So filled with fear – they're silent.

Children should be having fun,
Safe place to play, safe place to run,
Wholesome food and good clean water,
Safe for parent son and daughter,
And we must hope,
And together we must strive,
Keep them alive
Not filled with fear – and silent.

Our country can't ignore
All the horrors of this war,
Let's take more actions for peace,
Ceasefire actions must increase.
We must stop
This terrible tragedy
No complacency
We must not - be silent
We need a permanent - cease fire

We must not - be silent
We need a permanent - cease fire

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR Added 02/20/2022 **226**

Lyrics: Emma Lazarus
Music: Irving Berlin

Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these the homeless tempest-tost to me
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!
Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these the homeless tempest-tost to me
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

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