

Songs for a Cheerful Occupation

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**AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY
TURN ME AROUND**

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around
Turn me around,
Turn me around
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around.
Keep on a-walking,
Keep on a-talking
Gonna build a brand new world.
Ain't gonna let no bankers...
Ain't gonna let the congress ...
Ain't gonna let Fox newscasts ...
Ain't gonna let no liars ...

BANKS OF MARBLE

(Words and Music by Les Rice)

I've traveled round this country
From shore to shining shore.
And it really made me wonder
At the things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer
A-plowing sod and loam
And I heard the auction hammer
It was 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 farmers sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore,
And I heard the bosses saying,
Got no work for you no more.

CHO:

But the banks... / That the seamen ...

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

CHO:

But the banks... / That the miners ...

I've seen the people working
Throughout this mighty land;
And I prayed we'd get together,
And together make a stand.

CHO:

For the banks .../ That the workers ...

BRING OUT THE BANNERS

(w: John Warner; m: See Amid the Winter's Snow)

In faded photo like a dream
A locomotive under steam
Rolls along with marching feet
And union banners on the street

CHORUS:

Bring out the banners once again
You union women, union men
That all around may plainly see
The power of our unity

I've seen those banners richly made
With symbols fair of craft and trade,
The union names in red and gold
Their aspirations printed bold. **CHO**

Boilermakers, smiths and cooks
Stevedores with cargo hooks
Proclaim their union strong and proud
Rank on rank before the crowd. **CHO**

They won the eight-hour working day;
They won our right to honest pay.
Victorious the banners shone —
How dare we cede what they have won?

CHO

Today, when those who rule divide,
We must be standing side by side,
Our rights were bought with tears and pain,
Bring out the banners once again.

CHO

Take this message, take these tones
Feel them deep inside your bones
But never sing 'em just by rote --
Think when you sing, think when you vote!

CHO

COTTON MILL GIRLS

CHORUS:

It's hard times, Cotton Mill Girls,
Hard times, Cotton Mill Girls
It's hard times, Cotton Mill Girls,
Hard times everywhere

I worked in a cotton mill all of my life
Ain't got nothing but this Barlow knife
It's hard times, Cotton Mill Girls,
Hard times everywhere. **CHO**

In 1915 we heard it said
Move to the country and get ahead
It's hard times, Cotton Mill Girls,
Hard times everywhere. **CHO**

They worked kids 14 hours a day
For 13 cents of measly pay
It's hard times, Cotton Mill Girls,
Hard times everywhere. **CHO**

When I die don't bury me at all
Just hang me up on the spinning room wall
Pickle my bones in alcohol,
It's Hard times everywhere. **CHO**

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

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,
And study war no more.

CHORUS:

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

Gonna clasp hands around the world, ...

CHO

Gonna beat my sword into a cloud, ... **CHO**

We're gonna lay down those guns and
bombs, ... **CHO**

Gonna build me up a world of peace, ...
CHO

Gonna walk with the Prince of Peace, ...
CHO

FARTHER ALONG

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to
wonder,
Why it should be thus, all the day long;
While there are others, living about us
Never molested, though in the wrong.

CHORUS:

Farther along, we'll know all about it.
Farther along, we'll understand why,
Cheer up my brothers, walk in the sunshine
We'll understand it all, by and by.

When death has come and taken our loved
ones,
Leaving our homes so lone and so drear,
Then do we wonder why others prosper
Living as sinners year after year. **CHO**

Often I wonder why I must journey
Over a road so rugged and steep,
While there are others living in comfort
While with the lost I labour and weep.
CHO

GOING DOWN THIS ROAD FEELING BAD
(Woody Guthrie)

I'm goin' down the road feeling bad,
Goin' down the road feeling bad.
I'm goin' down the road feeling bad,
Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way.
I'm goin' where the water taste like wine...
I'm goin' where the climate
suits my clothes...
I'm lookin' for a job at honest pay...
My children need three square meals a day...
I'm lookin' for a job at honest pay...

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

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.

Oh, why don't you save
all the money you earn?
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn. **CHO**

Oh, I like my boss,
he's a good friend of mine,
That's why I am starving
out on the breadline. **CHO**

Oh why do you March
and why do you camp?
This cause is worth
some cold and some damp. **CHO**

Oh why don't they like us,
this camp and its size?
While we're all here
we just might organize! **CHO**

HOLD ON: KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRIZE

Paul and Silas bound in jail
Had no money 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
Jail doors open, and they walk out
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. **CHO**

Freedom's name is mighty sweet
Rich and poor are gonna meet
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. **CHO**

Ain't but one chain we can stand
And that's the chain of hand in hand
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. **CHO**

The only thing that we did wrong
Was stayin' in the wilderness too long
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. **CHO**

The only thing we did was right
Was the day we began to fight
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. **CHO**

IF I HAD A HAMMER

(words and music by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger)

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 a danger
I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out a 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. ...

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land. ...

Well I've got 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 a love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

JOHN BALL

(Sydney Carter)

Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one
another
Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord
In the light that is coming in the morning

CHORUS:

Sing, John Ball, and tell it to them all --
Long live the day that is dawning!
I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a lark
In the light that is coming in the morning

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Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one
another
Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
In the light that is coming in the morning

CHO

All shall be ruled by fellowship I say...

CHO

Labour and spin for fellowship I say...

CHO

JOLLY BANKER

(Woody Guthrie)

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.

When money you're needing,
and mouths you are feeding...
I'll plaster your home with a furniture loan...
If you show me you need it,
I'll let you have credit...
Just bring me back two for the
one I lend you...

When your car you're losin'
and sadly your cruisin'...
I'll come and foreclose,
get your car and your clothes...

When the bugs get your cotton,
the times they are rotten...
I'll come down and help you,
I'll rape you and scalp you...

When the landlords abuse you
or sadly misuse you...
I'll send down the police
to keep you from mischief,

MTA CHARLIE

(Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Lomax Hawes, 1949)

Let me tell you the story
of a man named Charlie
On a tragic and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket,
kissed his wife and family
Went to ride on the MTA

CHORUS:

Did he ever return, no he never returned
And his fate is still unlearn'd
He may ride forever,
'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime
at the Kendall Square Station
And he changed for Jamaica Plain
But when he got there the conductor said,
'One more nickel'—
Charlie couldn't get off that train. **CHO**

Now all night long
Charlie rides through the tunnels
Crying, 'What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury?' **CHO**

Charlie's wife goes down
to the Scollay Square station
Every day at quarter past two,
And through the open window
she hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train goes rumblin' through. **CHO**

Now you citizens of Boston,
don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase,
Vote for Walter O'Brien,
And let Charlie off the MTA. **CHO**

MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

(Paddy Ryan; Copyright Workers Music Assoc.)

CHORUS:

I am the man, the very fat man, that waters
the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man, that waters
the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer?
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer

Now when I makes the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine,
Some methylated spirits,
and a drop of kerosene,
But I fear a brew so terribly strong would
make them terribly queer,
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
and I waters the workers' beer. **CHO**

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
when he's thirsty, tired and hot
And I sometimes has a drop myself,
from a very special pot
But a strong and healthy working class
is the thing that I most fear,
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
and I waters the workers' beer. **CHO**

Now ladies fair, beyond compare,
be you maid or wife
Sometimes spare a thought for one
who leads a sorry life
For the water rates are shockingly high,
and malt is terribly dear
And there ain't the profit there used to be
in wat'ring the workers' beer. **CHO**

NO MORE! (SONG FOR THE OCCUPATIONS)

(w: Vicki Ryder; m: "Oh Mary, Don't You Weep")

This is the day we say "no more,"
No more bailouts and no more war,
No more killin' on foreign shores,
Today we say no more!

CHORUS:

Today we say no more, no more,
Today we say no more, no more,
No more killin' on foreign shores,
Today we say no more!

We've been workin' for the day
When workin' folk rise up and say:
Tax the rich and make them pay!
Today we say no more! **CHO**

You bankers and you CEOs,
You used us all to make your dough.
Your time is up, you've got to go!
Today we say no more! **CHO**

With our sweat and with our toil,
You've raped the earth, the sea and soil,
So you could sell your bloody spoils.
Today we say no more! **CHO**

Today we pledge to occupy
This land you think that you can buy.
You've robbed us blind, you've bled us dry.
Today we say no more! **CHO**

ROLL THE MOVEMENT ON

CHORUS:

We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll this movement on
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the movement on

And if the banks get in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll right over them,
We're gonna roll right over them
And if the banks get in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll the movement on. **CHO**

And if the rich get in the way ... **CHO**

If politicians get in the way... **CHO**

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

(Woody Guthrie, 1940)

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest
to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me. **CHO**

I roamed and I rambled and

I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of
her diamond deserts

While all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me. **CHO**

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me. **CHO**

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

In the squares of the city,
In the shadow of a steeple;
By the relief office, I've seen my people.
As they stood there hungry,
I stood there asking,
Is this land made for you and me? **CHO**

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

All around the world ...

All over Wall Street ...

It's a light of justice, ...

It's a light of ninety nine...

All around this city...

Everywhere I go ...

This little light of mine ...

WALL STREET SIT DOWN - USA

(original tune & idea: Maurice Sugar,
new words Peggy Seeger)

There's Wall Street here and Wall Street
there

Sit Down, Sit Down!

There's Wall Street almost everywhere

Sit Down, Sit Down!!

CHORUS:

Sit Down, Just Take A Seat
Sit Down And Rest Your Feet
Sit Down On Wall Street
Sit Down, Sit Down!

You'll find us here, you'll find us there...

You'll find us sitting down everywhere...

CHO

When the system leaves you
out in the cold...
When you've lost your job and your
life's on hold... **CHO**

When your pension's gone and your
wage is cut...
And the bankers tell you they're hard up...
CHO

When they take your home and
your savings too...
There's only one thing left to do... **CHO**
When the bankers lie and cheat and steal...
Here's how to tell them how you feel...
CHO

When the rich get richer and the
poor stay poor...
When there's always cash for another war...
CHO

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

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

We're fighting for our freedom...

We're fighting for our children...

Rich and poor together...

Young and old together...

We stand behind the unions...

Don't let the press deceive you...

WE SHALL OVERCOME

(C. Albert Tindley)

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We'll walk hand in hand...

We shall live in peace...

We are not afraid...

We shall overcome...

WHEN WE GO ROLLING HOME

(John Tams)

'Round goes the wheel of fortune,
Don't be afraid to ride;
There's a land of milk and honey,
Waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty,
You'll never need to roam,
 When we go rolling home;
 When we go rolling home.

CHORUS:

Rolling home, (when we go)
Rolling home, (when we go)
Rolling, rolling,
When we go rolling home.

The gentry in its fine array,
Do prosper night and morn;
While we unto the fields must go,
To plow and sow the corn.
The rich may steal the power,
But the glory is our own, ...

CHO

The summer of resentment,
The winter of despair;
The journey to contentment,
Is set with trap and snare.
Stand true and stand together,
Your labour is your own, ...

CHO

The frost is on the hedgerow,
The icy winds do blow;
While we poor weary labourers,
Strive through the sleet and snow.
Our hopes fly up to glory,
Up where the larks do go, ...

CHO

So pass the bottle 'round,
And let the toasts go free;
It's a health to every labourer,
Wherever he may be.
Fair wages now and ever,
Let's reap what we have sown, ...

CHO

'Round goes the wheel of fortune,
Don't be afraid to ride;
There's a land of milk and honey,
Waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty,
You'll never need to roam ...

CHO

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

(Pete Seeger, adapted)

Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time ago,
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them ev'ry one.

CHORUS:

When will they ever learn?
Oh, When will they ever learn?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men ev'ry one. **CHO**
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers. **CHO**
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards ev'ry one. **CHO**
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers ev'ry one. **CHO**
Where have all the flowers gone?
Gone to young girls ev'ry one. **CHO**

YOU GOTTA GO DOWN & JOIN THE SIT-IN

(Adapted from Woody Guthrie)

You gotta go down and join the sit-in
You gotta join it for yourself
Ain't nobody can join it for you
You gotta go down and
join the sit-in for yourself
Brother's going down to join the sit-in
He's gotta join it for himself
Ain't nobody can join it for him
He's gotta go down and
join the sit-in for himself
Sister's going down to join the sit-in
I'm going down to join the sit-in ...
We're going down to join the sit-in ...
Though our road be rough and rocky
And the hills be steep and high
We will sing as we go marching
And we'll join the One Big sit-in by and by
You gotta go down and join the sit-in ...