

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.
Gonna 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 ...
Ain't gonna let injustice ...

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

CHORUS:

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears. **CHO**

America (My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountainside,
Let freedom ring! (*contd.*)

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

(Repeat first verse)

Banks of Marble (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.

CHORUS:

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

I saw the weary farmer
A-plowing sod and loam
And I heard the auction hammer
It was knocking down his home.

CHO: But the banks... / That the farmer...

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)

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

Dig a Channel (by Susanne Fisk; new verses by Rae Langton & Ruth Perry)

(Call and response: all echo each phrase)

Dig a channel... Life will flow...
Rising from the river... Deep below...

(contd.)

Tell your story... Make them know...
Why you're angry... Let it show...

See the workers... Line up slow...
Jobless workers... Row on row...

See the children... In the snow...
Hungry children... Row on row...

Ask a banker... Hear him crow...
Hear the answer -- 'Status quo...'

Icebergs melting... Smokestacks blow...
'Just one planet... Let it go...'

Tell our story... Make them know...
Stand together... Row on row...

Dig a channel... Life will flow...
Rising from the river... Deep below...

Farther Along

Tempted & 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**

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 bread-
line. **CHO**

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

Oh, why don't they like us, this camp & 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**

(contd.)

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 (by Hays & 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 (by 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!
For I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a
lark
In the light that is coming in the morning

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 (by 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...

(contd.)

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 I think your tent city does not look
too pretty...
I'll send the police to beautify these
streets...

MTA Charlie (by Steiner & Hawes)

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**

(contd.)

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**

The Man that Waters the Workers' Beer (w: Paddy Ryan)

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
might 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**

(contd.)

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! (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**

Occupy Wall Street (by Chris Nauman)

Occupy, occupy, occupy your mind.
Then go forth and occupy everything you
find.

Occupy, occupy, occupy your needs
Stand up to the 1% occupied with greed.

Occupy, occupy, occupy your rights
A decent job & education, this is why we
fight.

Occupy, occupy, occupy your home.
Don't let the bankers take from you
everything you own.

CHORUS:

The bells will ring with a new song
The people sing: "We all belong!"

Occupy, occupy, occupy your health
A single payer healthcare plan promotes the
common wealth.

Occupy, occupy, occupy for peace.
If the world's so occupied, all the wars will
cease.

Occupy, occupy, occupy the earth
Hold it like a newborn babe, innocent at
birth.

Occupy, occupy occupy the Square.
Let your voice be loud and clear. Let the
children know you're there. **CHO**

Roll the Movement On

CHORUS:

{We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll the movement on} (2x)

And if the banks get in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them (3x)
And if the banks get in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll the movement on. **CHO**

(*contd.*)

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

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

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

If Big Oil gets in the way... **CHO**

They're Taking It Away (by Ian Robb)

CHORUS:

Oh, they're taking it away,
yes they're taking it away
They are taking all the good things
you can hear the people say
And they'll take it all tomorrow
if they don't take it today
From the poor and sick and helpless,
they are taking it away.

Oh our government's elected
in the democratic way
A-whining at the cost of all
the things they have to pay
And the bully-boys on Wall Street,
you can hear the bastards say,
"To hell with paying taxes,
pull the safety-net away!"

If you're down upon your luck and need
to keep the wolf at bay
Just don't rely on welfare
or the dole to pay your way
For the rich, they have decided
not another cent to pay
You can whistle for your supper
for they've taken it away

If you're native, black, or Asian,
if you're feminist or gay
If you're just a little different (*contd.*)
from the most of us today

If you want to make a point or if
you want to have your say
You can spit into the wind for they have
taken it away

(*contd.*)

If you're battered by your husband
and you need a place to stay
You'd best get down upon your knees
and quickly learn to pray
For the women's centre's phone
was disconnected yesterday
And there's no-one left to talk to,
now they've taken it away
If it's ever your misfortune
in a hospital to stay
You'd best not be impatient for
a bed on which to lay
For your health ain't worth the taxes that
the healthy have to pay
And the beds were too expensive, so
they've taken them away
Oh there's those that have & those that don't
and those that are okay
And there's those who understand that
fairness is the only way
But there's those that are so comfortable
they look the other way
And they vote for all the villains who
would take it all away

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...

(contd.)

All around this city...
Everywhere I go...
This little light of mine...

This Land is Your Land (by W. Guthrie)

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 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**

Wall Street Sit Down (tune: Maurice Sugar;
new words: Peggy Seeger)

There's a Wall St. here & a 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 down in Dewey Sq... **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 public services get the axe...
When corporations pay no tax... **CHO**
When the rich grow rich and the poor grow
poor...
When there's always cash for another war...
CHO

When one percent is running the show...
Then ninety-nine percent say no... **CHO**

Don't get drunk, don't get high...
Get together and occupy... **CHO**

When We Go Rolling Home (by 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;
Here's a health to every laborer,
Wherever he may be.
Fair wages now and ever,
Let's reap what we have sown... **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...

You Gotta Go Down & Join the Sit-in

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 & by...
You gotta go down and join the sit-in...