SING-ALONG SONGS

RESISTANCE IS FERTILE

FOR RAGTAG REBELS

Chords

This songzine uses an adaptation of the chord system in Peter Blood and Annie Patterson's *Rise Up Singing* and *Rise Again* songbook (which we also recommend for the aspiring rabble-rouser in song). It's a quick shorthand that simplifies formatting and gets you one step closer to memorizing a song's chords. Here's how it works:

Chord Symbols	Meaning
/	A slash divides the chords for one line of lyrics from the next.
–	A dash means repeat the previous chord.
"	A quotation mark means repeat the chords from the previous line.
1st, 2nd, etc.	Play the chords from the 1st line, 2nd line, etc.
C FG *(for e.g.)*	Play the F & G 'squeezed chords' in the same time you play the C.
C$_{/B}$ *(for e.g.)*	Play a C chord with a B note in the bass.

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This songzine was first compiled in a rush for an Extinction Rebellion action in Ottawa in October 2019, with a big revision for a wildcat strike in November 2022.

Many of the songs are traditional or in the public domain. Any remaining copyrighted material is presented for the purposes of education, parody, satire, criticism, and comment – and qualify as fair use under Canadian & international law (for what that's worth).

I've tried to provide brief notes explaining where each song comes from, so you can learn more and check out more original versions. I'm also a white dude (etc) with a bunch of privilege and freely acknowledge that the mainstream culture I come from has often had a culturally parasitic relationship with communities it oppresses (e.g., Black culture, queer culture, Indigenous culture, even Irish culture, etc.). I also believe that sharing music can be a gateway to understanding and solidarity rather than appropriation; I want to offer this zine in this spirit and hope it will spur self-education and anti-oppressive action in myself and others.

To tell this story from a different angle... Once upon a time, just about every human community and folk culture had a musical commons – a dynamic pool of songs and practices everyone kind of knew and could draw on, add to, and make their own. Corporations have done their best to colonize and fence off these musical commons for profit – and to convince musicians their highest goal should be the creation of personal intellectual property. That's a scam, though, and this zine is a small attempt to reclaim and nurture a musical commons of resistance and rebellion.

I encourage people to sing, play, adapt, copy, change, build on, and improve on this work. I encourage corporations and governments to go fuck themselves. (You've failed us and your time is over.)

Corrections, comments, compliments, and criticisms can be sent to info@wychwood.xyz. If you want to download and print more copies, go to wychwood.xyz/songbooks.

THIS LATEST CLIMATE REPORT IS REALLY TERRIFYING!!

IT'S TIME WE JOINED THE EXTINCTION REBELLION!

150+ YEARS OF COLONIALISM

Read Online!

Love,
Tim ~ Wychwood
(on stolen Algonquin Anishnaabe territory, which should be returned)
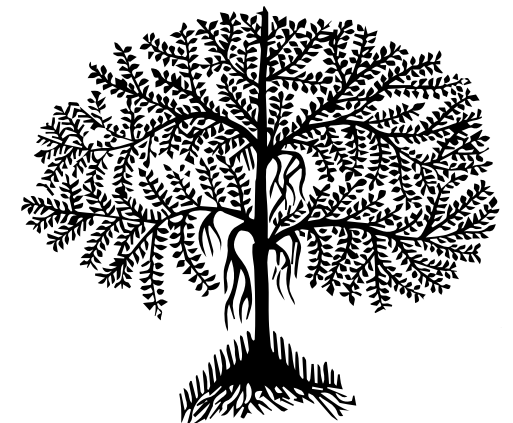
We shall overcome
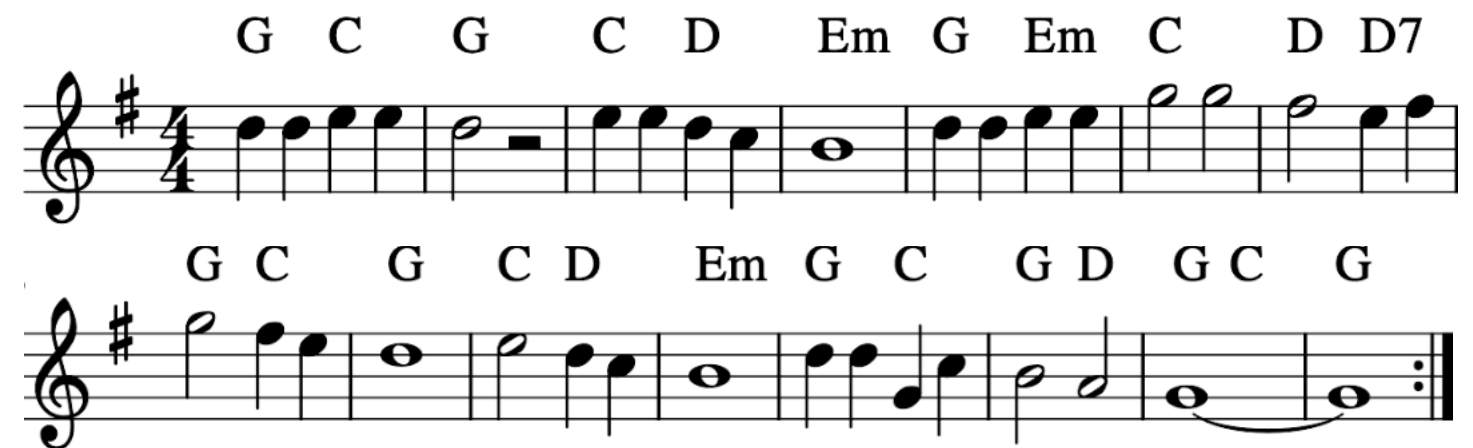
1. We shall overcome, we shall overcome
   We shall overcome some day
   O deep in my heart, I do believe
   We shall overcome some day

   Chords to alternate, less sing–songy tune:
   G C G –   C D Em – | G Em C –   D D$_7$ | 1st | G C G D G C G –

2. We are not afraid (3x) today / O deep... / We shall overcome...

3. We shall live in peace...

4. We are not alone... (3x) today....

5. We'll walk hand in hand...

6. We shall all be free...   Etc., etc.

Chords to the most common tune:
G C G —   (2x) | G CD Em A D A D D7 | G C G —   C D Em — | G C G D G C G —

(Based on Charles Albert Tindley's gospel song "I'll Overcome Someday," with elements of the traditional "No More Auction Block for Me." Adapted in stages by Lucille Simmons, Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan, Pete Seeger, & other anonymous members of the Charleston Food & Tobacco Workers Union, the Highlander Folk School, and the Civil Rights Movement. The tune for this version was adapted to be closer to the original gospel tune and less sing-songy.)

Step by Step

Am C   E7 Am G Am G Am   Am C   Dm   E

9   E7 Am   G Am G Am E7 Am

Step by step the longest march can be won, can be won
Many stones can form an arch, singly none, singly none
And in union what we will can be accomplished still
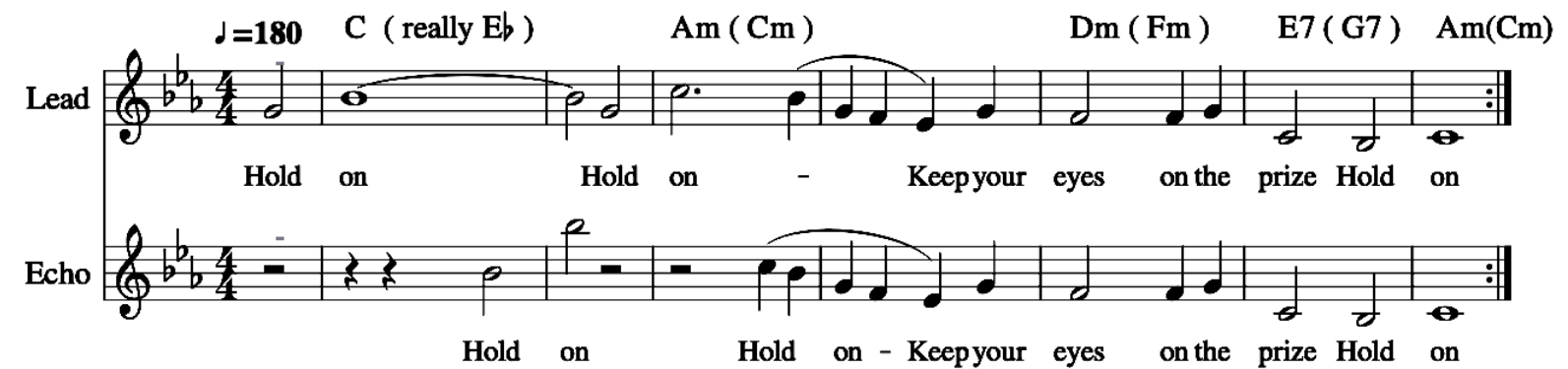Drops of water turn a mill, singly none, singly none

AmC Am GAm GAm / " / AmC C CDm DmE / E₇Am GAm GAm E₇Am

Note by note the sweetest song can be sung, can be sung
As our voices sing along, we are one, we are one
Different colours rising high form a rainbow in the sky
So together we will rise, singly none, singly none

Thread by thread each slender strand, can be spun, can be spun
And then woven hand to hand, one by one, one by one
Forming fabrics that enfold weak and strong, young and old
Intertwined all lines shall hold, singly none, singly none

The tune is from the traditional Irish song "The praties grow small," a song about blight and starvation during the Potato Famine. The first verse was adapted by Waldemar Hills and Pete Seeger from the preamble of the constitution of the American Mineworkers Association in 1963. The last two verses are by Chris White, an Ottawa folkie and activist.

Hold On

♩=180   C (really E♭)   Am (Cm)   Dm (Fm)   E7 (G7)   Am(Cm)

Lead

Hold   on   Hold   on   –   Keep your   eyes   on the   prize Hold   on

Echo

Hold   on   Hold   on - Keep your   eyes   on the   prize Hold   on

Chorus (Capo 3):   C – Am – | Dm E₇ | Am –

> Hold on (hold on), hold on (hold on)
> Keep your hand on the plow (*or eyes on the prize*)
> Hold on

1. Only chain that we can stand
   Is the chain of hand on hand
   > Keep your hand on the plow (*or eyes on the prize*)
   > Hold on
   Freedom's name is mighty sweet
   And so soon we're gonna meet / Keep...

Verses (Capo 3): Am – | AmG Am | Dm E₇ | Am –

2. The only thing I did was wrong
   Staying in the wilderness too long

3. The only thing we did was right
   Was the day we started to fight

4. We might meet jail and violence too
   But our love will see us through

5. Got my hand on that freedom plow
   Won't take nothing for the journey

This is a traditional spiritual, adapted by civil rights activist Alice Wine and others.

Solidarity Forever

Chorus: *G – / C G / G B$_7$Em / AmD$_7$ G*

    Solidarity forever *(x3)*
    For the union makes us strong

1. 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

    Verses: G – / C GD$_7$ / G B$_7$Em / AmD$_7$ G

2. 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

3. It is we who plowed the prairies, built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines & built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast & starving midst the wonders we have made
But the union makes us strong

4. 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 (serve) in, but to master (enjoy) and to own
While the union makes us strong

    Verses: G – / C GD$_7$ / G B$_7$Em / AmD$_7$ G

5. 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

6. In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies (atoms), multiplied a thousand-fold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For the union makes us strong

7. They say our day is over, they say our time is through
They say you need no union if your collar isn't blue
Well that is just another lie the boss is telling you
For the union makes us strong

    Verses: G – / C GD$_7$ / G B$_7$Em / AmD$_7$ G

8. They divide us by our color, they divide us by our tongue
They divide us men & women (& others genders!) they divide us old & young
But they'll tremble at our voices, when they hear these verses sung
For the union makes us strong

MALE ☐
FEMALE ☐
FUCK OFF ☑

The tune is from the folk hymn "Say, brothers, will you meet us" (AKA "Glory, Glory Hallelujah"), later used for "John Brown's Body" and the related "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Words for verses 1-6 were written by Wobbly Ralph Chaplin (1912-15), with verses 7-8 by Steve Suffet (first published in 2001).

Little Mouse

    A – / E E$_7$ / A –
A little mouse got into the wires
at the central clearing house
in Buenos Aires

    E E$_7$ / A – / E E$_7$
One little mouse (just a little mouse!)
short circuited the computers
says a press dispatch from Reuters

    A D A / B$_{(7)}$ E / D A / Bm E
Hooray for the little mouse
that fucked/mucked up the clearing house
and threw the stock exchange in a spin
and made the bankers cry (boohoo!)

    AE$_7$ A / AE A / D ABm (pause) / E$_7$ A
So much for the electronic brains
that run the world of banks and aeroplanes
And if one little mouse can set them all awry
Why not you and I?

This was written by Malvina Reynolds in 1976.

Which side are you on?

1. Come all you good workers, good news to you I'll tell
   Of how the good old union is coming here to dwell
       Which side are you on, friend, which side are you on?
       Which side are you on, now, which side are you on?

Em – D Em | G Em B₇ Em || Em – B₇ Em | "

   Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies
   Us poor folks haven't got a chance unless we organize
       Which side....

(tag: Em D G Am | G D Em)

2. Across this great old nation, tell me what you gonna do
   When there's one law for the rulers and another for the ruled
       We have the best democracy that big money can buy
       Corporations call the tune, while people slowly die/ Which…

3. The planet it is burning, while our leaders tweak the rules
   They'll regulate apocalypse and play us all for fools
       Oh people can you stand it? Oh tell me how you can?
       Will you shrug and pass on by, or will you lend a hand?

alternate key: Am – G Am | C Am E Am || Am – E₇ Am | "

4. They say we're running out of time, there are no neutrals here
   Will you fight for something new, or be controlled by fear?
       With that 1% strip-mining us, nobody can relax
       It's time to take the power back and get them off our backs

(alternate key: Am Am/B C Dm7 | C   C/B   Am)

5. Remember those before us, now they're in the air and sun
   They'll be with us forever, until the battle's won
       Come all you good people, good news let's all tell
       About a revolution that's coming here to dwell

This is adapted from Florence Reece's 1931 version, which used the tune from "Jack Munro," a traditional Anglo-American which told the tale of a woman who went to war "dressed like a man" to save her lover. (The song ends with the two getting married, over the objections of a general and priest who think two male-presenting people shouldn't be permitted to marry.) Reece scrawled the lyrics on calendar the night that her family was terrorized by the local sheriff and other thugs hired by the mining company, who were looking for her husband, a coal miner and union organizer.

Ain't gonna let nobody

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 walking, keep on talking
Marching out to freedom land

   Dm – / A₍₇₎ Dm / 1ˢᵗ / A₍₇₎ Gm / GmA₇ Dm

No police, no jail cell, no despair, injustice, feeling helpless
no trials, no apathy, no distraction, fear and worry, tribulation,
no corporation, no lawbook, no pipeline
pretty-boy Trudeau, troll-king Trump, fashface Ford
carbon lovers, token gestures, greenwashing, sexist manbabies
lying leaders, lukewarm liberals, party politics

   alternate key: Em – / B₇ Em / 1ˢᵗ / B₇ Am / AmB₇ Em

I'm gonna let revolution…

This is a Civil Rights Movement adaptation of the traditional spiritual "Don't You Let Nobody Turn You Around."

Uprising

Dm — Gm F | A A₇ Gm F } x2

They will not force us
They will stop degrading us
They will not control us
We will be victorious

alternate key: Em — Am G | B₇ — Am G

"IT'S EASIER TO IMAGINE THE END OF THE WORLD THAN THE END OF CAPITALISM."

"AND SO ON, AND SO ON"

SLAVOJ ZIZEK

This is the chorus to the song by Muse, written by Matthew Bellamy for their 2009 album *The Resistance*. It makes a nice interpolation into "Ain't gonna let nobody."

I've Got To Know

Chorus: I've got to know, yes, I've got to know
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

$D - G\,D\, /\, -\, -\, E_{(7)}\,A\, /\, 1st\, /\, -\, -\, A_{(7)}\,D$

1. Why do your war ships ride on my waters?
Why do your death bombs fall from my skies?
Why do you burn my farm and my house down?
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know!

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

3. Why can't my two hands get a good pay job
I can still plow and plant, I can still sow
Why did your lawbook chase me off my land?
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know!

4. So throw me in jail, we're all locked up in prison
Your hospital's jammed and your crazy house full
What makes your cop kill my trade union worker?
                    (hurt that unarmed protestor?)
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know!

5. What good work did you do, I'd like to ask you
To give you my money right out of my hands?
I built your big house to hide from my people
Why do you hide so, I'd love to know!
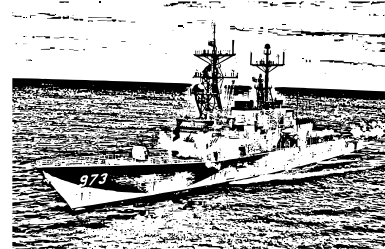
The tune comes from the gospel song "Farther Along," by W.B. Stevens & R.B. Baxter. New words came from Woody Guthrie.

I Ain't Got No Home in This World Anymore

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-rambling round
I'm just a wandring worker, I roam from town to town
The police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore   *(x2)*

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road
A hot and dusty road that a million feet done trod
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore   *(x2)*

$D - G\,D\, -\, /\, D\, -\, E_7\,A\, /\, 1^{st}\, /\, D - A_{(7)}\,D$ *Tag: D D$_7$ G$_7$ D*

Was a-farming on the share, and always I was poor
My crops I laid away into the banker's store
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore *(x2)*

Now as I look round, it's mighty plain to see
The world is such a great and a funny place to be
The gambling man is rich and the working man is poor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore   *(x3) Final Tag: D G A$_7$ D*

The tune comes from the traditional hymn "I can't feel at home in this world anymore," while the words were written by Woody Guthrie.

WHEN YOU HAVE MORE THAN YOU NEED
BUILD A LONGER TABLE NOT A HIGHER WALL
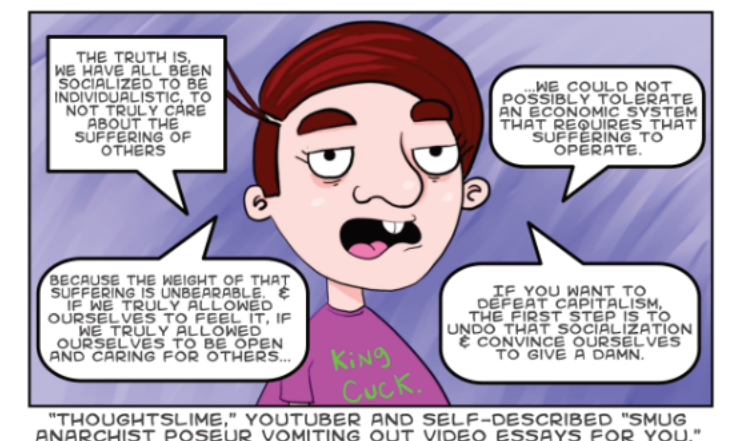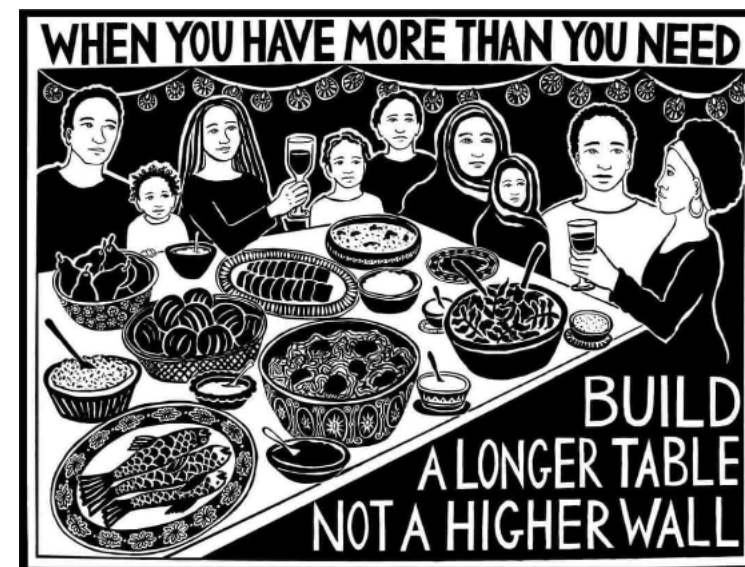
"THOUGHTSLIME," YOUTUBER AND SELF-DESCRIBED "SMUG ANARCHIST POSEUR VOMITING OUT VIDEO ESSAYS FOR YOU."

Bella Ciao

One fine morning I woke up early
Bella ciao, bella ciao, goodbye beautiful
One fine morning I woke up early
To find the fascists at my door

Em – / – B$_7$ / Am Em / B$_7$C Em

Oh, partigiano, please take me with you
Bella ciao, bella ciao, goodbye beautiful
Oh, partigiano, please take me with you
I'm not afraid anymore

And if I die, oh, partigiano
Bella ciao, bella ciao, goodbye beautiful
Bury me upon that mountain
Beneath the shadow of the flower

Show all the people, the people passing
Bella ciao, bella ciao, goodbye beautiful
Show all the people, the people passing
And say, "oh, what a beautiful flower"

"This is the flower of the partisan
Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao
This is the flower of the partisan
Who died for freedom"

This is a traditional Italian song, originally protesting the mistreatment of "mondinas" – rice paddy workers, most of whom were young women – which was rewritten as an anthem for partisans who fought fascists and Nazis.
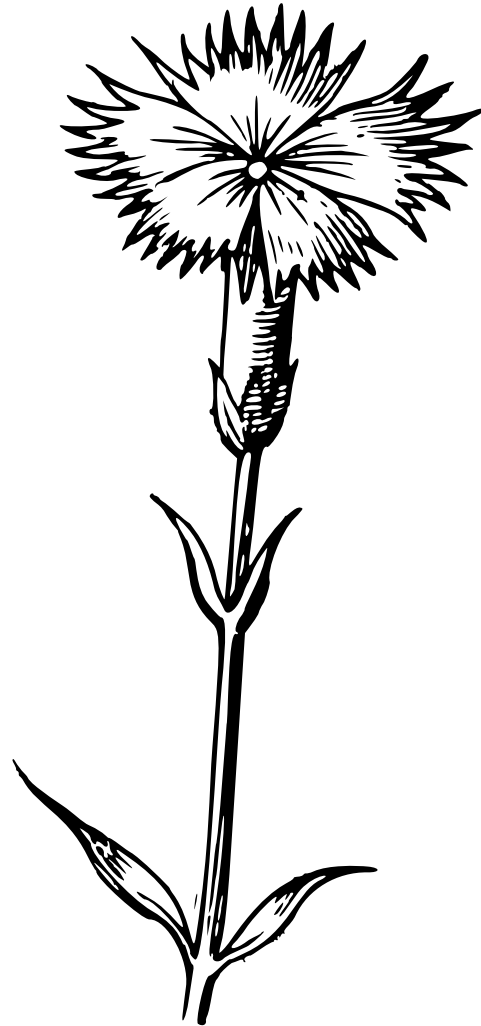
All you fascists bound to lose

Refrain: *{C G } x 2 | C GEm | DD$_7$ G*

All you fascists bound to lose (bound to lose!) (x3)
You're bound to lose! You fascists, bound to lose!

1. I'm gonna tell you fascists, you may be surprised
   The people in this world are getting organized
   You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

   Verses: *G – | C G | DD$_7$ G*

2. Race hatred cannot stop us, this one thing we know
   Your macho national pride and greed has got to go / You're…

3. People of every color, marching side to side
   In the streets we're coming, a million people wide…

4. I'm going into this battle, take my union gun
   We'll win a world of freedom before this battle's done

By Woody Guthrie, with a little arranging and adapting.
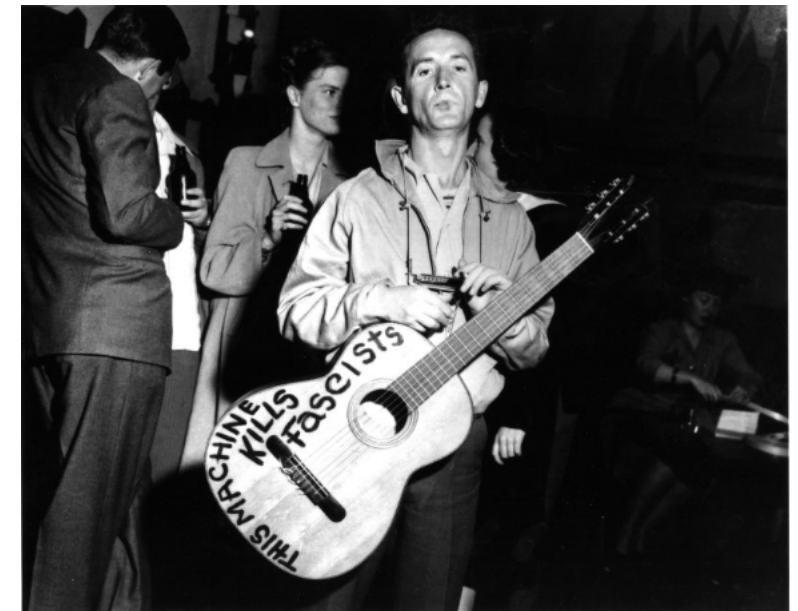
God Bless the Grass

Chorus

    Dm C F A | Dm A₇ Dm —

God bless the grass, god bless the grass

alternate key: *Em D Am E | Am E₇ Am —*

1. God bless the grass that grows through the crack
   They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back
   But the concrete gets tired of what it has to do
   It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through *(x2)*

     Verses: Dm — A₇ Dm | A A₇ Dm — | F — C — | Bb — FC Dm

2. God bless the truth that fights toward the sun
   They roll the lies over it and think that it is done
   But it moves through the ground and reaches for the air
   And after a while it is growing everywhere   *(x2)*

alternate key: *Em — B₇ Em | B₇ — Em — | G — D — | C — GD Em*

3. 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 folks' door

4. 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   *(x2)*

This was written by Malvina Reynolds in '60s and follows some nice touchups to the chords and melody by Seth Martin in the 2000s.

Waist Deep in Dead Canaries

Back in Rio in '92, we were told about the gathering storm
We were warned about the coming dangers, talking 'bout getting warm
Scientists told us to make some changes, but we just plugged our ears
We were, knee deep in dead canaries, the big fools said to push on

walking bass version:
Am Am/G Am/F E₇ Am E₇ Am — | Am Am/G Am/F E₇ Dm — E₇ — | " | 1st

The scientist said, "Sir, it's really urgent, the proof just can't be denied"
"Scientist go! I will not answer, I got money on my mind
The oceans may well be rising, I'll just move to higher ground"
We were, waist deep in dead canaries, the big fool said to push on

The people said, "When waters rise, no one will be able to swim"
"People please, don't bother me, you just don't understand
Now's the time for making money, we need those oil sands"
We were, neck deep in dead canaries, the big fool said to frack on

full chords version: EmD CB₇ EmB₇ Em | EmD CB₇ Am B₇ | " | 1st

Voices of First Nations telling us "water is life"
If you build that pipeline through here, it's just another genocide
If we can't protect our water and air, we can't protect our lives
We were drowning in dead canaries, the big fool said to push on

Well all at once, that pipeline burst, we heard a gurgling cry
We tried it their way, they wouldn't listen, their time has come and gone
The people said we've had enough, we're taking action now
We can't escape the dead canaries, without tearing the system down
(If we wanna escape the dead canaries, let's all tear the system down)

This is an adaptation by Extinction Rebellion members of Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy," a 1967 anti-Vietnam war anthem.

Masters of War

Come you masters of war, you that build all the guns
You that build the death planes, you that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks
I just want you to know I can see through your masks

(Drop D): **Dm – – – | – DmC(add2) Dm – | " | DmC(add2) G/bG/f Dm –**

You that never done nothing but build to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand and you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly

You fasten the triggers for the others to fire
Then you set back and watch when the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion as young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies and is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children into the world
For threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins

Let me ask you one question is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness, fo you think that it could?
I think you will find, when your death takes its toll
All the money you made will never buy back your soul

(Words by Bob Dylan, music from the traditional "Nottamun Town," as received & arranged by Jean Ritchie.)

Last Train to Nuremberg

Chorus (x2): **Dm Dm_{sus2} Dm_{sus4} Dm / Dm Am AmC Dm**

Last train to Nuremberg! (2x)
Last train to Nuremberg! All on board!

Verse: **{ Dm (hold) Dm (stop) / Dm (hold) C Dm – / } x2**

Who held the rifle? Who gave the orders?
Who planned the campaign to lay waste the land?
Who made the bullet? Who paid the taxes?
Tell me, is that blood upon my hands?

(Pete Seeger's response to the 1968 My Lai Massacre in Vietnam, released on his 1971 *Rainbow Race*.)

Deadly Harvest

Chorus: **F Dm E_7 Am | Dm E_7 Am —**
Then brothers & sisters you must watch & take care
That the third atom bomb never falls
(Mitabi yurusumaji genbaku o
Warera no machi ni)

0. Furusato no machi yakare
   Mi yori no hone umeshi yaketsuchi ni
   Iwa wa shiroi hana saku
   Ah yurusumaji genbaku o

1. In the place where our city was destroyed
   Where we buried the ashes of the ones that we loved
   There the grass grows and the white waving weeds
   Deadly the harvest of two atom bombs

Am Dm E_7 Am / Am E_7 AmDm Am / – A_7 Dm E_7 / Am C E_7 –

2. The sky hangs like a shroud overhead
   And the sun's in the cage of the black evening cloud
   No birds fly in the leaden sky
   Deadly the harvest of two atom bombs

3. Gentle rain carries poison from the sky
   And the fish carry death in the depths of the sea
   Fishing boats are idle, their owners are blind/Deadly...

4. All that we have created with our hands
   All that is, all the glory of the world we live in
   Now it can be smashed, in a moment destroyed/Deadly...

[Music by Koki Kinoshita, words by Ishiji Asada (1955). English translation by Ewan MacColl, with a few touchups to the last verse. Japanese title is 原爆を許すまじ or "Genbaku o yurusumaji" – "No More Atomic Bombs" or "We must never forgive the atomic bomb."]

Johnny has gone for a soldier

Here I sit on buttermilk hill
Who can blame me crying my fill?
And every tear would turn a mill
Johnny has gone for a soldier   *(x2*

(3rd fret capo):

Em D(6) Em – | G – D Em | Em – D(6) Em | Em D Em – | G D Em –

Me oh my I loved him so
Broke my heart to see him go
And only time will heal my woe / Johnny…

I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel
Likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel
And buy my love a coat of steel / Johnny…

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red
And through the streets I'll beg for bread
For the lad that I love has fled / Johnny…

This is traditional folksong that first got popular during the American Revolutionary War. Musically and lyrically, it is based on the traditional Irish song "Siúil a Rúin," (also collected in Newfoundland as "Suil a Gra") This arrangement is based on the version done by Frances Everett (AKA 'coffeescup' or 'lemonflower' on youtube) in 2008.

Bring Them Home

If you love your home country
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
Bring them back from overseas
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

   G — | Em — | C G | D(7) G

Politicians might say "no!" / Bring 'em…
They wanna tangle with their foe / Bring 'em…

Politicians might say "no!" / Bring 'em…
They wanna tangle with their foe / Bring 'em…

We'll give no more brave young lives
For the greed in someone's eyes

Boys will cheer and girls will shout
Yeah and we will all turn out

We'll lift our voice in song
When they come marching home

Pete Seeger (1966), as arranged by Bruce Springsteen in the 2000s and Wychwood.

Healing River

O healing river, send down your waters
Send down your waters upon this land
O healing river, send down your waters
To wash the blood from off the sand

G D G C / G A DA D / G B⁷ Em A / G AmD GC G   [1st verse]
*   "   "   "   B⁷ [2nd verse]*

This land is thirsting, this land is parching
No seed is growing in the barren ground
This land is thirsting, this land is parching
O healing river, send your water down

Em – B⁷ – / Em A DA D / G B⁷ Em A / G AmD GC G
   Let the seed of freedom, awake and flourish
   Let the deep roots nourish, let the tall stalk rise
   Oh seed of freedom, awake and flourish
   Proud leaves uncurling, into the skies

Written by Fred Hellerman and Fran Minkoff. This version is sort of based on how Pete Seeger recorded it on 1964's *I Can See a New Day* but with a folksier and less hymn-like arrangement.

I shall be released

Chorus:
I see my light come shining
From the west unto the east
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

↱ *or Dm*
C – Dm – / Em F(G) C FG / 1st / Em Dm C FC

1. They say everything can be replaced
   Yet every distance is not near
   So I remember every face
   Of everyone who put me here

2. They say everyone needs protection
   They say everyone must fall
   Yet I swear I see my reflection
   Someplace so high above this wall

3. Standing next to me in this lonely crowd
   Is a man who swears he's not to blame
   All day I hear him shout so loud
   Crying out that he was framed

[Written by Bob Dylan in 1967 and rehearsed with The Band, who first released it on their 1968 album *Music from the Big Pink*. Dylan first released it in 1971 for *his Greatest Hits Vol. II* album.]

We are building a strong union

We are building a strong union *(x3)*
Workers in the mill (on the line) (*or* We are workers, comrades all)

C – – – / G G$_7$ C – / C C$_7$ F – / C G C –

Every trial (member) makes us stronger/Workers…
We won't budge until we conquer, We are standing up for justice
We shall rise and gain our freedom

Text created by early 20th century textile workers, music from the spiritual "Jacob's Ladder."

Dump the bosses off your back

Are you poor, forlorn, & hungry? Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery? Dump the bosses of your back
Are your clothes all patched & tattered? Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered? Dump the bosses…

C F C G / C F CG C / Dm C FC G$_7$G / 2nd

Are you almost split asunder? Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Friend why don't you buck like thunder? Dump…
All the agonies you suffer, you can end with one good whack
Stiffen up your ornery duffer – dump…

alternate key: D G D A / D G DA D / Em D GD A$_7$A / 2nd

Tune is from the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus" (music by Charles Converse, words by Joseph Scriven). New lyrics by John Brill, as published ~1919 in the IWW's Little Red Songbook.

We shall not be moved

We shall, we shall not be moved   *(x2)*
Just like a tree, planted by the water
We shall be moved

C – G – / – – C C$_7$ / F – C – / – G C –

For the union is behind us, we shall not be moved   *(x2)*
Just like a tree…

We're fighting for our freedom…
We're fighting for our children
We'll build a might union

Text created by early 20th century textile workers, music from the spiritual "I shall not be moved."

The world turned upside down

In 1649, to St. George's Hill
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

    C – Dm – / F – C G / 1ˢᵗ / F – CG C

"We come in peace," they said, "to dig and sow
We come to work the lands in common, & to make the waste ground grow"
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

"The sin of property we do disdain
No one has any right to buy or sell the earth for private gain
By theft and murder they took the land
Now everywhere walls rise up at their command"

"They make the laws to chain us well
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell
We will not worship the god they serve
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folks starve"

"We work, we eat together, we need no swords
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent to the lords
We are free, though we are poor"
You Diggers all, stand up for glory, stand up now

From men of property the orders came
They sent the hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers claim
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on

"You poor take courage, you rich take care
This earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share
All things in common, all people one
We come in peace" – the order came to cut them down

[Written by Leon Rosselson in 1975, with words derived from a pamphlet attributed to the Digger leader Gerrard Winstanley.]

Pie in the Sky

Chorus: C – G – / G – C – / C – F – / C G C –

"You will eat, by and by
In that glorious land above the sky
Work and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die" (that's a lie!)

1. Long-haired preachers come out every night
    Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right
    But when asked "How 'bout something to eat?"
    They will answer in voices so sweet...

Verses: C F C – / C – G G₇ / 1ˢᵗ / C G C –

2. 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

3. Holy rollers and jumpers come out
    And they holler, they jump, & they shout
    "Give your money to Jesus," they say
    "He will cure all your diseases today"

4. (Politicians and bosses come out
    They bluster, they preach, and they shout
    "Wealth will trickle down to you," they say
    So don't ask for more today")

5. Working people of all countries unite
    Side by side for freedom we will fight
    When the world and its wealth we have gained
    To the grafters we will sing this refrain... *(go to last chorus below)*

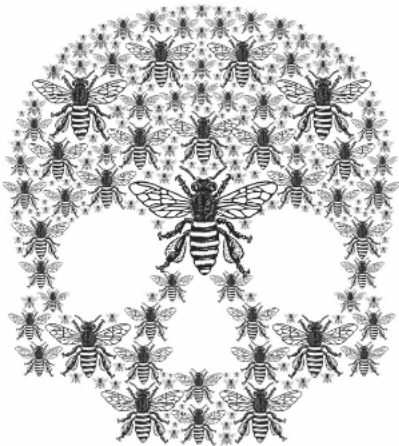*Last Chorus: C – G – / G – C – / C – F – / C G C –*

"You will eat, by and by
When you've learned how to cook and how to fry
Chop some wood, it'll do you good
And you'll eat in the sweet by and by (that's no lie!)

Tune is from the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus" (music by Joseph P. Webster, words by S. Fillmore Bennett). New lyrics by Joe Hill, as published in 1911 in the IWW's Little Red Songbook.
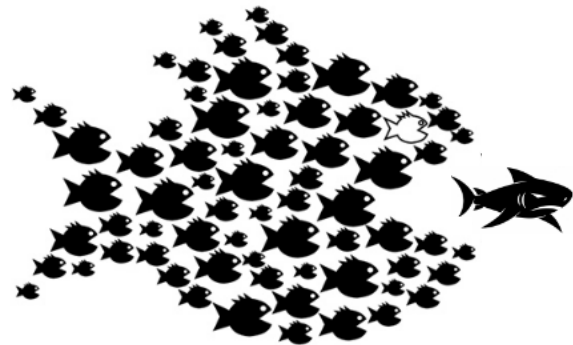
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