

AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME ROUND

Adaptation of traditional song by participants in the Albany Movement

Intro:

T: Hm | Am | E | E | ^Am

Lead (tenor or alto)

♩ = 152 Am

Ain't gon-na let no - bod-y turn me 'round,

E 3 Am 3

turn me 'round, turn me 'round, Ain't gonna let no - bod-y, Lord-y,

turn me 'round, I'm gon-na keep on a - walk-in',
ye-ah,

keep on a-talk-in' E Am
march-ing up to free-dom land.
Oh, ye-ah,

Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Round

Adaptation by Albany civil rights movement activists

Verses vary, usually made up on the spot

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let segregation turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let segregation turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let no jailhouse turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let no jailhouse turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let Rahm Emmanuel turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let Rahm Emmanuel turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let the Koch brothers turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let let the Koch brothers turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let union busters turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let union busters turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

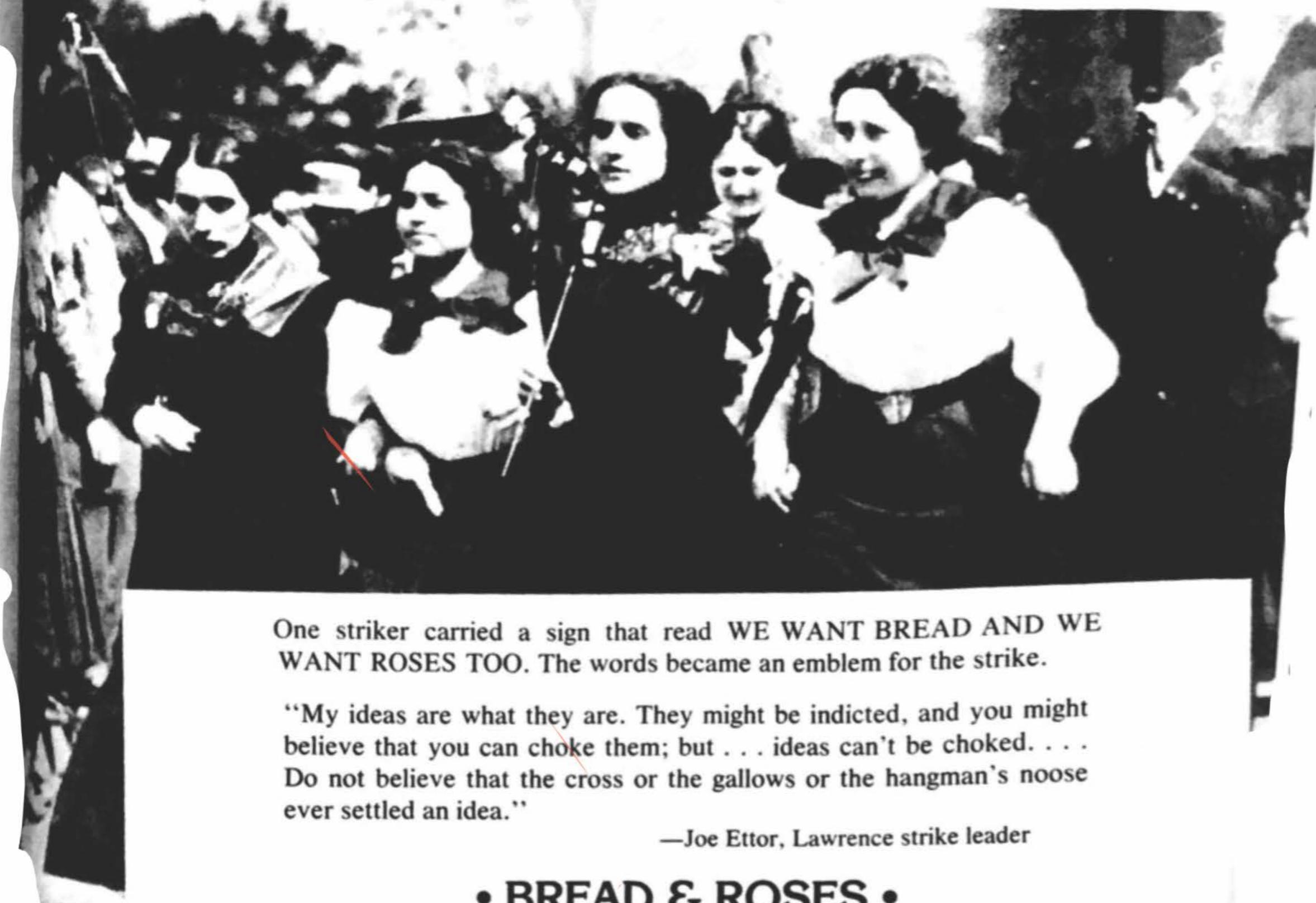
Marchin up to freedom land.

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round, turn me round, turn me round

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round,

Gonna keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin'

Marchin up to freedom land.



One striker carried a sign that read WE WANT BREAD AND WE WANT ROSES TOO. The words became an emblem for the strike.

"My ideas are what they are. They might be indicted, and you might believe that you can choke them; but . . . ideas can't be choked. . . . Do not believe that the cross or the gallows or the hangman's noose ever settled an idea."

—Joe Ettor, Lawrence strike leader

• BREAD & ROSES •

Words by James Oppenheim

Music by Mimi Fariña

1. As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day, A
mil - lion dark - ened kitch - ens; a thou - sand mill lofts gray Are
touched with all the ra - diance that a sud - den sun dis - clos - es. For the
peo - ple here are sing - ing: Bread and ros - es, bread and ros - es. 2. As

permission

Note: Key has been transposed from C to A, so melody notes will be one third lower

Bread and Roses

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 us singing, bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we come 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 come marching, marching, un-numbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread,
Small art and love and beauty their trudging spirits knew
Yes, it's bread that 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.

Bring Em Home

Handwritten musical score for 'Bring Em Home'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff has a key signature of F# and a time signature of 4/4. The bottom staff has a key signature of C# and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics 'If you' are written above the top staff.

Handwritten musical score for 'Bring Em Home'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff has a key signature of E and a time signature of 4/4. The bottom staff has a key signature of C# and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics 'love your Uncle Sam Bring them home Bring 'em Home Support our boys in Viet' are written below the top staff.

Handwritten musical score for 'Bring Em Home'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff has a key signature of E and a time signature of 4/4. The bottom staff has a key signature of C# and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics 'Num Bring 'em home Bring 'em home' are written below the top staff. A repeat sign (||) is at the end of the staff.

Bring 'Em Home

by Pete Seeger, Jim Musselman

If you love your Uncle Sam
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
Support our boys in Vietnam
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

If you love this land, our land,
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
Support our troops in Afghanistan
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

If you want a land of the free
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
Bring 'em back from overseas
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

The politicians would be sad, I know
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
They wanna tangle with their foe
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

They ~~serve the monopolies,~~
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
With the blood of you and me
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

We'll give no more brave young lives
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
For the greed in someone's eyes
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

We need food and homes and schools
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
No more wars for the richest few
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

If you love your Uncle Sam
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home
Bring 'em home from every land
Bring 'em home, bring 'em home

CERTAINLY, LORD

Adaptation of traditional song by members of CORE

G = 100 Jubilate

Well have you been to the jail, — Cer-tain-ly, Lord.

Well have you been to the jail, — Cer-tain-ly, Lord.

Well have you been to the jail, — Cer-tain-ly, Lord.

Cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly, Lord. —

Have you been to the jail house? (Certainly, Lord)
Have you been to the jail house? (Certainly, Lord)
Have you been to the jail house? (Certainly, Lord)
Certainly, Certainly, Certainly, Lord

[Sing in the same pattern]

- Oh, will you fight for freedom?
- Oh, did you tell it to the judge?
- Well, did he give you thirty days?
- Well, did you do your time?
- Well, would you go back again?
- Oh, will you tell it to the world?
- Will you fight for revolution?

[after the last verse]

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

I Ain't Scared of Your Jails

I ain't scared of your jails

Coz I want my freedom,

Want my freedom, Want my freedom

I ain't scared of your jails

Coz I want my freedom,

Want my freedom now.

I Ain't Scared of Your Jails

Written by Lester Cobb

Performed by Chuck Neblett

I ain't a-scared of your jails
'cuz I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I ain't a-scared of your jails

*Cuz I want my freedom
Want my freedom now!*

I ain't a-scared of your dogs

'cuz I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I ain't a-scared of your dogs

*Cuz I want my freedom
Want my freedom now!*

We'll march downtown because

We want our freedom

We want our freedom

We want our freedom

We'll march downtown because

*Cuz we want our freedom
Want our freedom now!*

I ain't a-scared of your tear gas

'cuz I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I ain't a-scared of your tear gas

*Cuz I want my freedom
Want my freedom now!*

I don't mind dyin'

'cuz I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I don't mind dyin'

*Cuz I want my freedom
Want my freedom now!*

I ain't a-scared of your jails

'cuz I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I want my freedom

I ain't a-scared of your jails

Cuz I want my freedom

Want my freedom now

C F G
If you miss me at the back of the bus,

G ♫ C
You can't find me nowhere

F C
Come up to the front of the bus,

C G1 C
I'll be ridin' right there

Chorus:

C F G
I'll be ridin' right there,

G ♫ C
I'll be ridin' right there .

F C
You got to come on up to the front of the bus,

C G ♫ C
I'll be ridin' right there

If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus

By Carver Neblett

(Verses are often improvised)

[The song was written in response to attempts to desegregate a public swimming pool in Cairo, Illinois, after a young African-American man drowned while swimming in a local river due to the pool not allowing any African-Americans to use it]

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere

Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' right there

I'll be ridin' right there

I'll be ridin' right there

You got to come on up to the front of the bus

I'll be ridin' right there

If you miss me in the cotton fields, and you can't find me nowhere

Come on down to the jailhouse, I'll be roomin' over there

I'll be roomin' over there

I'll be roomin' over there

Come on down to the jailhouse

I'll be roomin' over there

If you miss me in the Mississippi River, and you can't find me nowhere

Come on over to the city' pool, I'll be bathin' over there

I'll be bathin' over there

I'll be bathin' over there

Come on over to the city' pool

I'll be bathin' over there

If you miss me on the picket lines, and you can't find me nowhere

Come on down to the court house, I'll be votin' right there

I'll be votin' right there

I'll be votin' right there

Come on down to the courthouse

I'll be votin' right there

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere

Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' right there

I'll be ridin' right there

I'll be ridin' right there

You got to come on up to the front of the bus

I'll be ridin' right there

In Old Moscow
(tune of Clementine)

C In old Moscow, in the Kremlin,
F G In the fall of '39,
F C Sat a Russian and a Prussian
G C Writing out the party line

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
F G Oh, my darling party line;
F C Oh, I never will desert you,
G C For I love this life of mine.

C Leon Trotsky was a Nazi;
F G Oh, we know it for a fact.
F C Pravda said it; we all read it,
G C Before the Stalin-Hitler Pact.

Chorus

C Once a Nazi would be shot, see,
F G That was then the Party Line;
F C Now a Nazi's hotsy-totsy,
G C Trotsky's laying British mines.

Chorus

C Now the Nazis and the Fuerher
F G Stand within the Party Line,
F C All the Russians love the Prussians,
G C Volga boatmen sail the Rhine.

Chorus

Intro (each chord = $\frac{1}{2}$ measure,
or 2 beats)

FF B^b Gm C B^b CC

Internationale

F Arise, you prisoners of starvation!
C7 Arise, you wretched of the earth!
F For justice thunders condemnation:
C7 F A better world's in birth!

C G1 C
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
G1 Arise you slaves, no more in thrall!
C C7 F
The earth shall rise on new foundations:
C G1 C
We have been naught, we shall be all!

C1 F B^b
'Tis the final conflict,
C1 F
Let each stand in their place.
F C1 Dm A7
The international working class
B^b G1 C
Shall free the human race

C1 F B^b
'Tis the final conflict,
C1 F
Let each stand in their place.
F1 D7 Gm⁷ D⁷ Gm7 D⁷ C7
The international working class
F C1 F B^b C
Shall free the human race

F B^b
We want no condescending saviors
C1 F C7
To rule us from their judgment hall,
F B^b
We workers ask not for their favors
C1 F
Let us consult for all!

C G1 C
To make the thief disgorge his booty
G1 C G1
To free the spirit from its cell,
C C1 F
We must ourselves decide our duty,
C G1 C
We must decide, and do it well.

C1 F Bb
Agrupémonos todos,
C1 F
En la lucha final.
F C1 Dm A1
El género humano ["género" is pronounced HAY-nay-row]
Bb G1 C
Es la internacional.

C1 F Bb
[with raised fist] 'Tis the final conflict,
C1 F
Let each stand in their place.
F1 D1 Gm1 D1 Gm1 D1 C1
The international working class
F C1 F C F
Shall free the human race

* JOE HILL *

Words by Alfred Hayes

Music by Earl Robinson

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key of C major. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. Chords indicated above the staff include G, C, A7, and D.

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night a -

live as you and me. Says I, "But Joe, you're

ten years dead." "I nev - er died," says he. "I

nev - er died," says he. _____

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2. "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."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."
3. "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."
Says Joe, "I didn't die."
4. And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes.
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."
5. "Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me;
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side,
Joe Hill is at their side."
6. "From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organize,"
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill";
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill."
7. 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.
"I never died," says he.

*Note: Key has been transposed from C to G, so
melody notes will be one fourth lower*

Joe Hill

Words by Alfred Hayes, Music by Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead,"
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe," says I to him,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"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,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Says Joe, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side,
Joe Hill is at their side."

From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill -
Where workers strike and organize
It's there you'll find Joe Hill.
It's there you'll find Joe Hill.

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead",
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

began to "talk union."

for the industrialists and their families, it belonged to everyone.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

by Woody Guthrie

CHORUS

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time, with lyrics underneath each staff. The first staff starts with a D chord. The second staff starts with an A7 chord. The third staff starts with a G chord. The fourth staff ends with a D chord and a 'Fine' marking. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, G, A7, D, A7, D, G, A7, D, and Fine.

This land is your land, — this land is my land,
from Cal - i - for - nia — to the New York is - land,
From the red - wood for - est — to the Gulf Stream wa - ters;
This land was made for you and me. —

Chorus x 2 to end

note: key has been transposed from G to D so
melody notes will be one fourth lower

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 was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond desert
While all around me a voice was sounding,
"This land was made for you and me."

Chorus

In the squares of the city, by the shadow of a steeple
By the relief office, I saw my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

Chorus

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tress passin'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

Chorus x2

549 THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

Let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father in heaven.

Matthew 5:16

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second and third staves use a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Chords are indicated above the staves: G, C, G, D7, G; C; G; B7, Em; C, G, A, G, D, G; and B. The lyrics are as follows:

1. This lit - tle light of mine, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 2. Ev - 'ry - where I go, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 3. Je - sus gave it to me, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 oh

This lit - tle light of mine, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 Ev - 'ry - where I go, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 Je - sus gave it to me, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 oh

This lit - tle light of mine, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 Ev - 'ry - where I go, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 Je - sus gave it to me, I'm gon-na let it shine.
 oh

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

4. Shine, shine, shine, I'm gonna let it shine....
 5. All in my home, I'm gonna let it shine....

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

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Out in the dark, I'm gonna let it shine
Out in the dark, I'm gonna let it shine
Out in the dark, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Deep down in the South, I'm gonna let it shine
Deep down in the South, I'm gonna let it shine
Deep down in the South, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Up here in the north, I'm gonna let it shine
Up here in the north, I'm gonna let it shine
Up here in the north, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Fighting for fifteen, we're gonna let it shine
Fighting for fifteen, we're gonna let it shine
Fighting for fifteen, we're gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Lighting the way for freedom, we're gonna let it shine
Lighting the way for freedom, we're gonna let it shine
Lighting the way for freedom, we're gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

The road to revolution, we're gonna let it shine
The road to revolution, we're gonna let it shine
The road to revolution, we're gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, 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
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Love Me, I'm a Liberal (Updated)

Original by Phil Ochs

E A E A
I cried when they shot Medgar Evers
E C#m
Tears ran down my spine
E A E
I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy
F# B7
As though I'd lost a father of mine
E A E
But Malcolm X got what was coming
G#m A
He got what he asked for this time
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
I'm for a minimum wage hike
E C#m
And women paid on equal par
E A E
I love Beyoncé and Oprah
F# B7
Hope every Dreamer becomes a star
E A E
But don't talk about revolution
G#m A
That's going a little bit too far
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
I vote for the Democratic Party
E A E
They'll move to the left soon, I think
E A E
I still play Pete Seeger's albums
F# B7
He sure gets me fired up to sing
E A E
I'll protest if Bernie is speaking
G#m A
But not to confront the right wing
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
I hate state thugs and dictators
E C#m
Why can't they just leave us alone?
E A E
Kim Jong Un, Duterte, and Putin
F# B7
Should all be overthrown
E A E
But after 9/11,
G#m A
We need a police state at home
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
I know that state welfare programs
E C#m
Were needed some decades ago
E A E
When the '30s and later the '60s
F# B7
Threatened to blow from below
E A E
By the '80s, though, Clinton convinced me
G#m A
The welfare bums just had to go
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
I'm firmly against gerrymandering
E C#m
By the racist Republican right
E A E
They strive to protect every voter
F# B7
So long as he's for them and white
E A E
But I backed the Dems on mass lockups
G#m A
To jail every Black man on sight
E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

Cont'd

E A E A
I hate Donald Trump's deportations

E A C#m
It's our melting pot that makes us strong

E A E
Trump's policies on immigration

F#m B7
Are cruel and racist and wrong

E A E
But I supported Obama

G#m A
While he sent even more folks back "home"

E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E
Trump's failings at state diplomacy

E A C#m
Are skewered in late night show mirth

E A E
He's lowered American standing,

F#m B7
He's ruined our embassies' worth

E A E
Oh give me imperialist Democrats

G#m A
Who'd control all the rest of the earth

E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

E A E A
Once I was young and impulsive

E A C#m
I wore every conceivable pin

E A E
Even went to socialist meetings

F#m B7
Learned all the old union hymns

E A E
But I've grown older and wiser

G#m A
And that's why I'm turning you in

E C#m B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL

PHIL LINS

original

F# major (one sharp)

I

E major (no sharps or flats)

cried when they shot Medgar Evers

C# major (two sharps)

Tears ran down my spine

And I cried when they shot Mister Kennedy

B7

Astrodid last a...

father of mine.

G# major (two sharps)

But Malcolm X got what was coming

got what he asked for this time

A

E C[#]m B7 B7 E

Love me Love me Love me I'm a liberal

original

I cried when they shot Medgar Evers
Tears ran down my spine
I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy
As though I'd lost a father of mine
But Malcolm X got what was coming
He got what he asked for this time
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

I go to civil rights rallies
And I put down the old D.A.R.
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy
I hope every colored boy becomes a
star
But don't talk about revolution
That's going a little bit too far
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

I cheered when Humphrey was
chosen
My faith in the system restored
I'm glad the commies were thrown
out
of the A.F.L. C.I.O. board
I love Puerto Ricans and Negros
as long as they don't move next door
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

The people of old Mississippi
Should all hang their heads in shame
I can't understand how their minds
work
What's the matter don't they watch
Les Crain?
But if you ask me to bus my children
I hope the cops take down your
name
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

I read New republic and Nation
I've learned to take every view
You know, I've memorized Lerner
and Golden
I feel like I'm almost a Jew
But when it comes to times like
Korea
There's no one more red, white and
blue
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

I vote for the democratic party
They want the U.N. to be strong
I go to all the Pete Seeger concerts
He sure gets me singing those songs
I'll send all the money you ask for
But don't ask me to come on along
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

Once I was young and impulsive
I wore every conceivable pin
Even went to the socialist meetings
Learned all the old union hymns
But I've grown older and wiser
And that's why I'm turning you in
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a
liberal

The Old Bolshevik's Song

(tune of *When I Was a Lad*, from *H.M.S. Pinafore*)

F When I was a lad in 1906, I joined a band of Bolsheviks.

F I read the *Manifesto* and *Das Kapital*, and I even learned to sing the *Internationale*.

G (And I even learned to sing the *Internationale*.)

F And I sang that song with a ring so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F And I sang that song with a ring so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F When Lenin and our comrades insurrection made, I found myself on the barricade,

F On Kerensky's troops I turned my gun, and I didn't stop shooting till the Reds had won.

G (No, I didn't stop shooting till the Reds had won.)

F And I shot that gun with an aim so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F And I shot that gun with an aim so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F From then to now, I've had no peace, my steps have been dogged by the secret police.

F I denounced the opposition time and again; I denounced the opposition with tongue and pen.

G (I denounced the opposition with tongue and pen.)

F And my denunciation had a ring so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F And my denunciation had a ring so true, that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F When NEP was started and Lenin died, I found myself on Trotsky's side;

F All went well till '28, and then I was forced to capitulate.

G (And then I was forced to capitulate.)

F And my capitulation had a ring so true that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F And my capitulation had a ring so true that now I'm in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F Now, diversionists all, wherever you may be, if you want to do as well as me:

F Confess to revolution and espionage, to wrecking railroads and sabotage.

G (to wrecking railroads and sabotage.)

F Adhere to the line of Lenin too, and you'll end up in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

F Adhere to the line of Lenin too, and you'll end up in the prisons of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

Roll the Union On

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 the union on

If the boss gets in the way

We're gonna roll right over him

We're gonna roll it over him

We're gonna roll it over him

If the boss gets in the way

We're gonna roll right over him

We're gonna roll the union on

Use the same pattern with:

If the scabs get in the way. . .

If gun thugs get in the way. . .

If the cops get in the way. . .

If Rahm Emmanuel gets in the way. . .

If Donald Trump gets in the way. . .

Etc.

Solidarity Forever

G

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run

C

G

D7

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun

G

B7

Em

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one

Am

D7

G

But the Union makes us strong

Chorus:

G

Solidarity forever, solidarity forever

C

Solidarity forever

.

G

For the union makes us strong

Am

D7

G

G

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite

C

G

D7

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?

G

B7

Em

Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?

Am

D7

G

For the union makes us strong

Chorus

G

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade

C

G

D7

Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid

G

B7

Em

Now we stand outcast and starving 'mid the wonders we have made

Am

D7

G

But the union makes us strong

Chorus

G

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone

C

G

D7

We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone

G

B7

Em

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own

Am

D7

G

While the union makes us strong

Chorus

G

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn

G

D7

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn

G

B7

Em

We can break their haughty power gain our freedom when we learn

Am

D7

G

That the Union makes us strong

Chorus

G

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold

C

G

D7

Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold

G

B7

Em

We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old

Am

D7

G

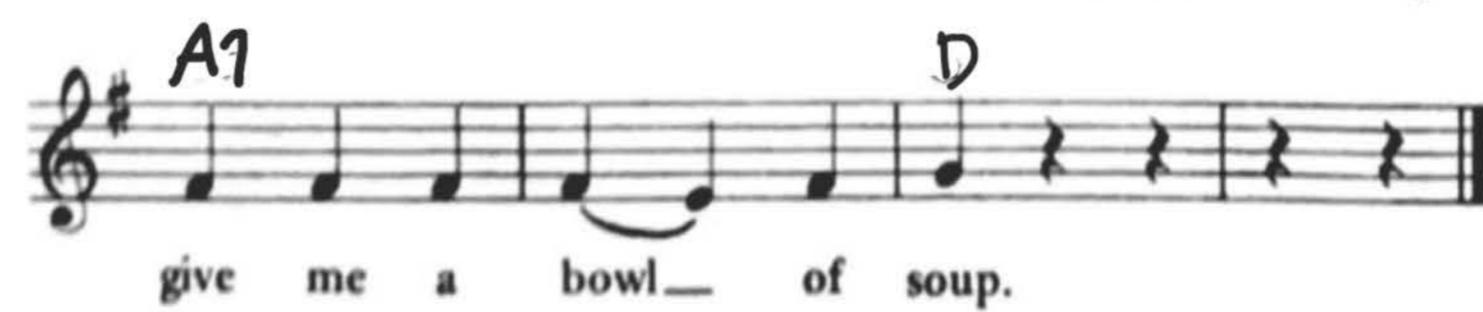
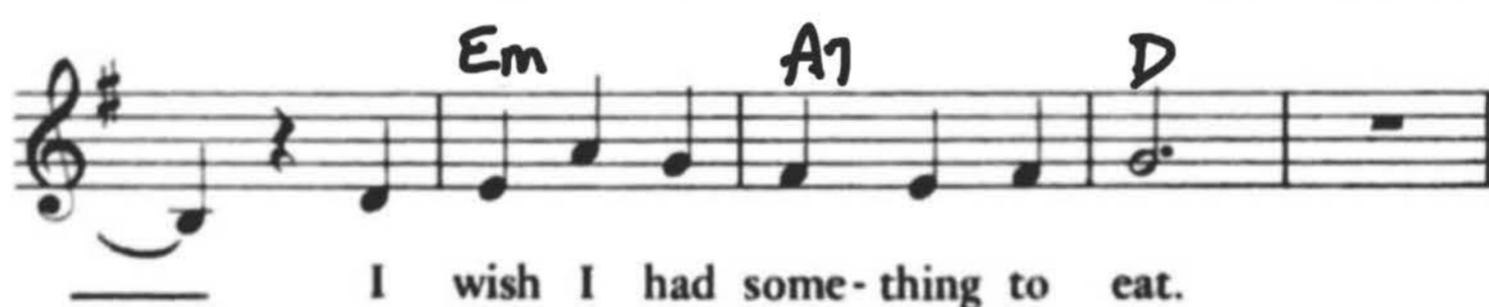
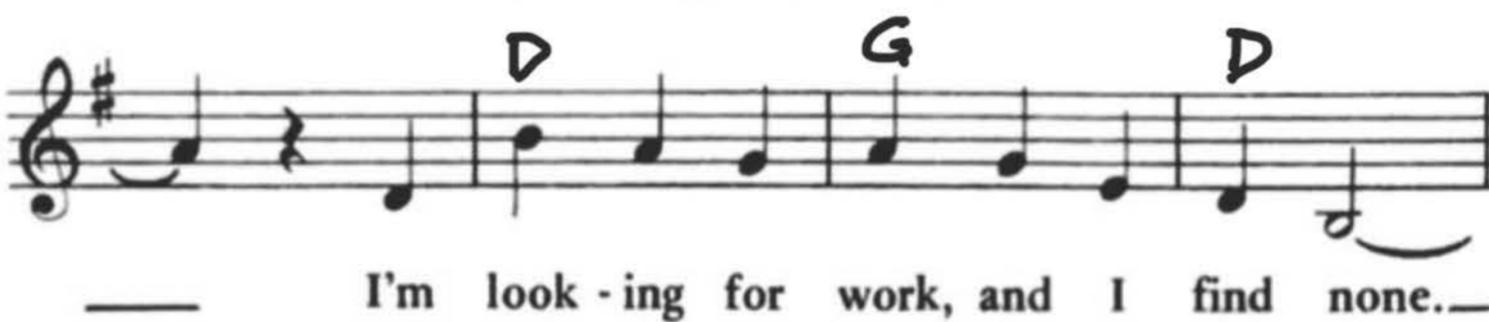
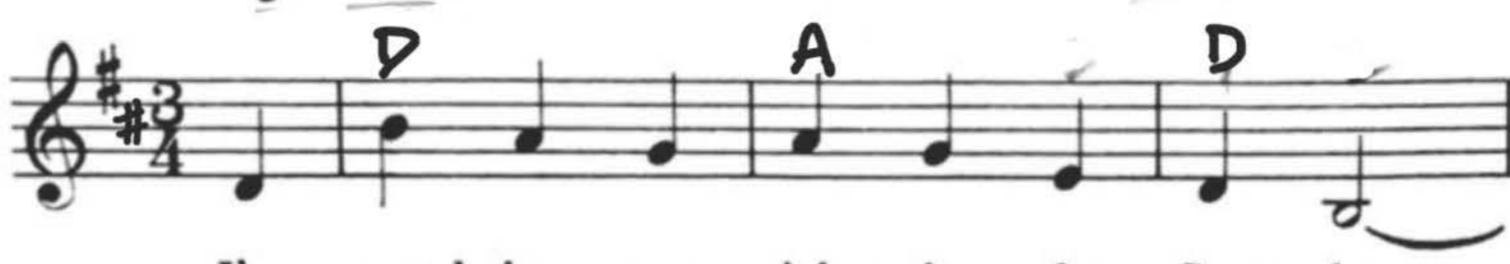
For the Union makes us strong

Chorus



The Soup Song
words by Maurice Sugar

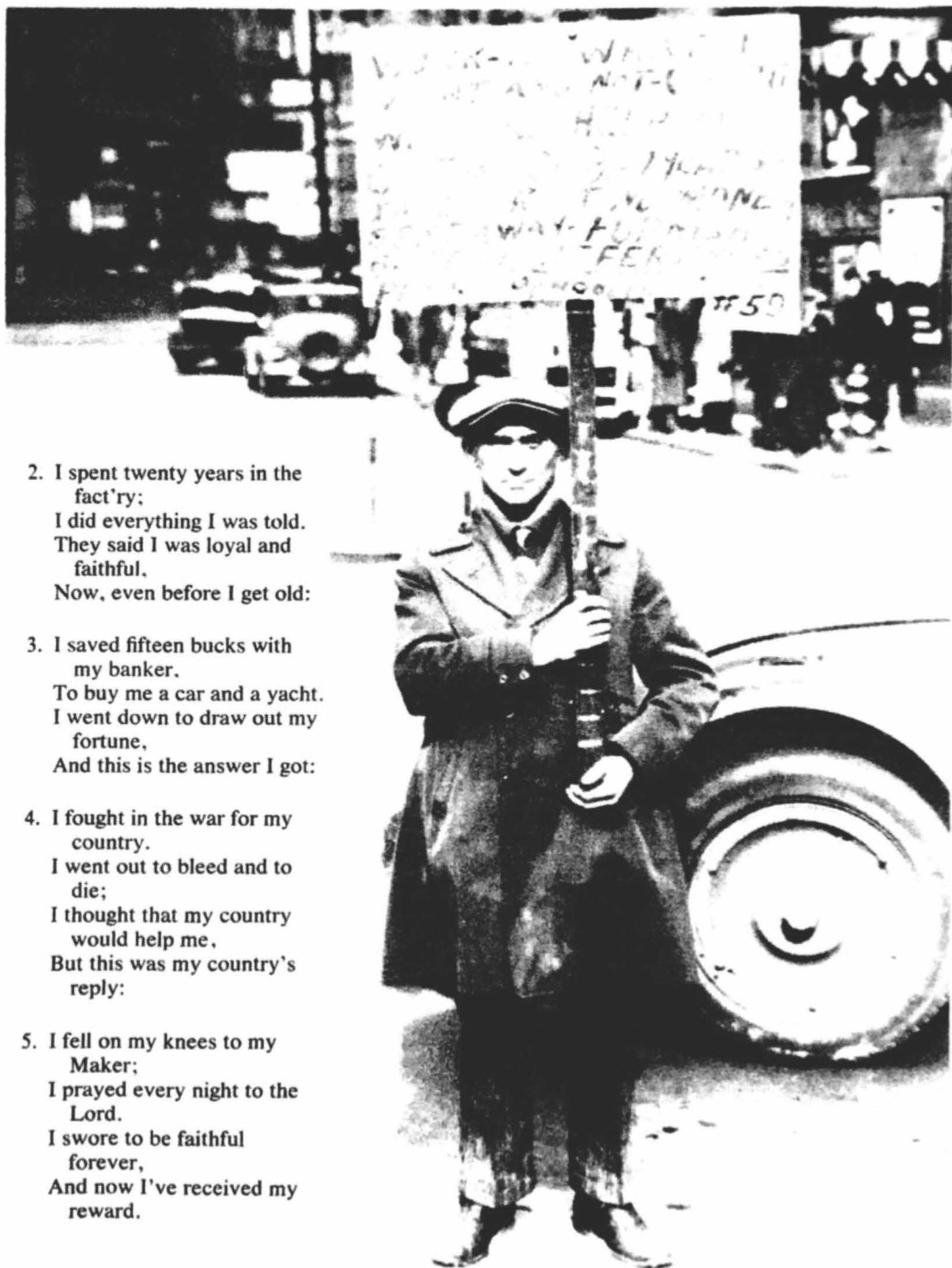
Note: key has been transposed from
G to D, so
melody notes
will be
one fourth
lower



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

THE SOUP SONG

Chorus: Soo-oooop, soo-oooop.
They give me a bowl of soup.
Soo-oooop, soo-oooop,
They give me a bowl of soup.



2. I spent twenty years in the
fact'ry;

I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and
faithful.

Now, even before I get old:

3. I saved fifteen bucks with
my banker.

To buy me a car and a yacht.
I went down to draw out my
fortune,
And this is the answer I got:

4. 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:

5. I fell on my knees to my
Maker;

I prayed every night to the
Lord.

I swore to be faithful
forever,

And now I've received my
reward.

• UNION MAID •

Words by Woody Guthrie

Tune: "Pretty Redwing"

Fast

There once was a un - ion maid Who nev - er was a - fraid Of

goons and ginks and com-pa - ny finks or dep - u - ty sher - iffs who

made the raid. She went to the un - ion hall When a meet - ing it was

called, And when the com-pa - ny boys came 'round She al - ways stood her

CHORUS

ground. Oh, you can't scare me. I'm stick - in' to the un - ion,—

— I'm stick - in' to the un - ion,— I'm stick - in' to the un - ion.—

— Oh, you can't scare me. I'm stick - in' to the un - ion;—

— I'm stick - in' to the un - ion till the day I die.—

Note: Key has been transposed from D to A so melody notes will be one fourth lower

Union Maid

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

There once was a union maid, she never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriffs who made the
raid.

She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,
And when the Legion boys come 'round
She always stood her ground.

Chorus:

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union.
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool, she'd always organize the guys.
She always got her way when she struck for better pay.
She'd show her card to the National Guard
And this is what she'd say:

Chorus

All you who want to be free, just take a tip from me:
Stand side by side, with no divide, in workers' solidarity.
Workin' life ain't hard, when you got a union card,
And life is bright when we all unite in the struggle for our rights.

Chorus X 2

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Adaptation of traditional song

$\text{♩} = 92$

CHORUS

We shall not, we shall not be moved, — We shall not, we shall not be moved, just like a tree, that's planted by the water, — We shall not be moved.

We are fighting for our freedom,
we shall not be moved,

We are fighting for our freedom,
we shall not be moved,

Just like a tree, planted by the water,
we shall not be moved.

We are black and white together,
we shall not be moved . . .

We will stand and fight together,
we shall not be moved . . .

Our parks are integrating,
we shall not be moved . . .

We're sunning on the beaches,
we shall not be moved . . .

Talladega, Alabama, a mass march on the mayor's office of about two hundred Talladega College students protesting police brutality and collusion with the mob which beat demonstrators: "The march was stopped about a block and a half from the campus by forty city, county, and state policemen with tear gas grenades, billy sticks and a fire truck. When ordered to return to the campus or be beaten back, the students, confronted individually by the police, chose not to move and quietly began singing 'We Shall Not Be Moved.'"

Note: key has been transposed from G to D so melody notes will be one fourth lower

— BOB ZELLNER

We Shall Not Be Moved

Chorus:

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

We are fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved
We are fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

Chorus

We are Black and white together,
We shall not be moved
We are Black and white together,
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

Chorus

We will stand and fight together,
We shall not be moved
We will stand and fight together,
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

WE SHALL OVERCOME

With quiet determination

We shall o - ver - come, — we shall o - ver - come, — We shall o - ver - come some-day
 oh, — deep in my heart (I know that)
 I do be - lieve (oh —) we shall o - ver - come some- day.

- 2. We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.
- 3. We are not alone . . . (today)
- 4. The truth will make us free . . .
- 5. We'll walk hand in hand . . .
- 6. The Lord will see us through . . .
- 7. Black and white together (now) . . .
- 8. We shall all be free.

[Musical and lyrical adaptation by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan & Pete Seeger. Inspired by African American Gospel Singing, members of the Food & Tobacco Workers Union, Charleston, SC & the Southern civil rights movement. TRO @ 1960 & 1963 (renewed) Ludlow Music, Inc., NY, NY. International copyright secured. All rights reserved including public performance for profit. Used by permission. Royalties derived from this composition are being contributed to the We Shall Overcome Fund & The Freedom Movement under the trusteeship of the authors.]

*note: key has been transposed from C to G ,
so melody notes will be one fourth lower*

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day.

Chorus

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

We'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand, some day.

Chorus

We shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace, some day.

Chorus

We shall all be free,
We shall all be free,
We shall all be free, some day.

Chorus

We are not afraid,
We are not afraid,
We are not afraid, TODAY

Chorus

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day.

Chorus

which side are you on?

What side are you on?

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a vocal piece. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (4/4). The lyrics are written in blue ink below the notes.

Staff 1: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Notes: Em, Bm, Em, Bm. Lyrics: Come all of you good workers, Good news to you all till of how the good old

Staff 2: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Notes: Em, B7, Em, B7. Lyrics: union has come in here to dwell which side are you on? which side are you on?

Staff 3: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Notes: Em. Lyrics: On

Staff 4: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Blank staff.

Staff 5: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Blank staff.

Staff 6: Key of F# major, 4/4 time. Blank staff.

Which Side Are You On?
Words by Florence Reese, Music traditional

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?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner,
My mom a worker too,
And I'll stick with the union
'Til every battle's through.

[Chorus]

We're fighting for our future
We're fighting for fifteen
Oh will you stand beside us
Or with the Koch machine?

[Chorus]

They say in the school system,
There are no neutrals there;
You're with the kids and workers,
Or with the billionaires.

[Chorus]

Oh workers can you stand it?
Oh tell me how you can.
Oh will you let them beat you down
Or will you take a stand?

[Chorus]

The one percent get richer
While we get less and less
They've stolen everything they can
And now they want the rest

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

WOKE UP THIS MORNIN' 566

Those of steadfast mind You keep in peace—in peace because they trust in You.

Isaiah 26:3

1. Woke up this morn - in' with my mind,
2. No con-dem-na - tion with my mind, stayed on
3. Walk-in' and talk - in' with my mind,

mind, my mind was

- Je - sus. Woke up this morn - in' with my mind,
 No con-dem-na - tion with my mind,
 Walk-in' and talk - in' with my mind,

mind, my mind was

- stayed on Je - sus. Woke up this morn - in' with my mind,
 No con-dem-na - tion with my mind,
 Walk-in' and talk - in' with my mind,

mind, my mind was

stayed on Je - sus. Hal - le - lu, hal - le - lu, hal - le - lu - jah.

Woke Up this Mornin' with My Mind

Adaptation of traditional music by SNCC Freedom Singers

Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm walking and talking with my mind stayed on freedom
I'm walking and talking with my mind stayed on freedom
I'm walking and talking with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm workin' and strugglin' with my mind stayed on freedom
I'm workin' and strugglin' with my mind stayed on freedom
I'm workin' and strugglin' with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah

Ain't nothing wrong with my mind stayed on freedom
Oh, ain't nothing wrong keepin' my mind stayed on freedom
There ain't nothing wrong keepin' your mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.