

RISE UP SINGING

UNITY

We're a people born of many shores, our journeys so entwined
 And we'll be on a sinking ship if we leave anybody behind
 Don't want to be a melting pot, we're a rainbow family
 And it's gonna take everything we've got to set each other free
 - Betsy Rose

© 1983 Betsy Rose. Used by permission. - On her "Betsy Rose", Ronnie Gilbert "The Spirit is Free" & NSLT. In *SQ* 30:2 & *Broadside Mag* (3/84 issue).

Sing Along

I get butterflies in my stomach whenever I start to sing
 And when I'm at a microphone I shake like anything
 But if you'll sing along with me I'll holler right out loud
 'Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome, but I'm swell when
 I'm a crowd

C - FC / F C D G / C - FC / F C G C

Sing along, sing along
 And just sing "la la la la" if you don't know the song
 You'll quickly learn the music, you'll find yourself a word
 'Cause when we sing together we'll be heard

F - C - / - - - G / C - FC / - FG C -

O when I need a raise in pay & have to ask my boss
 If I go see him by myself I'm just a total loss
 But if we go together I'll do my part right pretty
 'Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome, but I make a fine
 committee

My congressman's important, he hobnobs with big biz
 He soon forgets the guys & gals who put him where he is
 I'll just write him a letter to tell him what I need
 With a hundred thousand signatures, why even he can read

And when I say "together", I don't mean just we two
 But Black, Brown, White, Red, Yellow, Christian, Muslim, Jew
 The worker in the factory, the sailor on the sea
 From mine & mill, both him & her, & you & you & me

O life is full of problems, the world's a funny place
 I sometimes wonder why the hell I joined the human race
 But when we work together, it all seems right & true
 I'm an awful nothing by myself, but I'm OK with you

- Malvina Reynolds

© 1958 by Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP), Berkeley CA 94704. Used by permission. - In her *Little Boxes, SB* & on "Another Country Heard Fr" (Folkways), Marion Wade "What a Day of Victory" & Guy Carawan "My Rhinoceros" (GW).

Somos el Barco

The stream sings it to the river, the river sings it to the sea
 The sea sings it to the boat that carries you & me

Somos el barco, somos el mar
 Yo navego en tí, tu navegas en mí
 We are the boat, we are the sea
 I sail in you, you sail in me

F G C - / // / / / /

Now the boat we are sailing in was built by many hands
 And the sea we are sailing on, it touches many sands

O the voyage has been long & hard & yet we're sailing still
 With a song to help us pull together, if we only will

So with our hopes we raise the sails to face the winds once more
 And with our hearts we chart the waters never sailed before

El arroyo le canta al río, el río le canta al mar
 Y el mar le canta al barco, que lejos nos va a llevar

El barco en que navegamos fué hecho por muchas manos
 Y el mar que ahora surcamos, muchas tierras tocará

La jornada ha sido dura y aún seguimos navegando
 Desafiando las tormentas, y así siempre seguiremos

Con nuestras esperanzas altas velas levantamos
 Y con nuestros corazones, nuevas rutas exploramos

- Lorre Wyatt

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Step By Step

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

Dm - CDm AmDm / / Dm - Gm A / 1st

- w: United Mine Workers m: trad. Irish, adapt. Waldemar Hill

Adapted from the preamble to an early Constitution of United Mine Worker's Union (ca. 1860). On Pete Seeger "Rainbow Quest" (Folkways), "Where Have All the Flowers", "Can't You See This system" (on & in) "Carry It On" On John McCutcheon "Step By Step" (Rounder) & Sweet Honey In The Rock "The Other Side". In *SQ* 10-2, *Carry It On*, & *C's S for a Friendly Planet*.

Turning Of the World

1. Let us sing this song for the turning of the world
 That we may turn as one
 With every voice, with every song
 we will move this world along

And our lives will feel the echo of our turning
 With every voice, with every song
 we will move this world along (2x)

And our lives will feel the echo of our turning

G D Em Bm / C G D - / 1st / C G D G
 D - G - C G D - / G D Em Bm / C G D G

2. loving/love 3. healing/heal 4. dreaming/dream

For last v. go backwards repeating:

And our lives will feel the echo of our dreaming
 And our...healing / ...loving / ...turning

- Ruth Pelham

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Under One Sky

We're all a family under one sky
 We're a family under one sky (repeat)

D G / A D //

1. We're people * we're animals *
 We're flowers * and we're birds in flight
 Well we're people * we're animals *
 We're flowers * & birds in flight (*=echo)

G - D - / A - DG D / G - D - / A - D -

2. plumbers / doctors / farmers / & we're teachers too
 And we're artists / electricians / waitresses /
 and we're astronauts

3. sisters / brothers / friends / & neighbors too
 grandmas / grandpas / grandchildren / & we're parents too

4. lions / puppies / kittycats / & we're horses too
 cows / sheep / snakes / & we are pigs (make the sounds)

5. happy / angry / frightened / & we're tender too
 sad / curious / embarrassed / & we're really excited!
 (pantomime these feelings)

6. Americans / Russians / Ethiopians / & Vietnamese
 Israelis / Palestinians / Nicaraguans / & we're Chinese

- Ruth Pelham

© 1982 Ruth Pelham (ASCAP) PO Box 6024, Albany NY 12206. Used by permission. - On her "Under One Sky" (GW), Betty Phelan & Peggy Morgan "Fest of S" (YellowOrchard), Nan Hoffman "Ahead of the Game" & Bill Harley "50 Ways to Fool Your Mother".

PEACE

The Cruel War

The cruel war is raging & Johnny has to fight
I want to be with him from morning til night
I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so
O let me go with you: No, my love, no

G Em Am Bm / Em C D7 (or GC) G //

I'll go to your captain, get down upon my knees
10,000 gold guineas I'd give for your release
10,000 gold guineas, it grieves my heart so
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love no

Tomorrow is Sunday & Monday is the day
Your captain calls for you & you must obey
Your captain calls for you, it... / Won't you...

Your waist is too slender, your fingers are too small
Your cheeks are too rosy to face the cannonball
Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves...

Johnny, o Johnny, I think you are unkind
I love you far better than all other mankind
I love you far better than tongue can express
Won't you let me go with you? O, yes, my love, yes

I'll pull back my hair, men's clothes I'll put on
I'll pass for your comrade as we march along
I'll pass for your comrade & none will ever guess
Won't you let me go with you? Yes, my love, yes

- trad.

Based on Lib. of Congress field recording of Charles Ingethron in Walnut Shade, MO, made by Vance Randolph, in SO1 14-2, Reprints #8, ES Ency 11, The Legal Fake B & Lip'd Woman's SB, On Peggy Seeger "FS & Bas" & Caer V2. On "Peter Paul & Mary", their "Best of" & in their SB.

Deep Blue Sea

1. Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea (3x)
Now there's peace in all the lands & o'er the deep blue sea
DGD- G-D-/DGD- G-A-/1st/D---G DAD-

2. Sleep my child, you are safe & sound (3x) for / Now...
3. Just yesterday war clouds hung so low (3x) but...
4. Love of life finally turned the tide (3x) and...

- w: John Bell m: trad. ("Deep Blue Sea")

words © 1982 John Bell. Used by permission. - "When my daughter was 6 1/2, she said as we were driving to school one day 'Daddy, they won't have a war before I'm 21, will they?' Before I could respond, she added 'Or at least they don't shoot little girls before they're 7, do they?' Not long after this I was singing her to sleep & found myself taking an old tune to form a song of reassurance that we adults can sing to the children of the world" - JB. On "Peace Gathering 5". For tune sources see SEAS.

Draft Dodger Rag

I'm just a typical American boy
From a typical American town
I believe in God & Senator Dodd
And in keeping old Castro down
'N when it came my time to serve
I knew "B etter dead than red"
But when I got to my old draft board, Buddy
This is what I said:

G - / A - / D7 - / - G //

Sarge, I'm only 18, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat & my feet are flat
And my asthma's gettin' worse
O think of my career, my sweetheart dear
My poor old invalid aunt
Besides I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm workin' in a defense plant

RISE UP SINGING

I got a dislocated disc & a racked-up back
I'm allergic to flowers & bugs
And when the bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes & I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze

I hate Chou En-Lai & I hope he dies
But one thing you gotta see
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me
So I wish you well Sarge, give 'em hell
Yeah, kill a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood & gore
Well, I'll be the first to go!

- Phil Ochs

© 1964 by Applesized Music, Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission. - On his "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" (Elektra) & "Chords of Fame" (A&M) & Pete Seeger "Dangerous S". In SO1 13-1 & Reprints #9.

Hymn For Nations

Brother, sing your country's anthem
Shout your land's undying fame
Light the wondrous tale of nations
With your people's golden name
Tell your father's noble story
Raise on high your country's sign
Join, then, in the final glory

Brother, lift your flag with mine!

G -- D // / G - D G
D G D G / D B7 A D / G -- D / G - D G

Hail the sun of peace, new rising
Hold the war clouds closer furled
Blend our banners, O my brother
In the rainbow of the world!
Red as blood, & blue as heaven
Wise as age, & proud as youth
Melt our colors, wonder woven
In the great white light of Truth!

Build the road of peace before us
Build it wide & deep & long
Speed the slow & check the eager
Help the weak & curb the strong
None shall push aside another
None shall let another fall
March beside me, O my brother
All for one, & one for all!

- w: Josephine Daskam Bacon (Grd v. Don West)
- m: Ludwig van Beethoven (9th Symphony, 1824)

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I Ain't Marchin' Anymore

I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war
A young land was a-growin', the young blood started flowin'
But I ain't marchin' anymore
I killed my share of Indians in a thousand different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I saw many men a-lyin', I saw many more a-dyin' / But...

D - A - // / D Em C Bm / G - A - //

Mrs. McGrath

"O Mrs. McGrath" the sergeant said
 "Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted?
 With a scarlet coat & a big cocked hat
 Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"
 Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-diddle-aa

Too-ri-oori-oori-aa (repeat) (pron. "ri" as "rye")
 G--D//GCGD/GDGD//GEmG-/EmDG--//

So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore
 For the space of seven long years or more
 Til she saw a big ship sailing into the bay
 "Hullaloo, bubaloo & I think it is he!"
 "O Captain dear, where have ye been?
 Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen?
 Or have you any tidings of my son Ted?
 Is the poor boy living or is he dead?"

Then up comes Ted without any legs
 And in their place two wooden pegs
 She kissed him a dozen times or two
 Saying "Holy Moses, 'tisn't you"
 "O then were ye drunk or were ye blind
 That ye left yer two fine legs behind?
 Or was it walking up the sea
 Wore yer two fine legs from the knees away?"

"O I wasn't drunk & I wasn't blind
 But I left my two fine legs behind
 For a cannonball on the fifth of May
 Took my two fine legs from the knees away"
 "O then, Teddy me boy" the widow cried
 "Yer two fine legs were yer mama's pride
 Them stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all
 Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?"

All foreign wars I do proclaim
 Between Don John & the King of Spain
 And by herrin's! I'll make them rue the time
 That they swept the legs from a child of mine
 O then, if I had ye back again
 I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain
 For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be
 Than the King of France & his whole Naveel!

- trad. (Irish)
 On Pete Seeger "Sing Out with Pete", "Wowoh" & "I Can See a New Day".
 In *SQL 64* & *Reminis #1*. *Hootenanny SB*, *Bikel ES* & *Footnotes*, *ES/Ency*.
V2, *CD of Eric Irleland Scotland & Wales* & *S That Changed the World*.

Mothers, Daughters, Wives

The first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons
 And in between your husbands marched away with guns
 & drums
 And you never thought to question, you just went on with
 your lives
 'Cause all they'd taught you who to be was mothers,
 daughters, wives

G--D/G-CD/G-CG/Am-CD

You can only just remember, the tears your mothers shed
 As they sat & read their papers thru the lists & lists of dead
 And the gold frames held the photographs that mothers
 kissed each night
 And the doorframes held the shocked & silent strangers
 from the fight

It was 21 years later with children of your own
 The trumpeter sounded once again & the soldier boys were gone
 And you drove their trucks & made their guns & tended to
 their wounds
 And at night you kissed their photographs & prayed for safe returns

And after it was over, you had to learn again
 To be just wives & mothers when you'd done the work of men
 So you worked to help the needy & you never trod on toes
 And the photos on the pianos struck a happy family pose

Then your daughters grew to women & your little boys to men
 And you prayed that you were dreaming when the call-up
 came again

But you proudly smiled & held your tears as they bravely
 waved goodbye
 And the photos on the mantelpieces always made you cry

And now you're getting older & in time the photos fade
 And in widowhood you sit back & reflect on the parade
 Of the passing of your memories as your daughters change
 their lives

Seeing more to our existence than just mothers, daughters, wives:
 - Judy Small

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 - On "Judy Small". *Prisc Herdman* "Seasons of Change". *Ronnie Gilbert*.
 "The Spirit Is Free" (*Redwood*) & *Margaret Christ* "Looking Towards Home".
 In *SQL 30-1* & *Here's to the Women*.

No Man's Land

Well how do you do Private William McBride
 Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside
 And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun?
 I've been walking all day & I'm nearly done
 And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
 When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916
 Well I hope you died quick & I hope you died clean
 Or Willie McBride was it slow & obscene?

G - C Am / D - G D / 1st / D - C G
 G - Am - / " / G - Am - / " /

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?
 Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?
 Did the bugles sound the last post in chorus?
 Did the pipes play the "Flowers o' the Forest"?

D - C G / / Am - D - / G C D G

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
 In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined
 And tho' you died back in 1916

To that faithful heart are you forever 19?

Or are you a stranger without even a name
 Forever enclosed behind some glass pane
 In an old photograph torn & tattered & stained
 And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

But the sun shining now on these green fields of France
 The warm wind blows gently & the red poppies dance
 The trenches have all vanished under the plow
 No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now
 But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land
 The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
 To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
 And a whole generation who were butchered & damned

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride
 Do all those who lie here know why they died?
 Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
 Did you really believe that this war would end wars?

The suffering the sorrow the glory the shame
 The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
 For Willie McBride it all happened again
 And again & again & again & again

- Eric Bogle
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 by permission. - On his "Scraps of Paper" & "Live in Person". *June Tabor*
 "Ashes & Diamonds" (*Topic*), *Bob Muir* & *Trickett* "Ways of Man" (*FolkLeg*).
Prisc Herdman "Forgotten Dreams" & on "S for Peace". In *SQL 28-4*.

OUTDOORS

They Call the Wind Maria

Way out here they've got a name for rain & wind & fire
The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe & they call the wind Maria *
Maria blows the stars around & sends the clouds a-flying
Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up there were dying
Maria, Maria / They call the wind Maria

C Am (2x) / C Em FG C / C Am C -
F Em FG C // F--- Em--- / F-G-C---

Before I heard Maria's name & heard her wail & whining
I had a man & he had me & the sun was always shining
But then one day I lost that guy, I left him far behind me
And now I'm lost, so goddam lost, not even God can find me...

Out here they've got a name for rain, for wind & fire only
But when you're lost & all alone, there ain't no word but lonely
I feel just like the restless wind, without a star to guide me
Maria blow my love to me, I need my love beside me...

- w: Alan Jay Lerner m: Frederick Loewe

* Maria is pronounced "Mah-ree-ah". © 1951 by Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe. Copyright renewed, Chappell & Co., Inc. owner of publication & all other rights throughout the world. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Printed in USA. Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright. Infringers are liable under the law. - Fr their musical *Paint Your Wagon*. On *Country Gentlemen* "Yesterday & Today V3" (Rebel 517 1333) & Kingston Trio "25 Yrs". In Broadway SAs.



Urge For Goin'

When I woke up today & found the frost perched on the town
It hovered in a frozen sky & gobbled summer down
When the sun turns traitor cold
And shivering trees are standing in a naked row
I get the urge for going & I never seem to go

DC - D / -- CD / GF / GFA - / 1st

And I get the urge for going when the meadow grass is
turning brown

Summertime is falling down, winter's closing in

CG D CG D / CG D DC D

And I had a girl in the summertime with summer colored skin
And not another man in town my darling's heart could win
But when the leaves fell trembling down
And bully winds did rub their faces in the snow
She got the urge for going & I had to let her go
And she got the urge... when the meadow grass was...

The warriors of winter give a cold triumphant shout
All that stays is dying, all that lives is getting out
See the geese in chevron flight
Flapping & a-racing on before the snow
They've got the urge for going, they've got the wings to fly
And they get the urge for going...

So I'll ply the fire with kindling, pull the blankets to my chin
I'll lock the vagrant winter out & bolt my wandering in
I'd like to call back summertime
And have her stay for just another month or so
She's got the urge for going & I guess she'll have to go
And she gets the urge for going... is turning brown
All her empires are falling down & winter's closing in
And I get the urge for going... / Summertime is falling...

- Joel Mitchell

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- in *SQ 18-4*. On "Dave Van Ronk" (Polydor) & Tom Rush "The Circle Game".

RISE UP SINGING

Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summertime is coming & the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the purple heather
Will you go, lassie go & we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme all around the
blooming heather
Will you go lassie go?

DG D G D / GD Bm Em G // DG D

I will build my love a bower by yon crystal flowing fountain
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain

If my true love will not go, I can surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the purple
heather

I will build my love a sheiter on yon high mountain green
And my love shall be the fairest that the summer sun has seen
- trad. (Scottish)

In *SQ 13-2* & *Reprints #6, 1004 ES*. How Can We Keep fr Singing? & *Judy Collins SB* & on her "Maid of Constant Sorrow". On Joan Baez "Farewell Angelina" & "Love S Alb". Judy Small "Reunion" & Madeleine MacNeil "Soon It's Gonna Rain".

You Fill the Day

You fill the day with your glory & your power
You fill the night with your quiet & your deep love

(in C caps up) C Em F CG / /

Run with your head up in the wind (2x) the wind
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And breathe the wind that makes you free (2x)

C G C CG / Em Am Dm G / CF G / F G

Stand with your face up in the sun (2x) the sun
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And feel the warmth that makes you free (2x)

Lie with your face up in the rain (2x)... / Your...door
And drink the rain that makes you free (2x)

Walk hand in hand with one you love (2x)... / Your...
And hold the hand that makes you free (2x)

- Joe Wise

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There are a number of other songs about nature, weather, the seasons, hiking, etc. in the following chapters: ECOLOGY, FARM & PRAIRIE, LOVE, LULLABIES, MOUNTAIN VOICES and ROUNDS.

Other songs on this subject include: On *Riley Moor Bah i'Al (FUN)* By the Light of the Silvery Moon, Shine On Harvest Moon, Trail of the Lonesome Pine (GOLD) Blackbird, Turning toward the Morning (HOPE) & Foggy Foggy Dew (TIME).