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 see each other free
— Betty Rose

Sing Along

I get butterflies in my stomach whenever I start to sing
Hate people on a microphone I shake like anything
But if you'll sing along with me I'll hollow out loud
"Cause I'm a wide nervous lonesome, but I'm swell when I'm a crowd
C-F-C/F-C-D-G/C-F-C/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-F-C/-F-G-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 a wide nervous lonesome, but I'm a fine committee

My congressmen'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 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
— Marion Reynolds

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 tu, tu navegas en mi
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 rio, el rio le canta al mar
Y el mar le canta al barco, que los dos nos va a llevar
El barco en que navegamos fué hecho por muchas manos
Y el mar que ahora surcamos, muchas tierras tocadas

La jornada ha sido dura y aún seguimos navegando
Desafiando las tormentas, y a
d 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 / As:
— w: United Mine Workers m: trad. Irish, adapt. Walser Halp
Adapted from the preambule to an early Constitution of United Mine Worker's Union (ca. 1860). In Pete Seeger "Rainbow Quest" (Follows), "Where Have All the Flowers", "Can't You See This System" & (on & in) "Carry On" (Jim McCauley's "Step by Step" (Follows) & 1850s song in The Rock "The Other Side". In SO! 10:4, "Carry On"

Turning Of The World

1. Let us sing this song for the turning of the world
2. That we may turn as one
3. With every voice, with every song
4. We will move this world along
5. And our lives will feel the echo of our turning
6. With every voice, with every song
7. We will move this world along (2x)
8. And our lives will feel the echo of our turning

G-D Em Bm / C G-D - / As / 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
2. We're flowers — and we're birds in flight
3. Well we're people — we're animals
4. We're flowers — and we're birds in flight ("-echo"

G-D — / A — D-G D/G — D — A-D-

2. plumbers / doctors / farmers / & we're teachers too
3. And we're artists / electricians / waitresses /
4. and we're astronauts
5. sisters / brothers / friends / & neighbors too
6. grandmas / grandpas / grandchildren / & we're parents too
7. lions / puppies / kittens / & we're horses too
8. cows / sheep / snakes / & we are pigs (make the sounds)
9. happy / angry / frightened / & we're tender too
10. sad / curious / embarrassed / & we're really excited!
11. (pronounce those feelings)

6. Americans / Russians / Ethiopians / & Vietnamese
7. Israelis / Palestinians / Nicaraguans / & we're Chinese
— Ruth Pelham
© 1982 Ruth Pelham (ASCAP). PO Box 6124, Albany NY 12206. Used by permission. — On her "Under One Sky" (GM). Betty Melon & Peggy Morgan "Pest of 3" (YellowOrchard). Nan Hoffman "Ahead of the Game" & Bill Harvey "50 Ways to Fool Your Mother".

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PEACE

The Cruel War

The cruel war is raging & Johnny has to fight
I want to be with him from morning till 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/E 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.


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 D--C C 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 [tradd. ("Deep Blue Sea")]

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 votes & I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy come 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 gonna 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

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 GD/D DAD/G--D/G D G
Hail the sun of peace, new rising
Hold the war clouds closer furled
Bleed 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 (Gd v. Don West)

I Ain't Marchin' Anymore

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 'Better 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 sweet heart's care
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

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) (prosa. "ri" as "tye")

G--D/ /GCGD/GCGD//GEmG-/EmDG-//

So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay
"Hullabaloo & I think it is her!"

"O Captain dear, where have ye been?
Have you been sailing on the Mediterranean?"
Or have you any tidings of my 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, 'tain'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
Told my two fine legs from the knees away"

"O then, Teddy boy" the widow cried
"Yer two fine legs were yer mamma'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 herin'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 Navee!"-- trad. (Irish)


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

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 trumpet 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 young 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


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/ 1se/ D - C G

G - Am/- G - A m/ /

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fifes 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 glow
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 Bogie

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 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 you 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 shelter on you high mountain green
And my love shall be the fairest that the summer sun has seen —

trad. (Scottish)

in SONGS & ballads of 1600-1900, ed. by Fred Price  & Faust, p. 115 (Shirley, Mass.)

You fill the day

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

(CG D CG D / CG D DC D)

Run with your head up in the wind (x2) the wind
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And breathe the wind that makes you free (x2)

CG CG Dm G / CF CG G F G

Stand with your face up in the sun (x2) the sun
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And feel the warmth that makes you free (x2)

Lie with your face up in the rain (x2)... Your... door
And drink the rain that makes you free (x2)

Walk hand in hand with one you love (x2) ... Your...
And hold the hand that makes you free (x2)

— Joe Wise

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