



Wild Over Me

By Candie Anderson-Carawan

We Will Sing One Song

By Joe Hill (Tune: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horn-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

(CHORUS:)

**Organize! Oh, toilers, organize your power;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers'
commonwealth,
Full of beauty, full of love and health.**

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

(CHORUS)

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes beyond the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."
Then we sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

(CHORUS)

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of slaves without homes,
Oh it's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and C.E.O.s!

They go wild simply wild over me.
Though I've never done them harm that i can see I'm as
gentle as a lamb but they take me for a ram

I'm as mild mannered one as can be,
And I've never done no harm that I can see.
Yet on me they put a ban, they would throw me in the
can,
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh the cops , they went wild over me.
Oh, the manager he went wild over me.
When I went one afternoon and sat for tea.
He was breathin' mighty hard, when his pleas I'd
disregard,
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me.
And I plainly saw we never could agree;
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

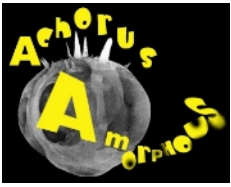
Then the jailer, he went wild over me,
Well, he locked me up and threw away the key;
In a segregated cage I'd be kept, it was the rage,
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

They go wild, simply wild, over me,
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;
They disturb my slumber deep, they would rob me of my
sleep,
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone into that land that is to be?
When my soul & body part, in the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

Will my children go wild or go free
When it's time for them to go to town for tea?
Will the government still love oil and gas like hand-in-
glove?
Or will justice have come sustainably?

CatholicWorker.biz/achorusamorphous
#StreetTaiChi



Rebel Girl

Joe Hill and Hazel Dickens

Preachers & Slaves

By Joe Hill (Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Fearful preachers come out every night,
Think they tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye,
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!

The starvation army they play,
They sing and they clap and they pray
'Till they get all your coin on the drum
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

(CHORUS)

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,
They holler, they jump and they shout.
Give your money to Jesus they say,
He will cure all diseases today.
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.

(CHORUS)

Workingmen of all countries, unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

(FINAL CHORUS:)

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to bake &
fry. Chop some wood, 'twill do you
good,
You'll get pie in the sky 'fore you die—
That's NO LIE!

There are women of many dimensions
In this cruel world, as everyone knows.
Some are living in beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothes.
There's the blue blooded queen or the princess,
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearls
But the only true thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

CHORUS:

She's a Rebel Girl, a Rebel Girl!
She's the working class,
the strength of this world.
From Portland to Stockton you'll see
Her fighting for you and for me.
Yes, she's there by your side
with her courage and pride.
She's equal to all everywhere.
And, I'm proud to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.

Though her hands may be hardened from labor
And her blouses may not be too fine.
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the bosses know that they can't change her
She'd die to defend the worker's world.
And the only true thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

(CHORUS)

