

## **Links On The Chain**

By Phil Ochs

Come you ranks of labor, come you union core,  
And see if you remember the struggles of before,  
When you were standing helpless on the outside of the door  
And you started building links on the chain.  
On the chain, you started building links on the chain.

When the police on the horses were waitin' on demand,  
Ridin' through the strike with the pistols in their hands,  
Swingin' at the skulls of many a union man,  
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,  
As you built one more link on the chain.

Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run,  
But the army of the union, they did what could be done,  
Oh, the power of the factory was greater than the gun,  
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,  
As you built one more link on the chain.

And then in 1954, decisions finally made,  
The black man was a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,  
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed,  
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,  
As you lost yourself a link on the chain.

And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides,  
And forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,

Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side,  
As they watched you lose your link on the chain, on the chain,  
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.

You know when they block your trucks boys, by layin' on the road,  
All that they are doin' is all that you have showed,  
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed,  
When you're building all your links on the chain, on the chain,  
When you're building all your links on the chain.

And the man who tries to tell you that they'll take your job away,  
He's the same man who was scabbin' hard just the other day,  
And your union's not a union till he's thrown out of the way,  
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain, of the chain,  
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain.

For now the times are tellin' you the times are rollin' on,  
And you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone,  
Now it's only fair to ask you boys, which side are you on?  
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain, on the chain,  
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain.

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## STAND UP FOR JUDAS

by Leon Rosselson

The Romans were the masters when Jesus  
walked the land  
In Judea and in Galilee they ruled with an  
iron hand  
And the poor were sick with hunger and the  
rich were clothed in splendour  
And the rebels whipped and crucified hung  
rotting as a warning  
And Jesus knew the answer  
Said, Give to Caesar what is Caesar's, said,  
Love your enemies  
But Judas was a Zealot and he wanted to be  
free  
Resist, he said, The Romans' tyranny

Chorus:

So stand up, stand up for Judas and the  
cause that Judas served  
It was Jesus who betrayed the poor with his  
word

Jesus was a conjuror, miracles were his  
game  
And he fed the hungry thousands and they  
glorified his name  
He cured the lame and the lepers, he calmed  
the wind and the weather  
And the wretched flocked to touch him so  
their troubles would be taken  
And Jesus knew the answer  
All you who labour, all you who suffer only  
believe in me  
But Judas sought a world where no one  
starved or begged for bread  
The poor are always with us, Jesus said

Chorus

Now Jesus brought division where none had  
been before  
Not the slaves against their masters but the  
poor against the poor

Set son to rise up against father, and brother  
to fight against brother  
For he that is not with me is against me, was  
his teaching  
Said Jesus, I am the answer  
You unbelievers shall burn forever, shall die  
in your sins  
Not sheep and goats, said Judas, But  
together we may dare  
Shake off the chains of misery we share

Chorus

Jesus stood upon the mountain with a  
distance in his eyes  
I am the way, the life, he cried, The light  
that never dies  
So renounce all earthly treasures and pray to  
your heavenly father  
And he pacified the hopeless with the hope  
of life eternal  
Said Jesus, I am the answer  
And you who hunger only remember your  
reward's in Heaven  
So Jesus preached the other world but Judas  
wanted this  
And he betrayed his master with a kiss

Chorus

By sword and gun and crucifix Christ's  
gospel has been spread  
And 2000 cruel years have shown the way  
that Jesus led  
The heretics burned and tortured, and the  
butchering, bloody crusaders  
The bombs and rockets sanctified that rain  
down death from heaven  
They followed Jesus, they knew the answer  
All non-believers must be believers or else  
be broken  
So put no trust in Saviours, Judas said, For  
everyone  
Must be to his or her own self - a son

**Talkin' Union**

by Pete Seeger

If you want higher wages, let me tell you  
what to do;  
You got to talk to the workers in the shop  
with you;  
You got to build you a union, got to make it  
strong,  
But if you all stick together, now, 'twont he  
long.  
You'll get shorter hours,  
Better working conditions.  
Vacations with pay,  
Take your kids to the seashore.

It ain't quite this simple, so I better explain  
Just why you got to ride on the union train;  
'Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your  
pay,  
We'll all be waiting till Judgment Day;  
We'll all be buried - gone to Heaven -  
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then.

Now, you know you're underpaid, hut the  
boss says you ain't;  
He speeds up the work till you're 'bout to  
faint,  
You may be down and out, but you ain't  
beaten,  
Pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'  
Talk it over - speak your mind -  
Decide to do something about it.

'Course, the boss may persuade some poor  
damn fool  
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;  
But you can always tell a stool, though -  
that's a fact;  
He's got a yellow streak running down his  
back;  
He doesn't have to stool - he'll always make  
a good living  
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

You got a union now; you're sitting pretty;  
Put some of the boys on the steering

committee.  
The boss won't listen when one man  
squawks.  
But he's got to listen when the union talks.  
He better -  
He'll be mighty lonely one of these days.

Suppose they're working you so hard it's just  
outrageous,  
They're paying you all starvation wages;  
You go to the boss, and the boss would yell,  
"Before I'd raise your pay I'd see you all in  
Hell."  
Well, he's puffing a big see-gar and feeling  
mighty slick,  
He thinks he's got your union licked.  
He looks out the window, and what does he  
see  
But a thousand pickets, and they all agree  
He's a bastard - unfair - slave driver -  
Bet he beats his own wife.

Now, boy, you've come to the hardest time;  
The boss will try to bust your picket line.  
He'll call out the police, the National Guard;  
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union  
card.  
They'll raid your meeting, hit you on the  
head.  
Call every one of you a goddamn Red -  
Unpatriotic - Moscow agents -  
Bomb throwers, even the kids.

But out in Detroit here's what they found,  
And out in Frisco here's what they found,  
And out in Pittsburgh here's what they  
found,  
And down in Bethlehem here's what they  
found,  
That if you don't let Red-baiting break you  
up,  
If you don't let stool pigeons break you up,  
If you don't let vigilantes break you up,  
And if you don't let race hatred break you up  
-  
You'll win. What I mean,

Take it easy - but take it!

### **Union Maid**

by Woody Guthrie (1960)

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.

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

You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from me;

Get you a man who's a union man and join the ladies' auxiliary.

Married life ain't hard when you got a union card,

A union man has a happy life when he's got a union wife.

### **Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around**

(The lyrics of this traditional Negro spiritual can be adapted to any occasion. This version is about the Vietnam War.)

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around...

Keep on a-walkin'

Keep on a-talkin'

Gonna build a brand new world.

Ain't gonna let the administration turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let the administration turn me around...

Keep on a-walkin'

Keep on a-talkin'

Gonna build a brand new world.

Ain't gonna let no first-strike policy turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let no first-strike policy turn me around...

Keep on a-walkin'

Keep on a-talkin'

Gonna build a brand new world.

Ain't gonna let Indira Ghandi turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let Indira (how'd she get that name?) 'round...

Keep on a-walkin'

Keep on a-talkin'

Gonna build a brand new world.

Ain't gonna let that Henry Kissenger turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let that killer Kissenger turn me around...

Keep on a-walkin'

Keep on a-talkin'

Gonna build a brand new world.

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around...

turn me around...turn me around...

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around...

Keep on a-swingin'

Keep on a-singin'

Gonna build a brand new world.