

DETROIT REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT RECORDS

BOX 15 OF 16

FOLDER 21

RADICAL SONGS

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
THIS LAND IS MY LAND
FROM CALIFORNIA
TO THE NEW YORK ISLAND
FROM THE REDWOOD FORESTS
TO THE GULF STREAM WATERS
THIS LAND WAS MADE BY YOU AND ME

IN THE SQUARES OF THE CITY
BY THE SHADOW OF THE STEEPLE
NEAR THE RELIEF OFFICE
I SAW MY PEOPLE
AS THEY STOOD THERE HUNGRY
I STOOD THERE WHISTLING
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

WAS A BIG HIGH WALL THERE
THAT TRIED TO STOP ME
WAS A GREAT BIG SIGN THAT
SAID PRIVATE PROPERTY
BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE
IT DIDN'T SAY NOTHING
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

NOBODY LIVING
CAN EVER STOP ME
AS I GO WALKING
MY FREEDOM HIGHWAY
NOBODY LIVING
CAN MAKE ME TURN BACK
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

(verses by Woodie Guthrie)

MAYBE YOU BEEN WORKING
AS HARD AS YOU'RE ABLE
AND YOU MUST GET CRUMBS
FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE
MAYBE YOU BEEN WONDERING
IS IT TRUTH OR FABLE
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

(verse by Pete Seeger)

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
BUT IT'S NOT MY LAND
FROM THE MEKONG DELTA
TO THE PLEIKU HIGHLAND
WHEN THEY GET SHOT AT
THE PUPPET TROOPS FLEE
THIS LAND WAS MEANT FOR THE VIETNAMESE

AT THIS VERY MOMENT
AN AIR WAR RAGES
DESTROYING PEOPLE
THEIR CROPS AND VILLAGES
BUT THE VIETNAMESE ARE
STILL IN THE STRUGGLE
VICTORY FOR THE VIETNAMESE

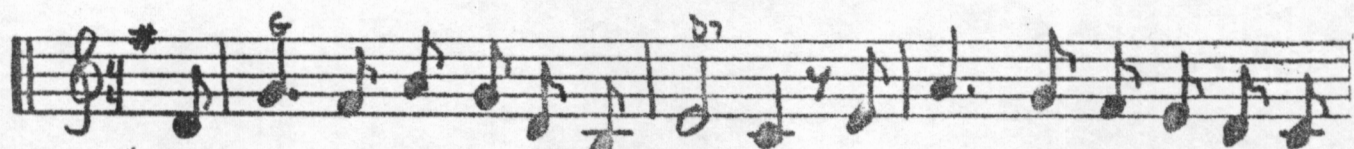
I WENT TO CHILE
I SAW THE WORKERS
TAKING OVER FACTORIES
TAKING OVER COPPER MINES
AND ALL AROUND ME
THE RED FLAGS WAVING
THIS LAND IS NOT FOR I.T.T.

HERE IN DETROIT NOW
I SEE THE FACTORIES
I SEE THE HUNGER
I SEE THE POWER
HEAR CHILDREN CRYING
SEE A PEOPLE TRYING
AND SIGN THAT SAYS "PRIVATE PROPERTY"

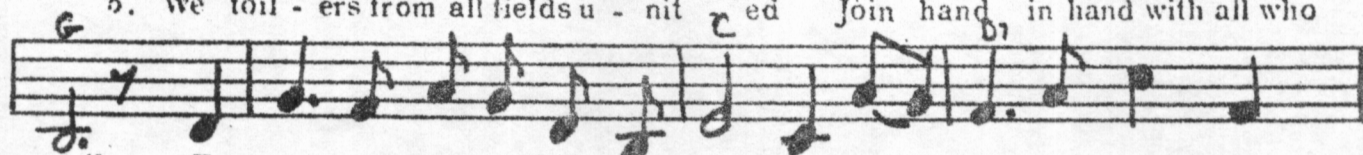
HERE AT HOME
OUR WAGES FROZEN
OUR WORK LOAD DOUBLED
THE OPTIONS CLOSIN'
WE MUST UNITE NOW
TOGETHER WE'LL FIGHT NOW
THIS LAND WAS MADE BY YOU AND ME

(this song was begun by Woodie
Guthrie and continued by
people in Detroit 1972)

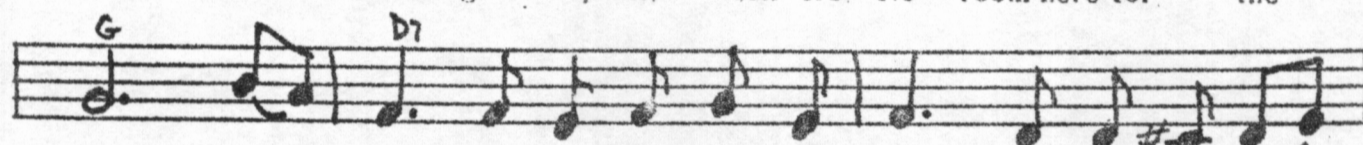
The International



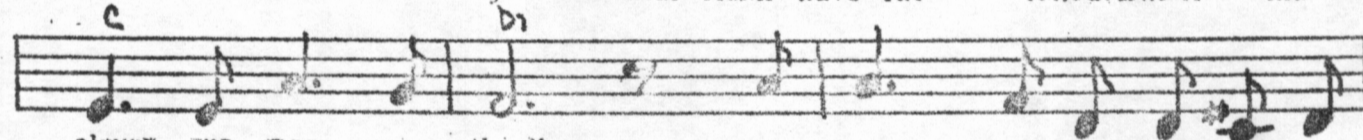
1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit ed Join hand, in hand with all who



earth For jus - tice thunders 'condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in
 hall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for
 blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -
 soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered
 work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers. No room here for the



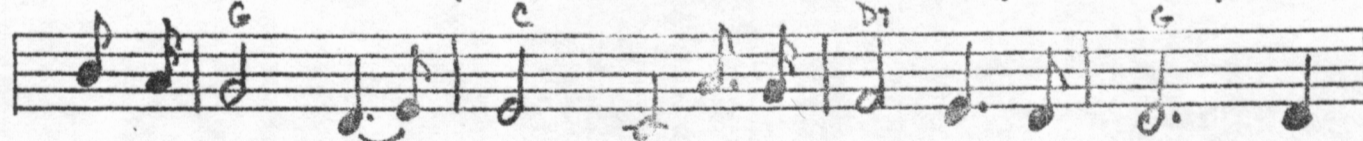
birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye
 all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the
 lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -
 toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds
 shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the



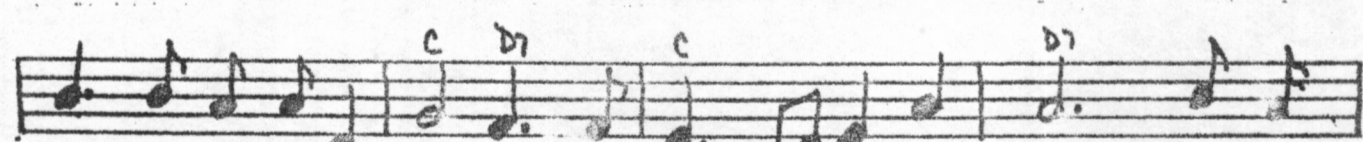
slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -
 spir - it from its cell We must our selves de - cide our
 ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with - out their
 of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res - ti -
 nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some



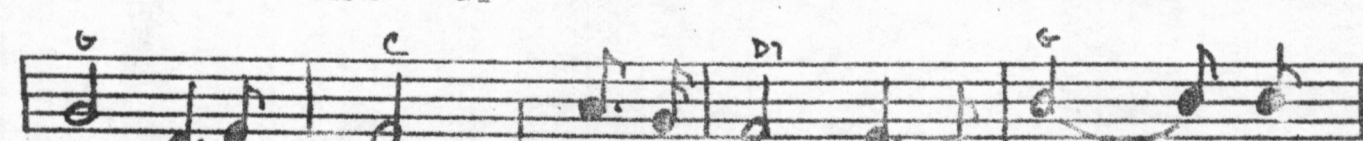
da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.
 du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.
 du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause?"
 tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.
 morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.



'Tis the fin - al con - flict Let each stand in their place The



In ter na tion al shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the



fin - al con - flict Let each stand in their place The



In ter na tion al shall be the hu - man race.

We Need a Communist Party

We need a Communist Party
And we don't mean the C. P. U. S. A.
Without a true, blue, new type of Communist Party
The proletarian revolution won't go the workers way.
We've got to support the liberation struggles
And we've got to fight to free the colonies.
Because we know from the national question
That we can't see no freedom til -
All oppressed people are free!
We're gonna enter the struggle comrades
Without no hesitation
Because history's called us comrades
Into this righteous situation!
And cause we looked at the world, comrades
In all its various relations!
Don't you know we see our history
And say the slogan, "Free the Negro Nation"
Liberation, working class power
And we'll fight for the power
Every hour of the day
And we'll hold onto the Communist science
And you bet we will destroy the C. P. U. S. A.

(Repeat first 4 lines)

MAKE EVERY FACTORY OUR FORTRESS!

ARM THE CLASS WITH ITS GREATEST WEAPON -
THE IDEOLOGY OF MARXISM-LENINISM!

BUILD A MULTI-NATIONAL COMMUNIST PARTY!

WORKERS AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

ANG MASA /
LINYANG PANGMASA / MAKIBAKA Words: the New Peoples Army of
the Philippines. English: Barbara Dane

Ang masa, ang masa lamang
Ang siyang tunay na bayani
Ang masa, ang masa lamang,
Ang siyang tagapaglikha.
Ang masa, ang masa lamang
Ang siyang, tagapaglikha.
Ang masa, o ang masa,
Tagapaglikha ng kasaysay an!

Sundin ng buong tatag
Ang linyang pangmasa
Mula sa masa, tungo sa masa,
Ito ang ating patnubay.
Sundin ng buong tatag
Ang linyang pangmasa
Mula sa masa, tungo sa masa
It ang ating patnubay.

Makibaka, huwag matakot
Harapin ang kahirapan
Magsamahan, magtulungan
Ng makamtan ang tagumpay. (Repeat)
MAKIBAKA! HUWAG MATOKOT!
Ng makamtan ang tagumpay.

(Shout the last two lines.)

The masses, the masses only
Are the makers of our history.
The masses, the masses only
Have the power to create.
The masses, the masses only,
All our heroes come from you.
The masses, oh the masses,
You are the masters of our fate!

The people's wisdom is our guide,
And from them comes our light.
Learn from the people, and serve the
people

And then, united, fight!
The people's wisdom is our guide,
And from them comes our light,
Learn from the people, then serve the
people,
And then united fight!

Makibaka, dare to struggle;
Huwag matakot, have no fear.
When the struggle is united,
We will know our vict'ry is near.
(Repeat last four lines)

Makibaka! Huwag Matakot!
Dare to struggle! Dare to win!
(Shout last two lines)

* * * * *

THANK YOU - key of C

Chorus:

Thank you, thank you Richard Nixon,
Thank you for the job you've done,
Revolution is the people's thankyou
And the thankyou has just begun.

(Repeat chorus - Henry Kissinger)

Well you know you took the power from
the people, and their land
But now we've got the people's
movement

And we'll crush your blood-stained
hands.

Chorus: Bill Westmoreland

Well, you know you took the power
from the people, and that's wrong.
But now we've got a people's movement
And we're growing, we're getting strong.

Chorus (you slob generals)

Well, you know you took the power
from the people,
That was your decree.
But now we've got the GI movement
And we're marching on to victory.

Chorus (Richard Nixon)

by Diane Boesch

SISTERS IN THE STRUGGLE

(CHORUS): D A7

We are sisters, in the struggle

We got to fight for all the world to

We got to -- hold up the fist of
liberation

We got to hold it up until we're free
** G7 D

Some of our sisters are in prisons,

Facing oppression every day

Their courage is teaching us to be
brave,
To fight together as they show us
the way.

(CHORUS)

Some of our sisters work in factories

Long hours for almost no pay

Their strength is teaching us to be
strong
To fight together as they show us
the way.

(repeat that line with every verse
as above)

(CHORUS)

Some of our sisters were in slavery

Still fight racist oppression today

Their unity is teaching us to seize
the time

To fight etc

(CHORUS)

Some of our sisters have children

That the Man wants to take away

Their struggle is teaching us not
to give in

(CHORUS)

Some of our sisters are in Vietnam

Where the Bombs are falling everyday

Their spirit is teaching us to stand
firm,

(CHORUS)

Some of our sisters are subpoenaed

Before Grand Juries everyday

Their silence is teaching us to
speak out,

(CHORUS)

All of our sisters are united

THE ITT SONG (tune of Casey Jones)

Dita Beard's a lobbyist in Wash. Dc

She wrote a little memo on behalf of
ITT

In order to avert a case against
monopoly,

They slipped four hundred thousand
to the GOP

(CHORUS):

ITT, GM and Chase Manhattan

ATT, they're all the same to me

Rip us off, their pocket books to
fatten

But we'll make the revolution, smash
monopoly

David Rockefeller is for integrated
schools

But over in South Africa they have
cheap labor pools

High profits from exploited blacks
make Chase Manhattan drool

Integration's liberal, but money
rules.

(CHORUS): (same except for last line)

But we'll make the revolution, set
the people free.

Freedom of expression is a First
Amendment right

But if you have the wrong ideas
they're liable to indict

When we try to stop the wars it
makes the state uptight

Free the Attica defendants and keep
up the fight

(CHORUS)

(First two lines of chorus then:
Making war, their pocket books to
fatten

Smash the military, smash monopoly.

The corporate power structure, well
they think they're mighty tall

But they just haven't seen the
writing on the wall

The people's liberation movement's
putting out a call

To stand up and fight united till
the system falls

(CHORUS)

ITT, GM and Chase Manhattan

ATT, they're all the same to me

Rip them off and redistribute power

To make the revolution, set the
people free.

(By 6 Guild Law Students at Rutgers,
on their way to Harrisburg on 4/1/72

We changed Harrisburg to Att

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

tune: In the Sweet By and By

words: Joe Hill

G L C G
Long haired preachers come out every night,

D7
Try to tell us what's wrong and what's right,

G C G
But when asked about something to eat,
D7 G

They will answer in voices so sweet:

CHORUS:

D7
You will eat -- by and by,

G
In that glorious land above the sky
G7 C

Work and pray, live on hay,

G D7 G
You'll get pie in the sky when you die

Oh, the starvation army, they play,
And they sing and they shout and they play,
Til they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

(CHORUS)

If you work hard for children and wife,
try to get something good from this life,
you're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
when you die you will sure go to hell.

(CHORUS)

Working folks of all countries, unite!
Side by side we for freedom will fight.
When this world and its wealth we have gained,
To the bastards we'll sing this refrain:

You will eat, by and by,
When you learn how to cook and to fry,
Chop some wood, it'll do you good.
And you'll eat in the sweet by and by.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND -Woody Guthrie
Chorus

This verse is the one everybody knows

As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me, that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

In the squares of the city, by the shadow of the steeple,
Near the relief office, I saw my people,
As they stood there hungry, I stood there whistling
This land was made for you and me.

Ho Chi Minh (round)
Tune of Hi Ho Anybody Home
Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh,
Dare to struggle, Dare to win
Dien Bien Phu will come again

* Was a big highway there that
* tried to stop me.....
Was a great big sign there said
"Private Property"
* But on the other side it didn't
say nothing
* This land is made for you and me

↑
CONT'D ON
OTHER SIDE

This land is your land continued.

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back.
This land etc.

(Chorus)

verse written by American Indians:

This land is your land, but once was
my land,
Before we sold you, Manhattan Island,
You pushed my nation, to the reser-
vation,
This land was stole by you from me.

BALLAD OF HO CHI MINH (Ewan McColl)

Far away, across the ocean,
Far beyond the sea's Eastern rim,
Lives a man, who is the father of
the Indochinese people,
And his name, it is Ho Chi Minh.
Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh! (2x each verse)

Ho Chi Minh, was a deep-sea sailor,
Served his time out on the seven seas,
Work and hardship were part of his
daily education,
Exploitation his ABC's
Ho ho etc

Ho Chi Minh came home from sailing
And he looked out on his native land,
Saw the want and the hunger of the
Indochinese people,
Foreign soldiers on every hand.

Ho Chi Minh, went to the mountains,
And he trained a determined band,
Heros all, sworn to liberate the Indochinese people,
Drive invaders from the land.

Fourteen men, became a hundred,
A hundred thousand, and Ho Chi Minh,
Forged and tempered, the army of the Indochinese people,
Freedom's army of Viet Minh.

Every soldier is a farmer,
Comes the evening and he grabs his hoe,
Comes the morning, he swings his rifle on his shoulder,
That's the army of Uncle Ho.

From the mountains and the jungles,
From the marshlands to the Plain of Reeds,
March the men and the women of the Indochinese army,
Planting freedom with victory seeds!

From Viet Bac to the Saigon Delta,
Marched the armies of Viet Minh,
And the wind stirs the banners of the Indochinese people,
Peace and Freedom, and Ho Chi Minh!

WE WILL LIBERATE THE SOUTH
words and music: Huynh Min Sieng
english words: Barbara Dane

G
Arise together comrades, forward march
Em

Our blood and bones will liberate
the South. (Ch)

G Am D
We will end Giac My, make the traitors
flee (G)

Em D
Before our united wrath!

G Em
High in the Truong Son, along the
Mekong, (Am)
C G7

We will raise our one great flag
with Ho Chi Minh.

D7 G D7
Side by side, and we will win.

G D
Chorus: Arise, heroic southern lands,
G D

Advance, Take rifles in your hands,
B7 Em A7

Brave women and men, will fight to
the end (D)

G D G D G
Our homeland soon will see

Am C Am G
An end to this night, the triumph of
light

D G D G D G
The golden dawn of victory.

CHILDREN OF THE DELTA - words and music: Airman IC Jim Shaffer and the men and women of the "Covered Wagon" antiwar organizing project at Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho.

(sung by group)
Seize the time! Organize!
Unity there's strength in love. (2x)

(spoken over soft singing of above)
Lovely child of the delta, Settle back and rest a while.
Let me touch your golden cheek. Let me touch your blinded eyes,
That have only seen iron-cased, opaqued skies.

(sing louder notw)
Seize the time, organize!
Unity, there's strength in love. (2x)

Have you ever heard the whistle of a bomb and
Run to the left, run to the right
Have you ever heard the whistle of a shell and
Run to the left, run to the right
Have you ever heard the whistle of a mortar,
Run to the left, run to the right
(chorus: Seize the time etc.)

Have you ever heard the screaming of the mothers,
Run to the left, run to the right
Have you ever heard the screaming of the fathers,
Run to the left, run to the right
Have you ever heard the screaming of the children
Run to the left, run to the right
(chorus)

Have you ever seen the marching of the hawks,
March to the right march to the right
Have you ever seen the marching of the workers,
March to the left, march to the left
Have you ever seen the marching of the Generals,
March to the right, march to the right
Have you ever seen the marching of the people,
March to the left, march to the left
(chorus)

THE BANKS OF MARBLE-words and music: Les Rice verse 6 from a "G.I.",
verse 7 by Barbara Juppe

I've travelled 'round this country, from shore to shining shore
And it really made me wonder, the things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer plowing sod and loam,
And I heard the auction hammer, knocking down his home.

(chorus-change underlined words to fit with verse)
But the banks are made of marble, with a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver, that the farmer sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing, idly by the shore
And I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

I saw the miner scrubbing/ coal dust from his back
And I heard his children crying, "Got no coal to heat the shack."

I saw the mother working two jobs in one day
Low wages at the factory, and at home she gets no pay.

I see my people working for no pay, no pay, no pay.

I see my people working throughout this mighty land
And I know we'll get together and together make a stand.
(last chorus)

Then we'll own those banks of marble, with a guard at every door,
And we'll share those vaults of silver, that the workers sweated for.

THERE'S A WAR IN VIETNAM
C F C
There's a war in Vietnam
F G
There's a war in Vietnam
C F C
There's a war in Vietnam
G7 C
People fighting to be free

(CHORUS):

F C
Freedom is a struggle
F C
Freedom is a fight
F C
People get ready
G7 C
Cause we're fighting for our lives

There's a war in Ireland etc.
Attica. Philippines
Mozambique

ANthem OF THE MPLA (em-pay-la)
English words by Barbara Dane, 1972

On that Fourth of February morning
A B7
We arose to stir our sleeping nation.
E
Our colonial nightmare is ending,
B7 E
In the dawn of People's Liberation.

(CHORUS):

A E
Revolution is our solution!
B7 E
MPLA our banner waving high.
A E
Armed and guided by our people,
B7 E
We will win our victory or die.

To our comrades triumphant and heroic
Sing a song with spirit and devotion.
With our blood we will free Angola
And we'll drive the tyrant to the ocean.

(CHORUS repeats)

This is the anthem of the Popular
movement for the Liberation of Angola.
Feb. 14 marks the first day of armed

BELLA CIAO (from Italian Anti-fascist
Struggle of 1930's)
One morning early, we heard the
rifles
Bella Ciao, Bella Ciao, Bella Ciao
One morning early, we heard the
rifles

We knew the enemy was here

O Partigiani, o freedom fighters
(follow above pattern)

We must resist or we will die

O we will join you, and fight together

For if we don't we'll die alone

And o my (sisters) if they should
(brothers) kill me

Take up my rifle in your hands

And leave my body upon the mountain
And when the people pass they'll
say

The finest flower upon this mountain

Is one who died to make us free

(Chicano version by Luis Valdez)

Una mañana, de sol brillante
Bella Ciao etc
En la America me vi

Y soy latino (a) Americano (a)
Aunque en la USA yo naci

Somos un pueblo Americano
Un pueblo hispano indijena

Desde Bolivia a California
Y sola una revolucion

Y si yo muere, en el combate
Toma en tus manos mi fusil

Soy comunista, toda la vida
Y comunista morire

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY

By Pete Seeger

1. It was back in 1942, I was a member
of a good platoon.
We were on maneuvers in Louisiana, one
nite by the light of the moon,
The captain told us to ford a river, That's
how it all begun
We were knee deep in the Big Muddy but the
big fool said to push on.

2. The sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure
This is the best way back to base?"
"Sergeant, go on; i forded this river
'Bout a mile above this place
It'll be a little soggy but just keep
slogging.
We'll soon be on dry ground."
We were waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

3. The sergeant said, "Sir, with all this
equipment
No man'll be able to swim"
"Sergeant, don't be a nervous Nellie."
The Captain said to him.
"All we need is a little determination;
Men, follow men, I'll lead on."
We were neck deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

4. All at once, the moon clouded over,
We heard a gurgling cry.
A few seconds later, the Captain's helmet
Was all that floated by.
The sergeant said, "Turn around men,
I'm in charge from now on."
And we just made it out of the Big Muddy
With the Captain dead and gone.

5. Well here it is in 74 and the Big Fools
are handing us more
First it was meat and now that it's heat
I don't know if I'm comin' or goin'
I'll tell you this--It's our future
too
Our kids deserve a chance
we're gonna change it,
altogether now, you've
Got to come along too!

THE SOUP SONG

I'm spending my nights at the flop house
I'm spending my days on the street
I'm looking for work and I find none
I wish I had something to eat.

(refrain)
Soo-oup, sooo-oup
they give me a bowl of soo-oup
Soo-oup, sooo-oup,
they give me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the factory
I did everything I was told
They said I was loyal and faithful
Now, even before I get old

(repeat refrain)

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and yacht
I went down to draw out my fortune
And this is the answer I got

(repeat refrain)

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

(repeat refrain)

I went on my knees to my maker
I prayed every night to the Lord
I vowed I'd be meek and submissive
And now I've received my reward

(repeat refrain)

LEARNING

1.

Where has all the oil gone?
Long time passing
Where has all the oil gone?
Long time ago,
Where has all the oil gone?
Bankers own it every drop --
When will we ever learn? When will we
ever learn?

2.

Where has all the anger gone?
Long time passin
Where has all the anger gone?
Long time ago,
Where has all the anger gone?
Simon's conned us everyone --
When will we ever learn? When will we
ever learn?

3.

Nixon does what Exxon says
Long time passin
Nixon does what Exxon says,
Long time ago,
Nixon does what Exxon says
Exxon says, "Exploit the fools"
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

4.

How can we stop this farce?
Long time passin
How can we stop this farce?
Long time ago?
How can we stop this farce?
We've got to bring the whole thing down--
That's what we have to lear--
That's what we have to learn!

GORY HALLELUJAH

1.

My eyes have seen the horror of the Indochina
War
Where we trampled down the people and filled
all the all their land with gore,
Where we dropped more bombs and Napalm than
we ever did before.
While our businesses went marching on!

Gory, Gory Hallelujah Gory, Hallelujah
Gory, Gory Hallelujah, while Exxon
marches on!

2.

In the beauty of Geneva, freedom came to
Vietnam,
And the French pulled out their butchers and
made room for Uncle Sam,
Betrayed by Saigon's puppet, all the people
said GODDAM!
And began a revolutionary war

Gory, Gory etc.
And began a revolutionary war!

3.

Fifty thousand workers' have died to save
the Boss --
His investments in Vietnam were too great to
take a loss!
So he crucified their bodies to a military
cross,
While his businesses went marching on

Gory, Gory-etc.
While Exxon marches on

4.

I have seen the people marching in New York
and Washington,
Five hundred thousand people crying PEACE
***NOW to the sun,
I have seen our leaders tremble and the
military run,
When the truth came marching on!

Gory, Gory etc
And our troops came marching
home

5.

We had to go to Paris to get out of Vietnam
And we signed a piece of paper there that
didn't mean a damn,
Now we're sending guns and agents and
continuing the sham,
While the people fight right on!

Gory Gory etc
While the people fight right on!

con't

con't Gory Hallelujah

6.

Now our war is "over" and its twenty years
too late,
Our people are bewildered as they stand at
Watergate
Our leaders have betrayed us and we're
thinking of a date.
To begin a revolutionar war!

Gory Glory etc

To begin a revolutionary war!

LIFT EV'RY VOICE AND SING

1. Lift ev'ry voice and sing, Till earth
and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise High as the listining
skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark
past has taught us;
Sing a song full of the hope that the
present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us fight on till victory is won.

2. Stony the road we trod, Bitter the chast'
ning rod,
Felt in the days when hopes unborn and died'
Yet with a steady beat, Have not our weary
feet
Come to the place for which our fathers
sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has
been watered;
We have come, treading our path thro' the
blood of slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past, Till now we stand
at last
Let us fight on, Till victory is won.

SONG OF THE FIFTY THOUSAND

Oh little town of Washington
Our blood is on your hands!
Because you lied, we all have died
In Indochina lands!

You said we fought for freedom
from Communistic yoke,
But when we got to Saigon,
We knew that was a joke!

From Tonkin Bay to My Lai
We slaughtered in your name,
And what we did to Vietnam,
It was a goddam shame

But we were young and trusting
In good old Uncle Sam
We didn't know he was the foe,
And didn't give a dam!

So little town of Washington,
You stand at Watergate
With blood and oil on your hands
Your Nuremburg is late!

We shall not sleep in silence
Our deaths are not in vain,
Our voices thunder from the grave,
Foryou must share our pain!

THE OSCAR HYMN

(O. Tennenbaum)

Oh Oscar night, Fair Oscar nigh
Hail to you, our Oscar night!
(repeat)

Our idols shine like stars of night!
Bathed in the glow of candlelight!
Their noble deeds give them the right,
To claim our hearts on Oscar night!

2.

Brando's No was quite a blow,
His Wounded Knee has hurt us so! (repeat)
But on must go the glory show!
Without it we might never know,
The gods who made it here below,
And let us share their afterglow!

3.

Academy of starry fame!
We salute your yearly game! (repeat)
Our lives can never be the same!
Our hopes are kindled into flame!
When we invoke your holy name
And tell the world we're glad we came!