Nonviolent Songbook

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Music is movement. Music is change. In it's very definition it cannot stand still. It has always been an important part of any revolutionary movement to sing together and be inspired by words made into song.

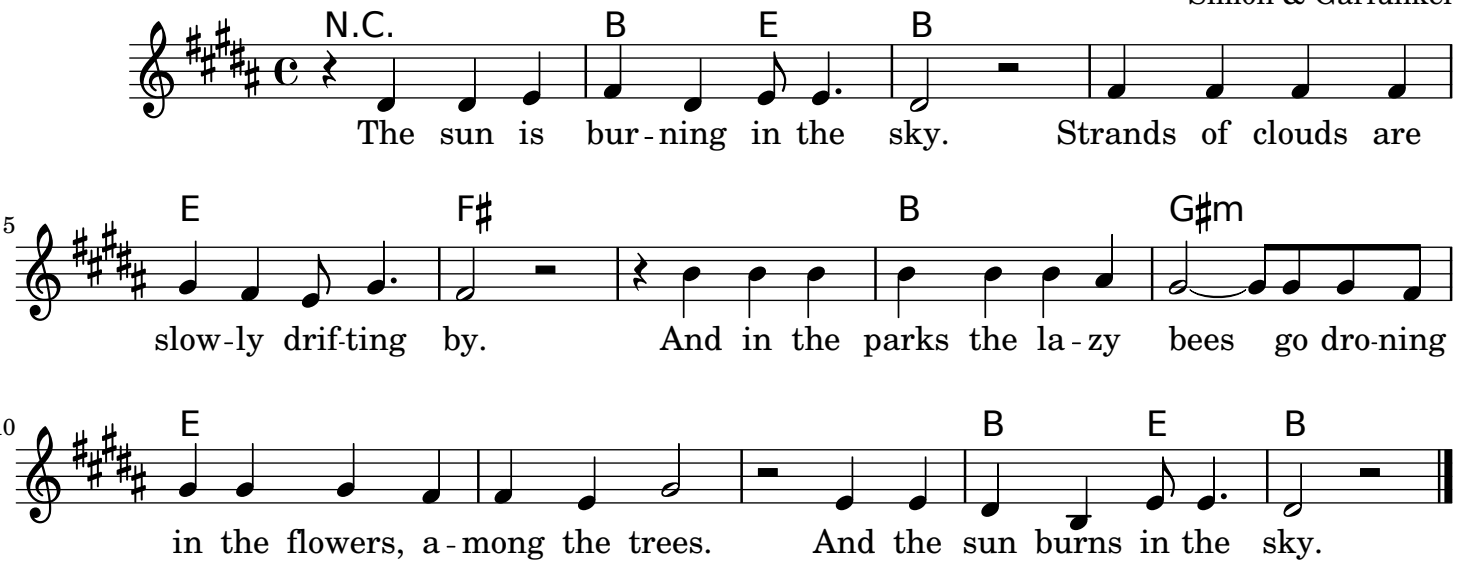
As we stand here together at the Nuclear Security Summit of 2014, overwhelmed by state security forces, harmony and beauty seem especially needed. We are living in a world that is wounded by war, environmental destruction and huge inequalities. This woundedness becomes strongly visible in the nuclear threat. The idea that a brotherhood of nations will be helped by a constant mutual death threat is as sad as it is false.

We are here to point out that while the summit seems to focus on the threat of nuclear terrorism the world rulers conveniently forget the plank in their own eyes: Thousands of nuclear weapons are still armed and ready. We are here to protest the plans to replace nuclear weapons at Volkel, in the Netherlands, with a new generation of "smart" bombs. We believe we can stop this insanity if we raise our voices. Through using nonviolent means, we want to show that there is another way.

The songs in this book are a mix of old and newer protest songs, with a special emphasis on songs about the nuclear threat. We hope that these songs will be used on many occasions in the future, and will help us remember that another world is possible.

The Sun is Burning

Simon & Garfunkel



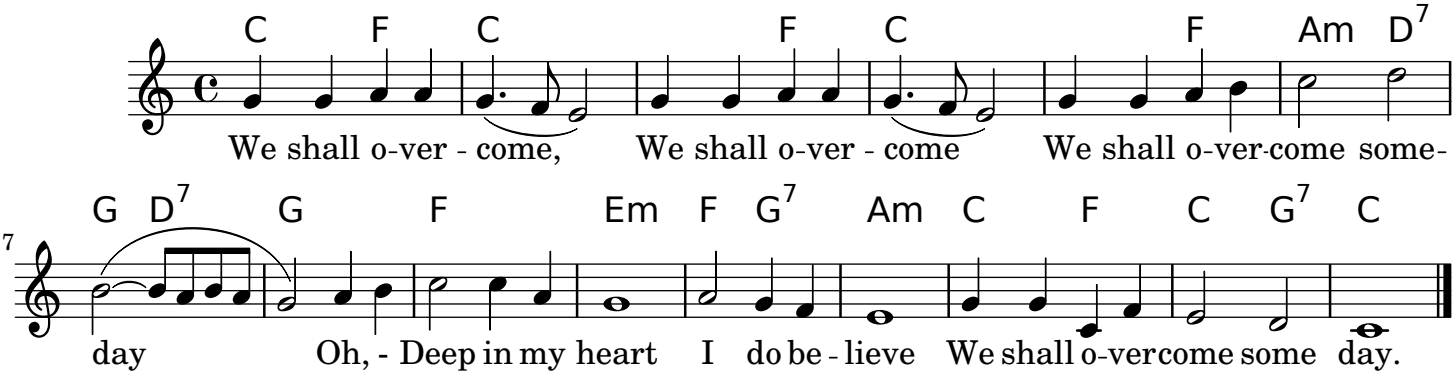
2: Now the sun is in the West
Little kids go home to take their rest
And the couples in the park
Are holdin' hands and waitin' for the dark
And the sun is in the West

3: Now the sun is sinking low
Children playin' know it's time to go
High above a spot appears
A little blossom blooms and then draws near
And the sun is sinking low

4: Now the sun has come to Earth
Shrouded in a mushroom cloud of death
Death comes in a blinding flash
Of hellish heat and leaves a smear of ash
And the sun has come to Earth

5: Now the sun has disappeared
All is darkness, anger, pain and fear
Twisted, sightless wrecks of men
Go groping on their knees and cry in pain
And the sun has disappeared

We Shall Overcome



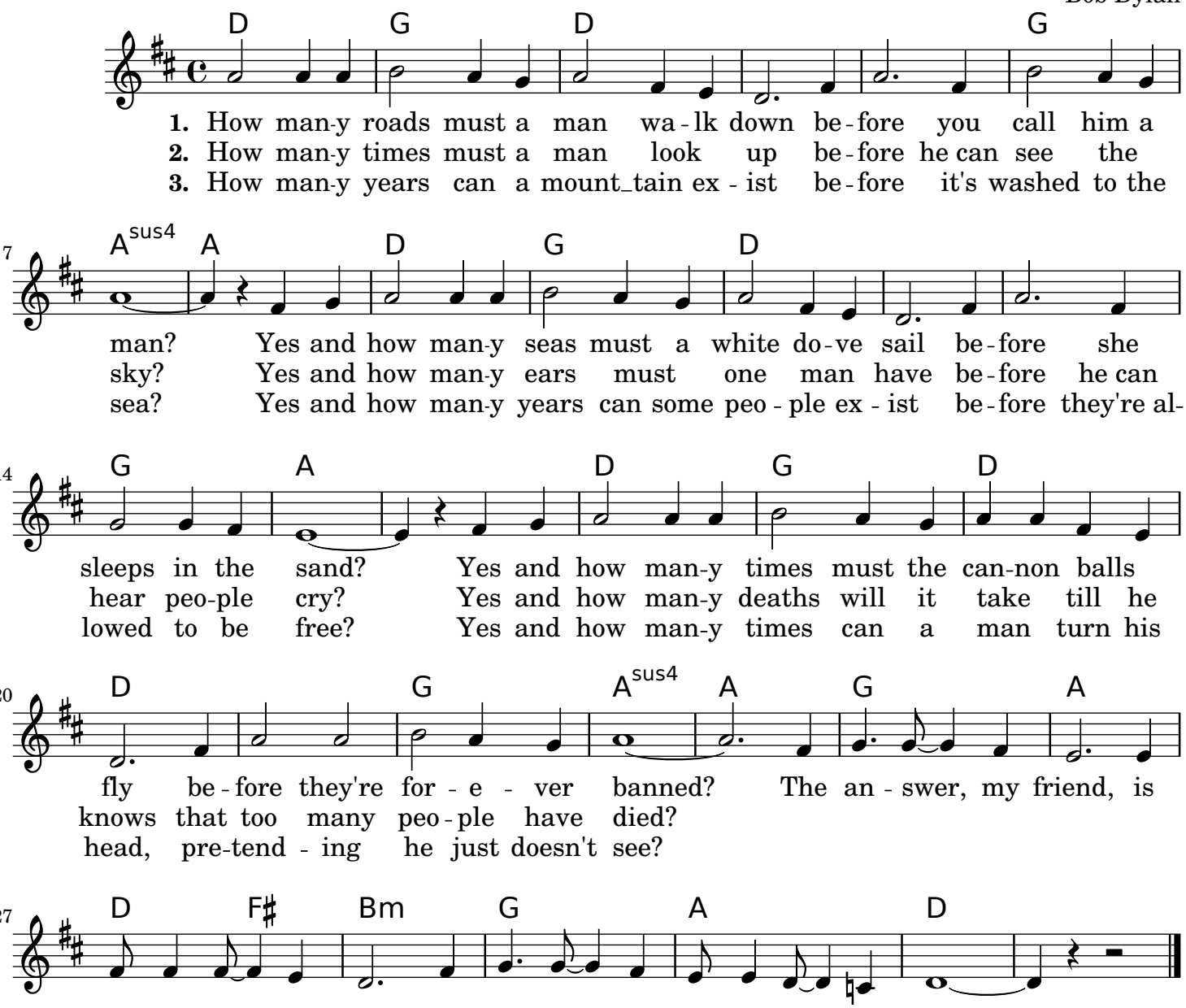
We are not afraid, We are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome some day.

- We are not alone... (today)
- The truth will make us free...
- We'll walk hand in hand...
- The Lord will see us through...

¨One cannot describe the vitality and emotions this one song evokes across the Southland. I have heard it sung in great mass meetings with a thousand voices singing as one; I´ ve heard a half-dozen sing it softly behind the bars of the Hinds County prison in Mississipi; I´ve heard old women singing it on the way to work in Albany, Georgia; I´ ve heard the students singing it as they were being dragged away to jail. It generates power that is indescribable.¨ - Wyatt Tee Walker

Blowing in the wind

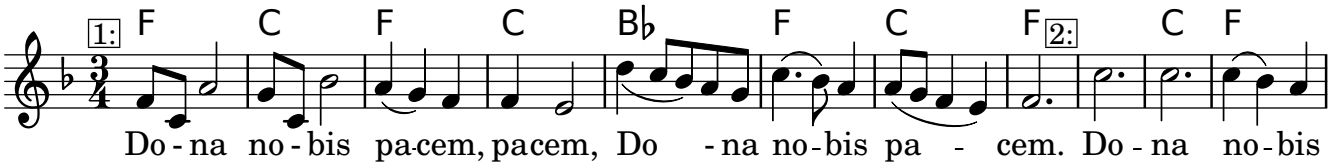
Bob Dylan



¨There ain't too much I can say about this song except that the answer is blowing in the wind. It ain't in no book or movie or TV show or discussion group. [...] Too many of these hip people are telling me where the answer is but oh I won't believe that. I still say it's in the wind and just like a restless piece of paper it's got to come down some... But the only trouble is that no one picks up the answer when it comes down so not too many people get to see and know . . . and then it flies away. I still say that some of the biggest criminals are those that turn their heads away when they see wrong and know it's wrong. I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many... You people over 21, you're older and smarter.¨ Bob Dylan, 1962.

Dona Nobis Pacem

Three Part Round



¨Dona nobis pacem¨ is latin for ¨give us peace¨.

Die Moorsoldaten

Text: W. Langhoff/Esser

Melody: Rudi Goguel

2:Hier in dieser öden Heide
ist das Lager aufgebaut,
wo wir fern von jeder Freude
hinter Stacheldraht verstaut
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten...

3:Morgens ziehen die Kolonnen
in das Moor zur Arbeit hin,
graben bei dem Brand der Sonne,
doch zur Heimat steht der Sinn.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten...

4:Heimwärts, heimwärts! Jeder sehnet
sich nach Eltern, Weib und Kind.
Manche Brust ein Seufzer dehnet,
weil wir hier gefangen sind.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten...

5:Auf und nieder geh´n die Posten,
keiner, keiner kann hindurch,
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten,
vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten...

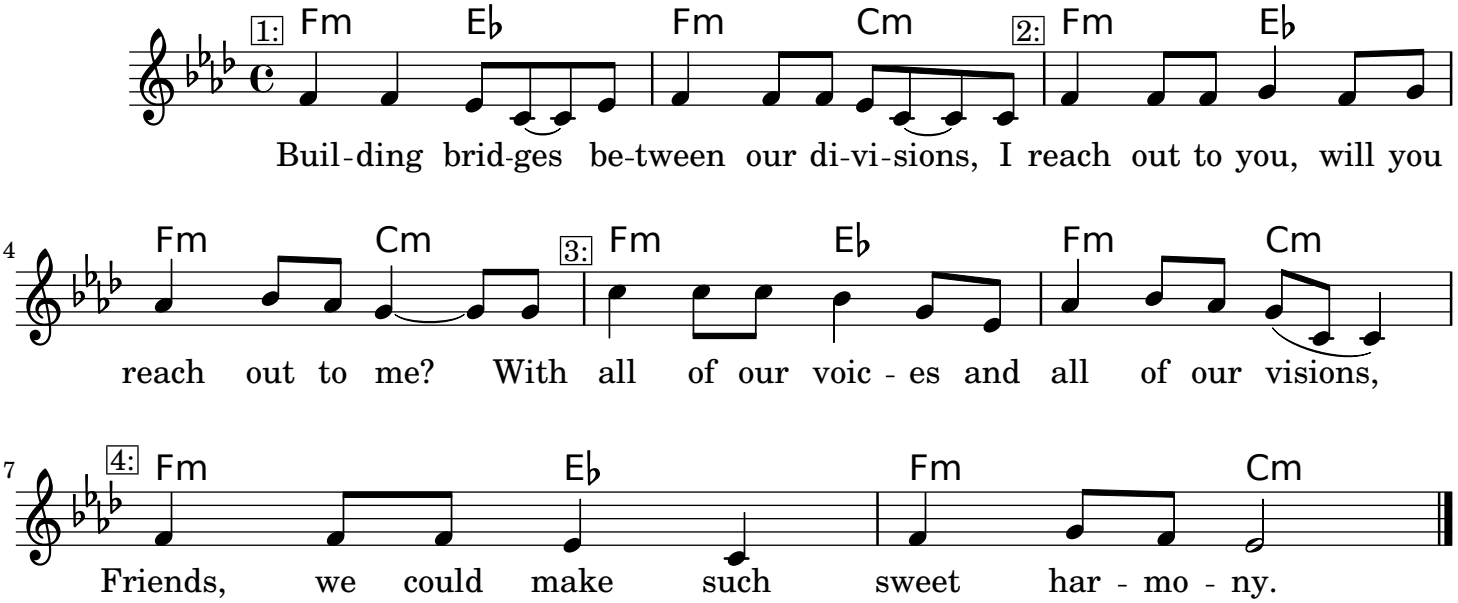
6:Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
ewig kann´s nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
Heimat, Du bist wieder mein!
Dann ziehn die Moorsoldaten
nicht mehr mit dem Spaten in´s Moor! (2x)

“Die Moorsoldaten” was written by prisoners at Börgermoor concentration camp and first performed at a Zircus Konzentrazani (”concentration camp circus”) on 28 August 1933. Rudi Goguel's writes: “The sixteen singers, mostly members of the Solinger workers choir, marched in holding spades over the shoulders of their green police uniforms (our prison uniforms at the time). I led the march, in blue overalls, with the handle of a broken spade for a conductor's baton. We sang and by the end of the second verse nearly all of the thousands of prisoners present gave voice to the chorus. With each verse, the chorus became more powerful and, by the end, the SS - who had turned up with their officers – were also singing, apparently because they too thought themselves “peat bog soldiers”. Two days later the song was banned by the camp authorities.

Building Bridges

Canon for 4 voices

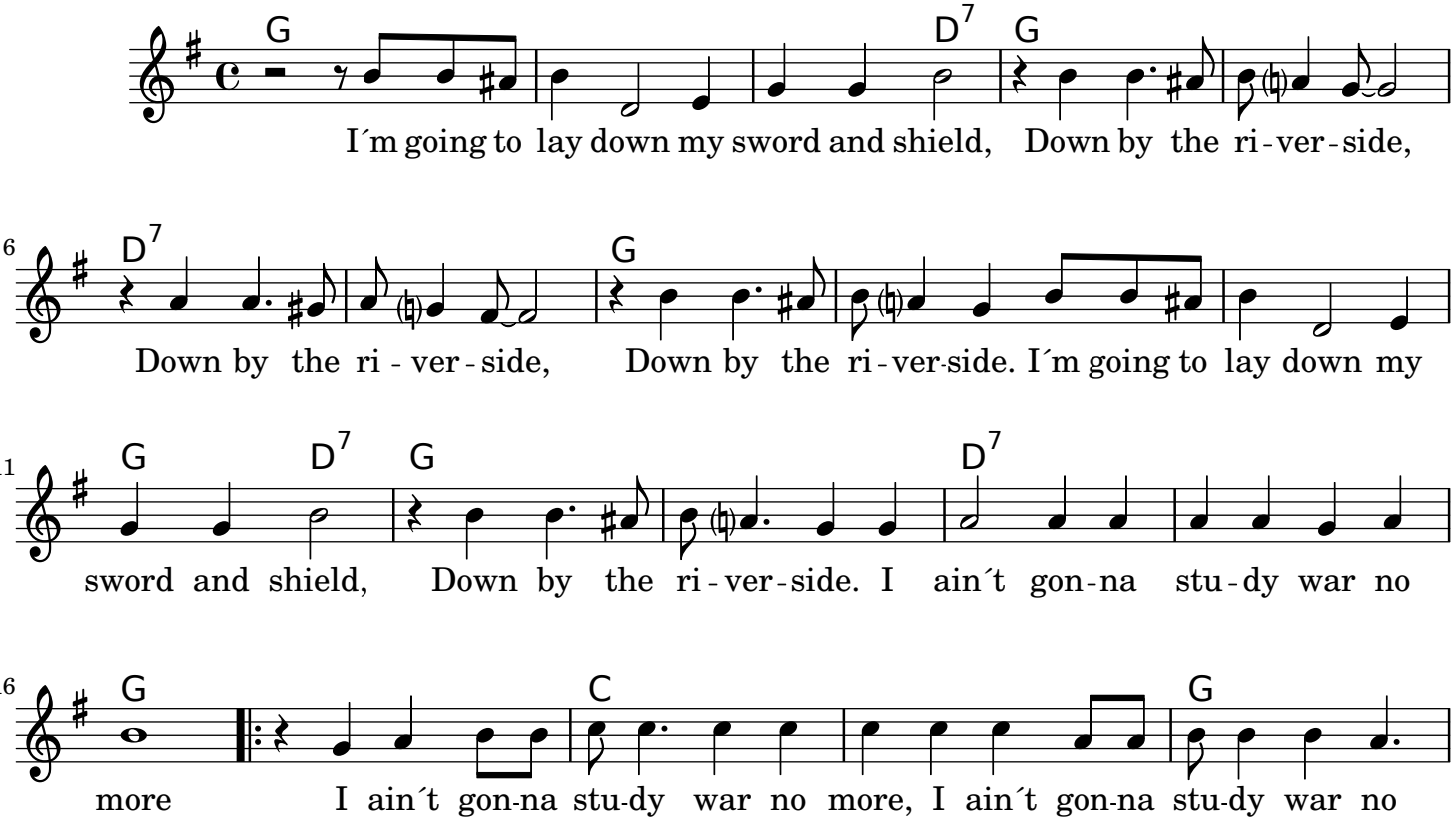
Greenham Common



¨Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp was a peace camp established to protest at nuclear weapons being sited at RAF Greenham Common in Berkshire, England. The camp began in September 1981 after a Welsh group called Women for Life on Earth arrived at Greenham to protest against the decision of the Government to allow cruise missiles to be based there. On 1 April 1983, tens of thousands of protestors formed a 14 mile human chain from Greenham to the Aldermaston nuclear power station and the ordnance factory at Burghfield. On 4 April 1984, the women were evicted from the Common by Newbury District Council. However by nightfall the women all returned to reform the camp. The last missiles left the camp in 1991.

Down by the Riverside

Trad. from the US



more, I ain´t gon-na stu-dy war no more stu-dy war no more

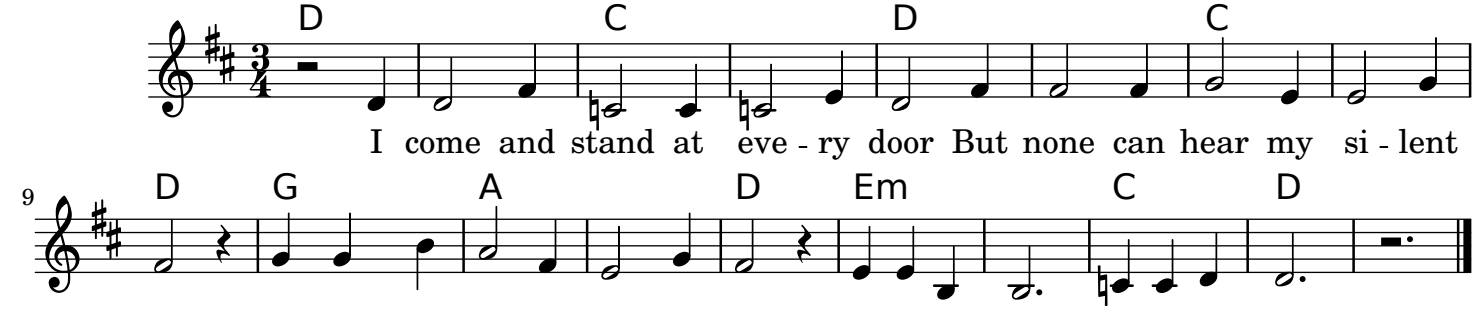
- I´m going to walk with the prince of peace...
- I´m going to lay down my burden...
- I´m going to put on my trav´ling shoes...
- I´m going to put on my long white robe...
- I´m going to put on my starry crown...
- I´m going to shake hands around the world...

¨I was struck this year during the School of the Americas protest at the power of music in a movement that calls for justice and peace like the one to close down the School of the Americas (SOA). In the commissioning chapel service at Union on the Thursday before we left for the SOA, we shared stories and we broke bread together and we sang. We sang “This is My Song” we walked into the space together calling for “peace for lands afar and mine,” and to close the service and send all of us out into the world we clapped and danced and sang “I’m gonna lay down my sword and shield down by the riverside; ain’t gonna study war no more.”
Almost two weeks after the School of the Americas demonstration, I am still humming some of the songs we sang outside the gates of Ft. Benning, and the echoes of the chanted names of hundreds of victims still ring in my ears. Neither the words nor the tunes are happy or light ones that I especially want to go around singing as I walk to class and go to the grocery store and share meals in my community. But the somber tones of the songs and chants stay with me and remind me to remember the feeling of hope I felt at the protest and to resist violence and imperialism in small and big ways, and to hold in my heart those who are victims of the violence of the SOA and those who are jailed for standing against it.¨ - Emily Brewer, 2012-12-01

I Come and Stand at Every Door

Pete Seeger

Original Turkish poem by Natzim Hikmet



2: I'm only seven though I died
In Hiroshima long ago
I'm seven now as I was then
When children die they do not grow

3: My hair was scorched by swirling flame
My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind
Death came and turned my bones to dust
And that was scattered by the wind

4: I need no fruit, I need no rice
I need no sweets, nor even bread
I ask for nothing for myself
For I am dead, for I am dead

5: All I ask is that for peace
You fight today, you fight today
So that the children of the world
May live and grow and laugh and play

¨Nâzım Hikmet Ran (15 January 1902 – 3 June 1963),[2][3] commonly known as Nâzım Hikmet (Turkish: [naːˈzɯm hicˈmet]), was a Turkish poet, playwright, novelist and memoirist. He was acclaimed for the lyrical flow of his statements .[4] Described as a romantic communist [5] and romantic revolutionary ,[4] he was repeatedly arrested for his political beliefs and spent much of his adult life in prison or in exile. His poetry has been translated into more than fifty languages.¨ - Wikipedia

I Shall Be Released

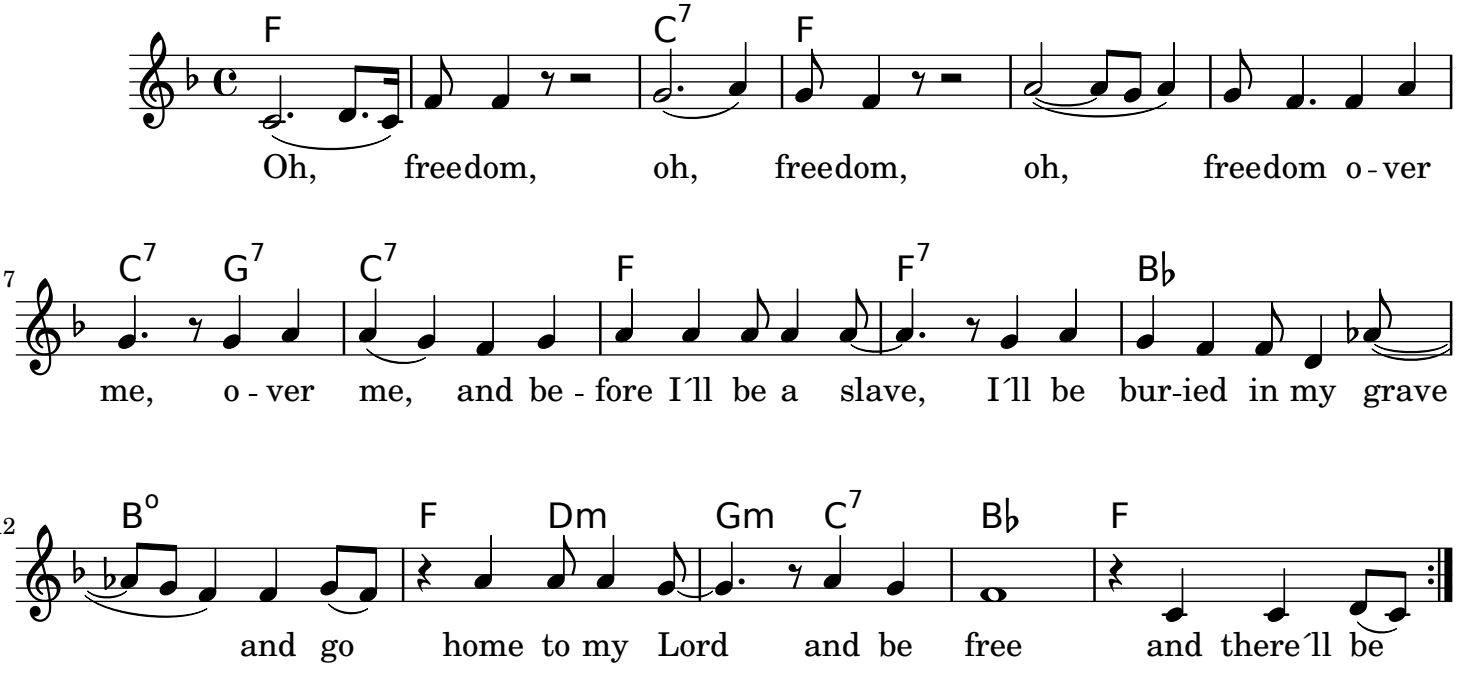
Bob Dylan

2: They say every man needs protection,
they say that every man must fall.
Yet I swear I see my reflection
somewhere so high above this wall.
I see my light come shining...

3: Well yonder stands a man in this lonely crowd
A man who swears he´s not to blame.
Yet all day long I hear him shouting so loud.
He´s crying out that he was framed.
I see my light come shining...

Oh, Freedom

trad.

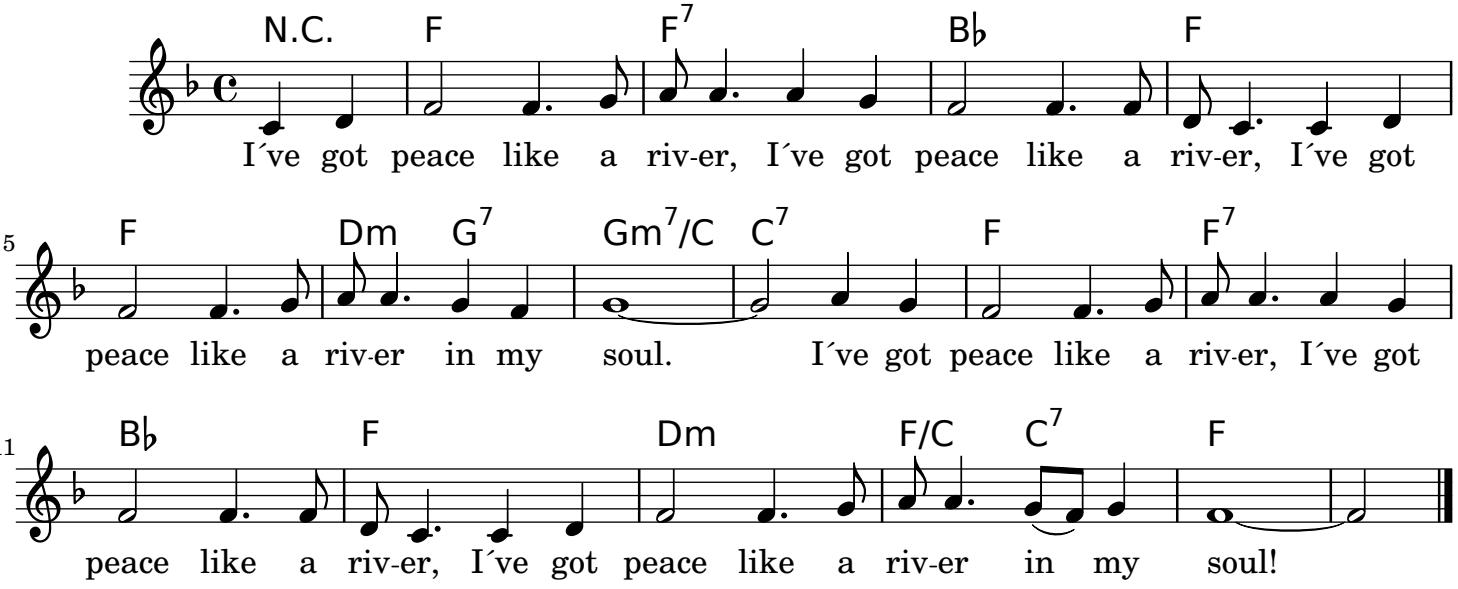


No more moaning, no more moaning, - No more crying...
no more moaning over me, over me! - No more jail house..
And before I´ll be a slave, I´ll be buried in my grave - Oh Freedom...
and go home to my Lord and be free. (- No more...)

¨The Negroes were by no means submissive under the intolerable conditions of slavery. It is nor generally known that there where over a hundred slave revolts in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Most of these uprisings were small and ineffectual, but that the Negroes should so often have risked brutal retaliation to strike for freedom is convincing proof of their hatred of bondage. From this hatred sprang the stirring spiritual which later became the marching song of Negro regiments in the Civil War. It´s powerful phrases make it a moving plea for the freedom of oppressed peoples everywhere.¨- Pete Seeger

Peace Like a River

trad.



2. I've got pain like an arrow...
3. I´ve got strength like a mountain...
4. I´ve got joy like a fountain...
5. I´ve got fear like an iceberg...
6. I´ve got love like the sunshine...
7. I´ve got de-ter-mi-na-tion...

Shalom Chaverim

Three Part Round

trad.

¨Peace friends, till we meet again.¨

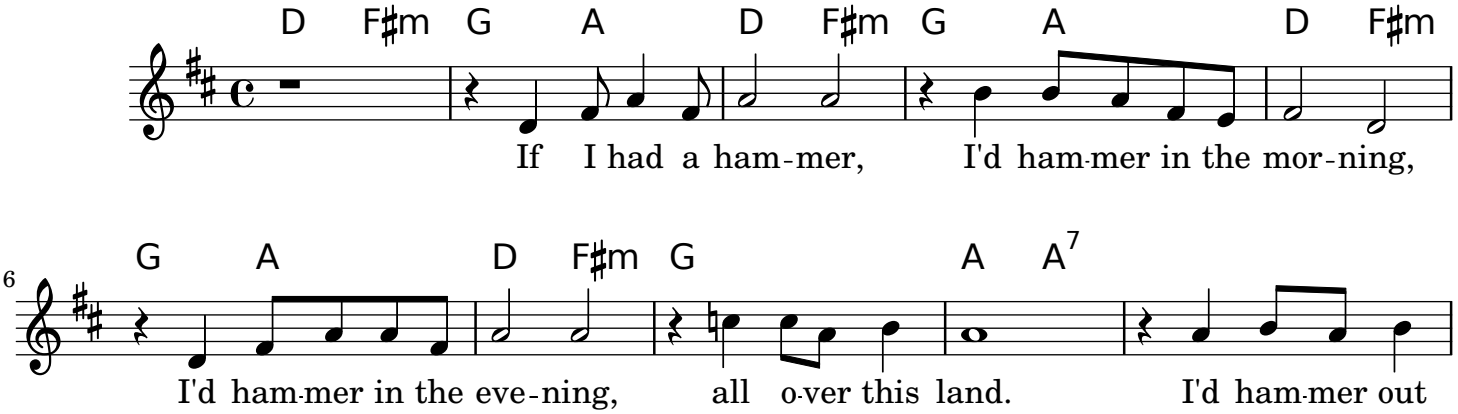
Redemption Song

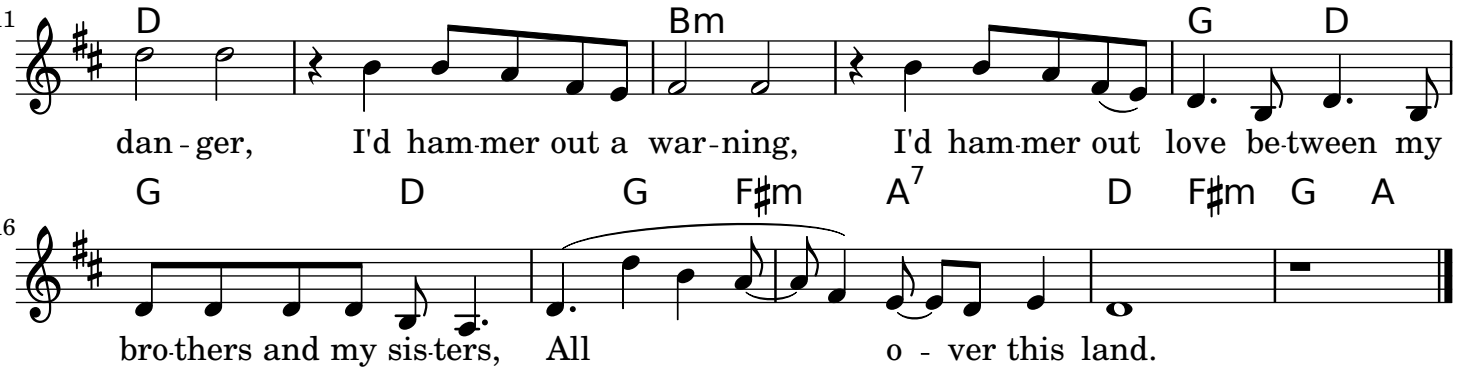
Bob Marley

The Hammer Song

Lee Hays

Mel: Pete Seeger





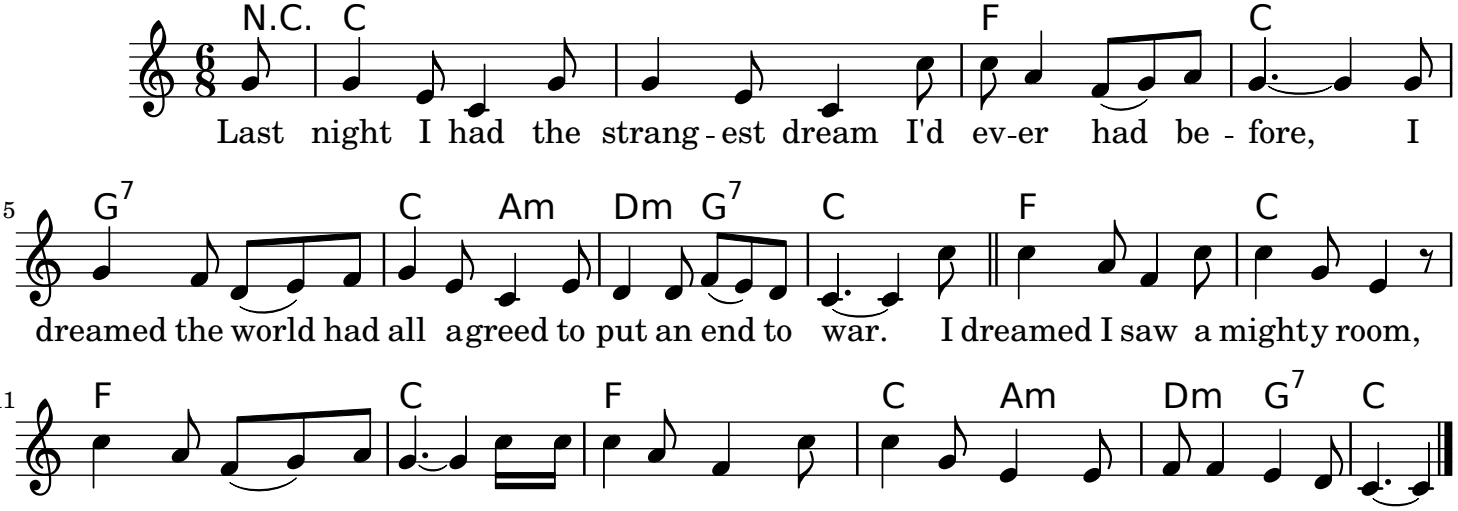
2: If I had a bell,
I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening,
All over this land.
I'd ring out danger,
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between,
my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

3: If I had a song,
I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening,
All over this land.
I'd sing out danger,
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between,
my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

4: Well I got a hammer,
And I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing,
all over this land.
It's the hammer of Justice,
It's the bell of Freedom,
It's the song about Love between,
my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land. (2x)

Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream

Ed McCurdy



2: And when the papers all were signed
And a million copies made
They all joined hands end bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed
And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round
And guns and swords and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground

3: Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever had before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

¨[Ed McCurdy´s] widely covered anti-war classic, ¨Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream¨, has been recorded in seventy-six languages (including covers by Johnny Cash in 2002, Garth Brooks in 2005, and Serena Ryder in 2006). In November 1989, as Tom Brokaw stood on top of the Berlin Wall, he directed his NBC-TV cameras towards the school children on the East German side of the Berlin Wall, to show the children singing ¨Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream¨ en masse as the wall was being dismantled.[2]¨ - Wikipedia

Who Would Jesus Bomb

David Rovics

2: I've seen you on the TV
And on the battleships
I've seen you in the house upon the hill
And I've heard you talking
About making the world safer
And about all the men you have to kill
And you speak so glibly
About your civilization
And how you have the moral higher ground
While halfway around the world
Your explosives smash the buildings
Ah, if you could only hear the sound
    But maybe Jesus would sell land mines
And turn on his electric chair
Maybe Jesus would show no compassion
For his enemies in the lands way over there
Maybe Jesus would have flown the planes
That killed the kids in Viet Nam
Tell me, who would Jesus bomb

3: Yes I hear you shout with confidence
As you praise the lord
And you talk about this God you know so well
And you talk of Armageddon
And your final victory
When all the evil forces go to hell
Well you'd best hope you've chosen wisely
On the right side of the lord
And when you die your conscience it is clear
You'd best hope that your atom bombs
Are better than the sword
At the time when your reckoning is here
    'Cause I don't think Jesus would send gunships into Bethlehem
Or jets to raze the towns of Timorese
I don't think Jesus would lend money to dictators
Or drive those SUV's
And I don't think Jesus would ever have dropped
A single ounce of napalm
So tell me, who would Jesus bomb?

¨If you look at it – take a real cursory glance of the world around you we see that pretty much every institution out there uses music in one way or another. Every corporation uses music to sell their products. The military uses music to inspire their troops. I use music for my troops. It's the same basic function that music is playing. You know, even from a capitalist perspective you could say it's used to sell products and to foster – in the military for example - that people are working together, that they're part of the same thing, that they're sticking up for each other. That's what we're using music at marches and rallies. It's to inspire the troops. And in other settings it's to educate people about things that are happening and to talk about it in a way that hopefully might be more memorable than a speech...¨ - David Rovics

Zeven Dagen Lang

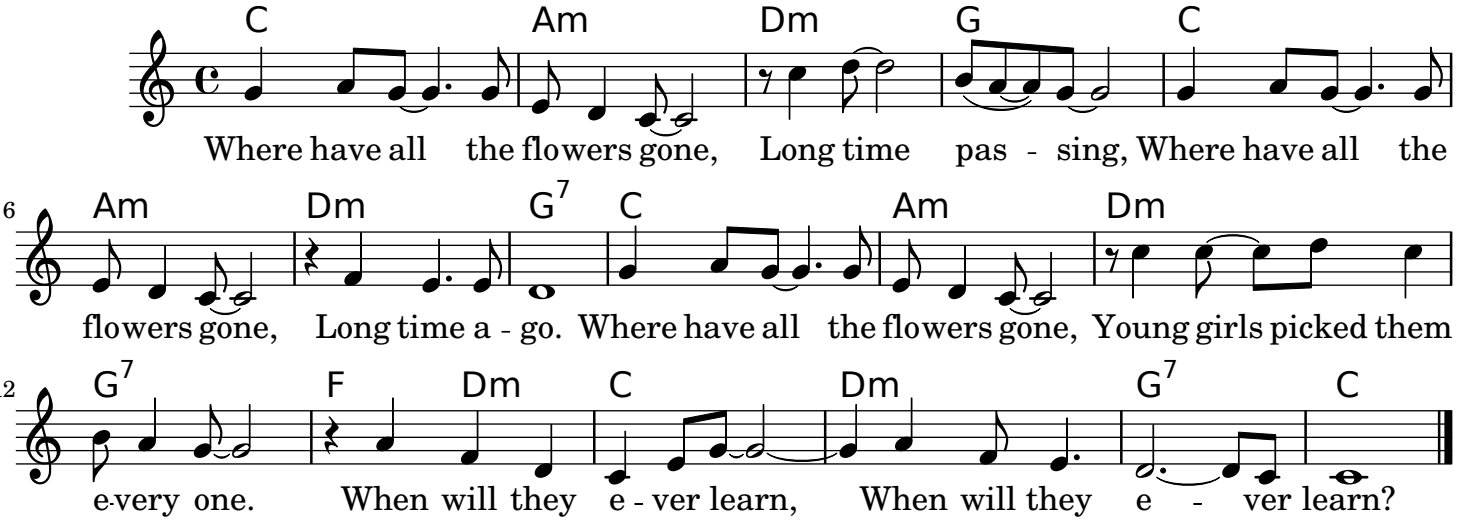
G. Wallraff/Lerryn

2:Dan zullen we werken, zeven dagen lang,
Dan zullen we werken, voor elkaar,(2x)
    Dan is er werk voor iedereeen
Dus werken we samen, zeven dagen lang,
Ja, werken we samen, niet alleen.(2x)

3:Eerst moeten we vechten, niemand weet hoelang,
Eerst moeten we vechten, voor ons belang,(2x)
    Voor het geluk van iedereen
Dus vechten we samen, samen staan we sterk,
Ja, vechten we samen, niet alleen.(2x)

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Pete Seeger/Joe Hickerson



2: Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing,
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago,
Where have all the young girls gone, gone to young men every one,
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

3: Where have all the young men gone, long time passing,
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago,
Where have all the young men gone,they are all in uniform,
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

4: Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing,
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago,
Where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards every one,
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

5: Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing,
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago,
Where have all the graveyards gone, covered with flowers every one,
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

Welterusten, meneer de president

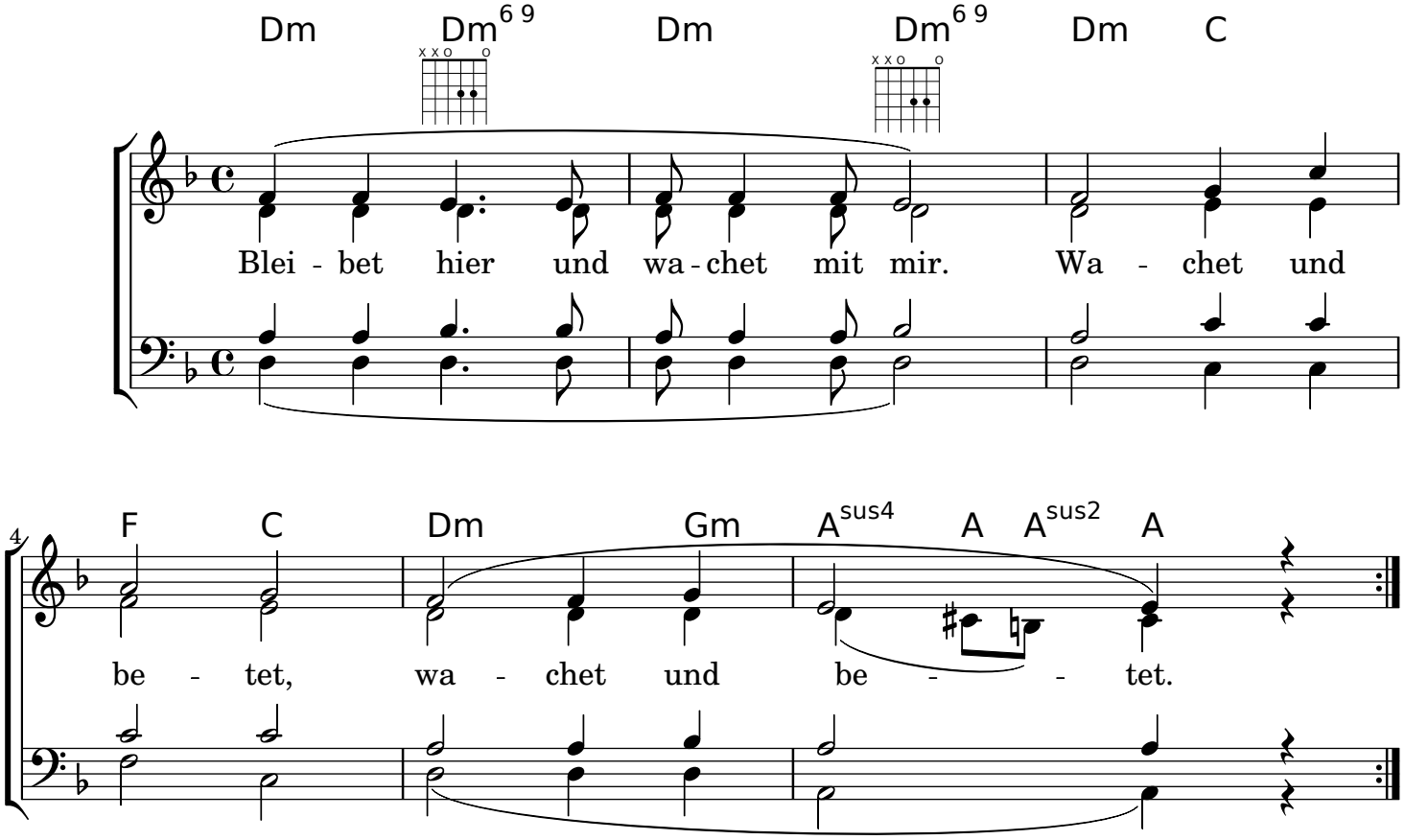
Text: Lennaert Nijgh

Melody: Boudewijn de Groot

6
C B♭ C B♭ F G
al die ver-re kus-ten, waar uw jon-gens zit-ten een-zaam, ver van huis. Denk voor-
moor-den is ver-kre-gen, droom maar dat het u wel luk-ken zal dit maal. Denk maar
vecht zijn om-ge-ko-men en u vra-gen hoe lang dit nog zo moet gaan. En u
9
Am D G Am D
al niet aan die zes - en - veer-tig do-den, die ver - gis - sing laatst met dat bom-bar - de-
niet aan al die men - sen die ver-rek-ken, hoe veel vrou-wen, hoe - veel kin - de - ren zijn
zult toch ook zo lang-zaam aan wel we - ten dat er men-sen zijn die ziek zijn van ge-
12
G Am D G
ment en ver - geet de zes - de van de tien ge - bo - den, die
vermoord. Droom maar dat u aan het lang-ste eind zult trek-ken en
weld, die het bloed en de el - len - de niet ver - ge - ten en
15
C B♭ G
u als goed chris - ten ze - ker kent. Denk maar
ge - loof van al die te - gen - stand geen woord. Ba - jo -
voor wie nog steeds een men - sen - le - ven telt. Droom maar
17
C B♭
niet aan al die jon - ge front - sol - da - ten, een - zaam
net - ten met bloe - di - ge ge - ves - ten hou - den
niet te veel van al die do - de men - sen, droom maar
19
C B♭ C
ster-vend in de ver - re tro-pen - nacht, laat die we-ke pa-ci-fist - en-kliek maar
ver van hier op uw be - vel de wacht voor de glo-rie en de eer van het vrije
fijn van o - ver-win-ning en van macht. Denk maar niet aan al die vre - des -
22
B♭ F C
pra - ten, me - neer de pre - si - dent, slaap zacht.
wes - ten. Me - neer de pre - si - dent, slaap zacht.
wen - sen. Me - neer de pre - si - dent, slaap zacht.

Bleibet Hier

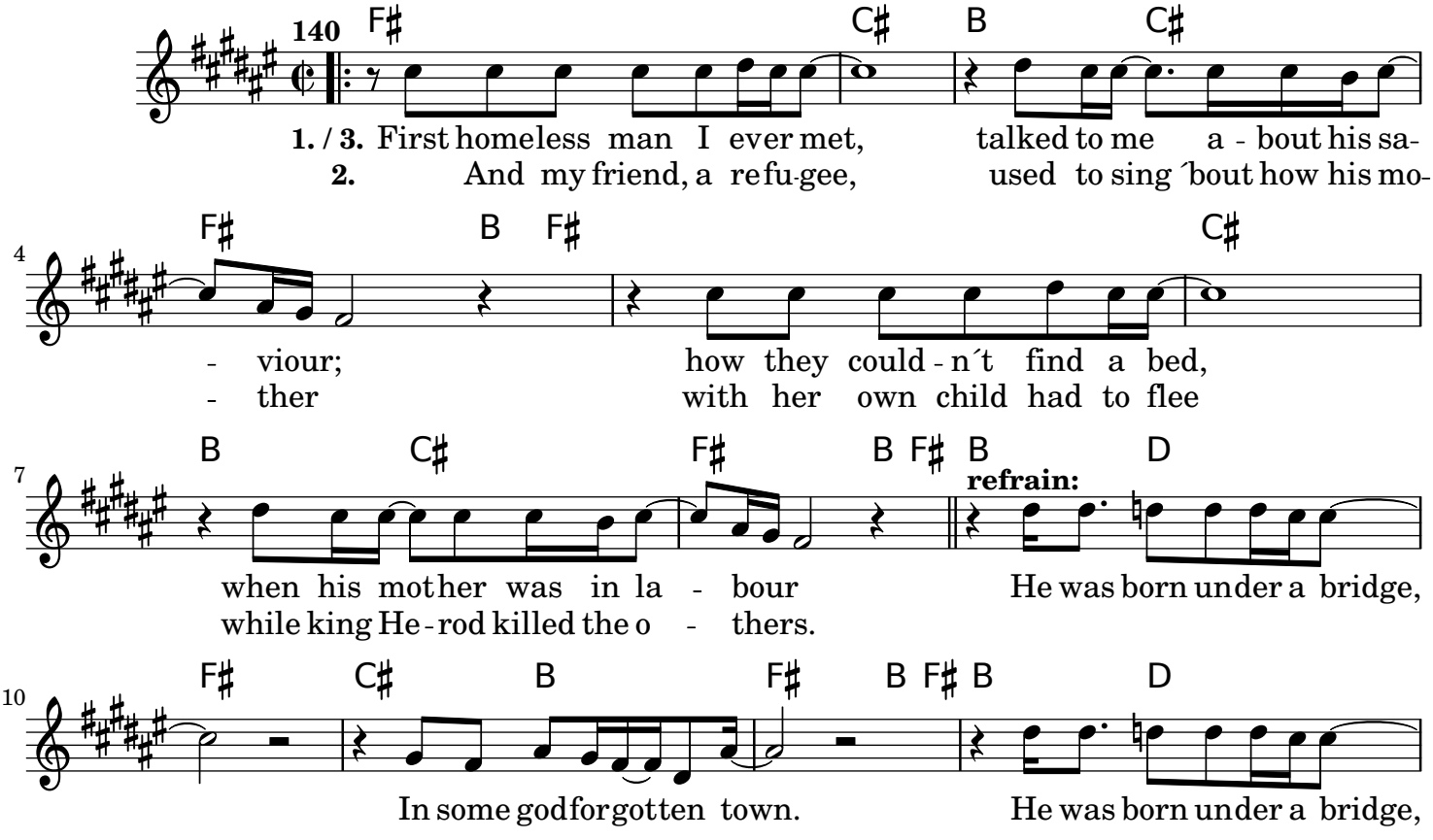
Taizé

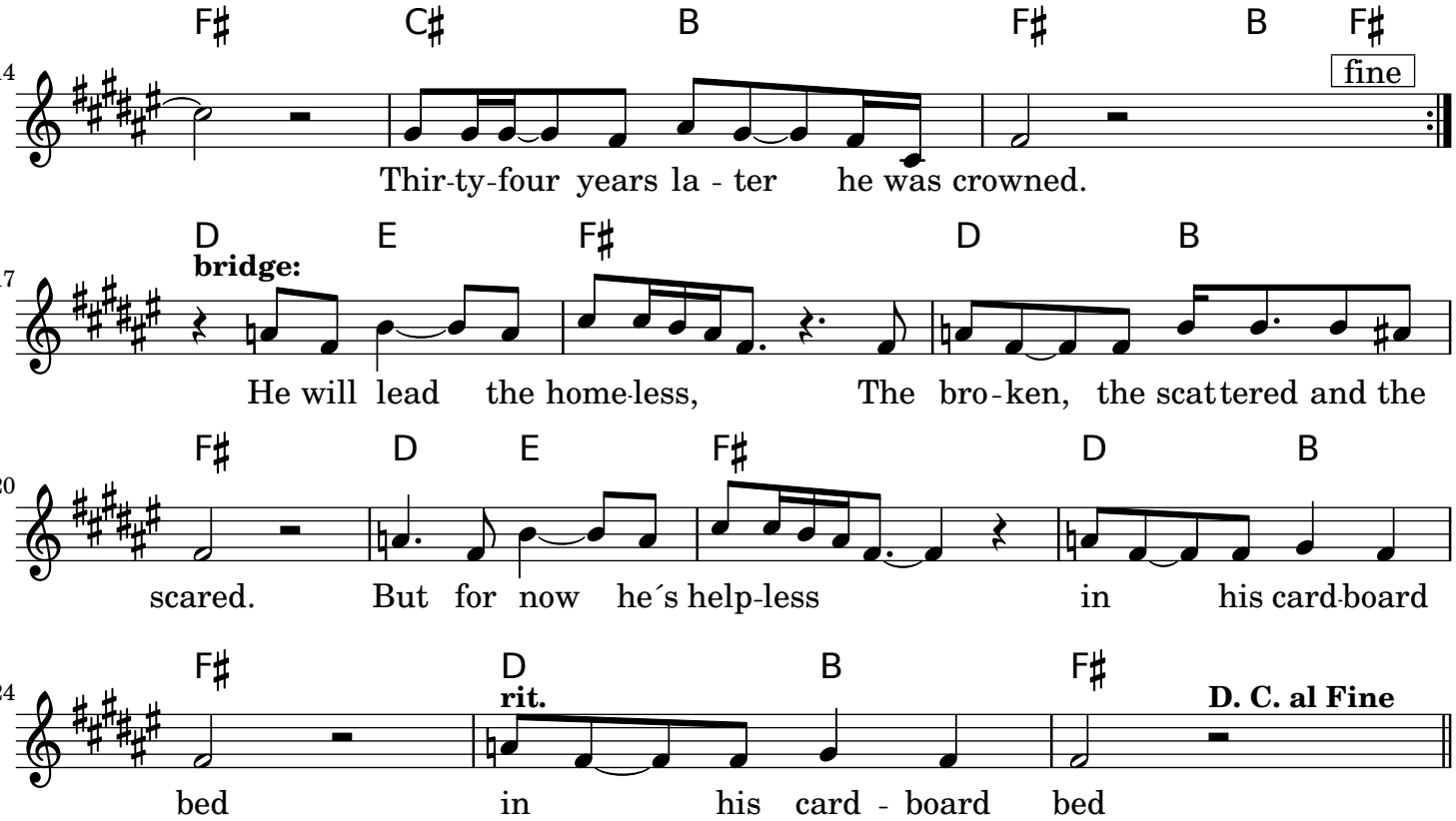


- Stay with me, remain here with me, watch and pray, watch and pray.

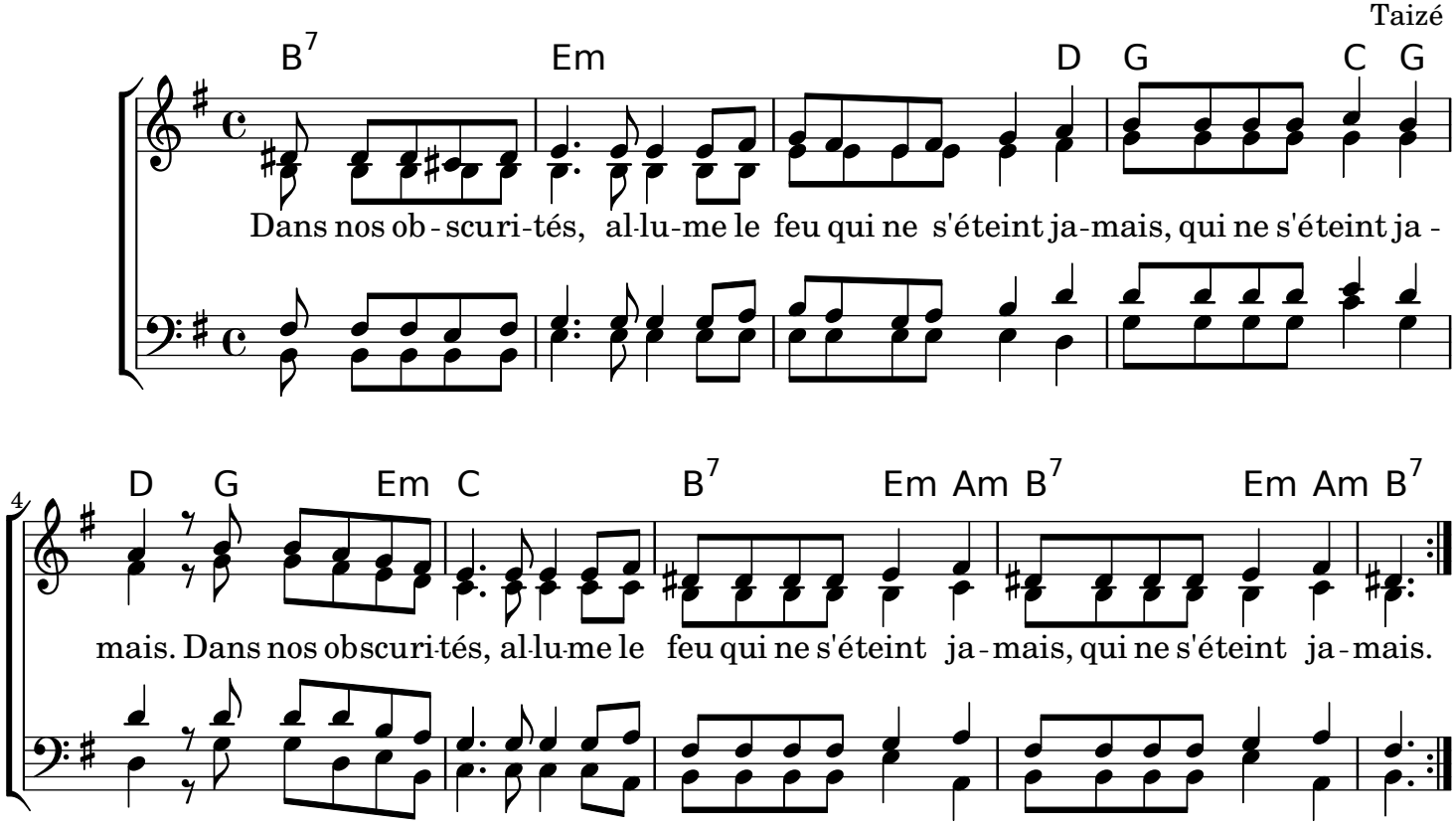
Born Under A Bridge

Herman van Veelen





Dans Nos Obscurités



-Within our darkest night, you kindle the fire that never dies away, that never dies away.
-En nuestra_oscuridad, enciende la llama de tu_amor Señor, de tu_amor Señor.
-Im Dunkel unsrer Nacht, entzünde das Feuer, das nie mehr erlischt, das niemals erlischt.
-Als alles duister is, ontsteek dan een lichtend vuur dat nooit meer dooft, vuur dat nooit meer dooft.

Deportee

Woody Guthrie

2:My father´s own father, he waded that river,
They took all the money he made in his life,
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.
Goodbye to my Juan, ...

3:Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,
Our work contract´s out and we have to move on,
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.
Goodbye to my Juan, ...

4:We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and died on your plains,
We died ´neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river we die just the same.
Goodbye to my Juan, ...

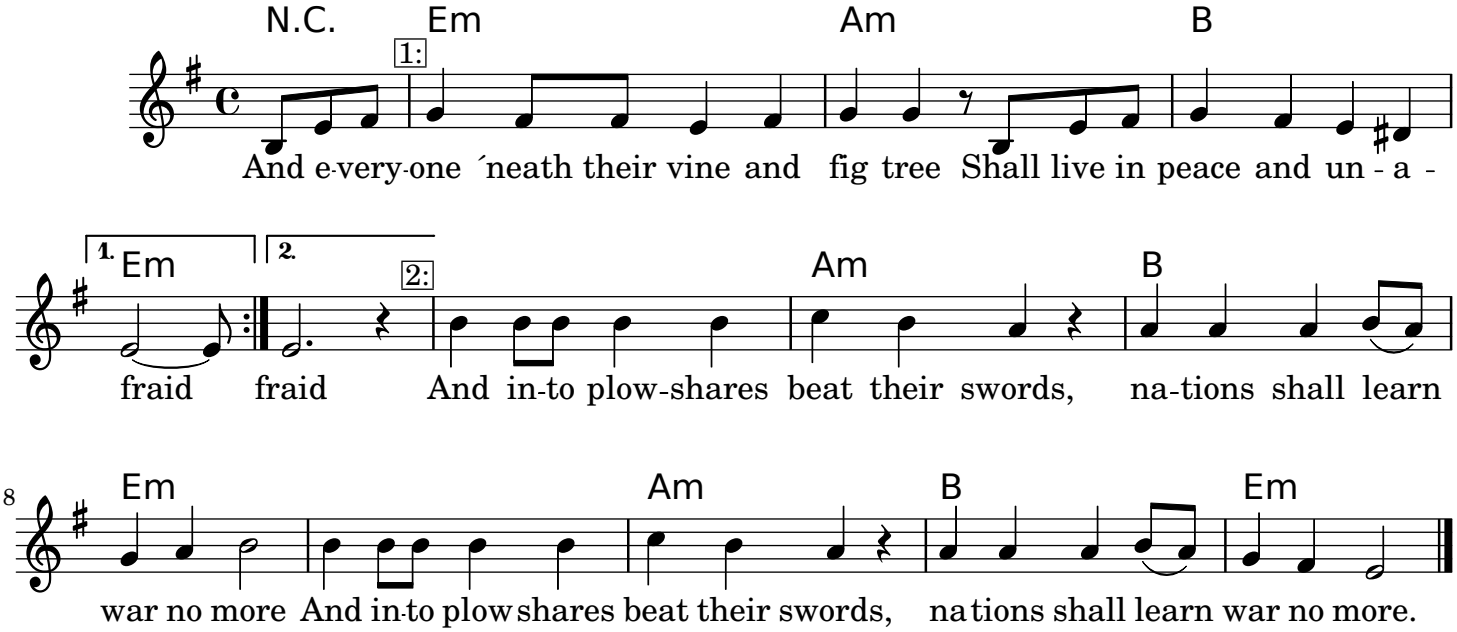
5:The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,
Who are all these friends, all scattered like drie leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees.
Goodbye to my Juan, ...

6:Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves, to rot on my topsoil,
And be called by no name except deportees?
Goodbye to my Juan, ...

The Vine and Fig Tree

Two Part Round

trad.



Door de Wereld Gaat een Woord

Jan Wit

Mel: Wim ter Burg

2. Door de wereld gaat een stoet
die de ban brak van het bloed.
Die bij wat op aarde leeft
nu geen burgerrecht meer heeft.
Here God wij zijn vervreemden...

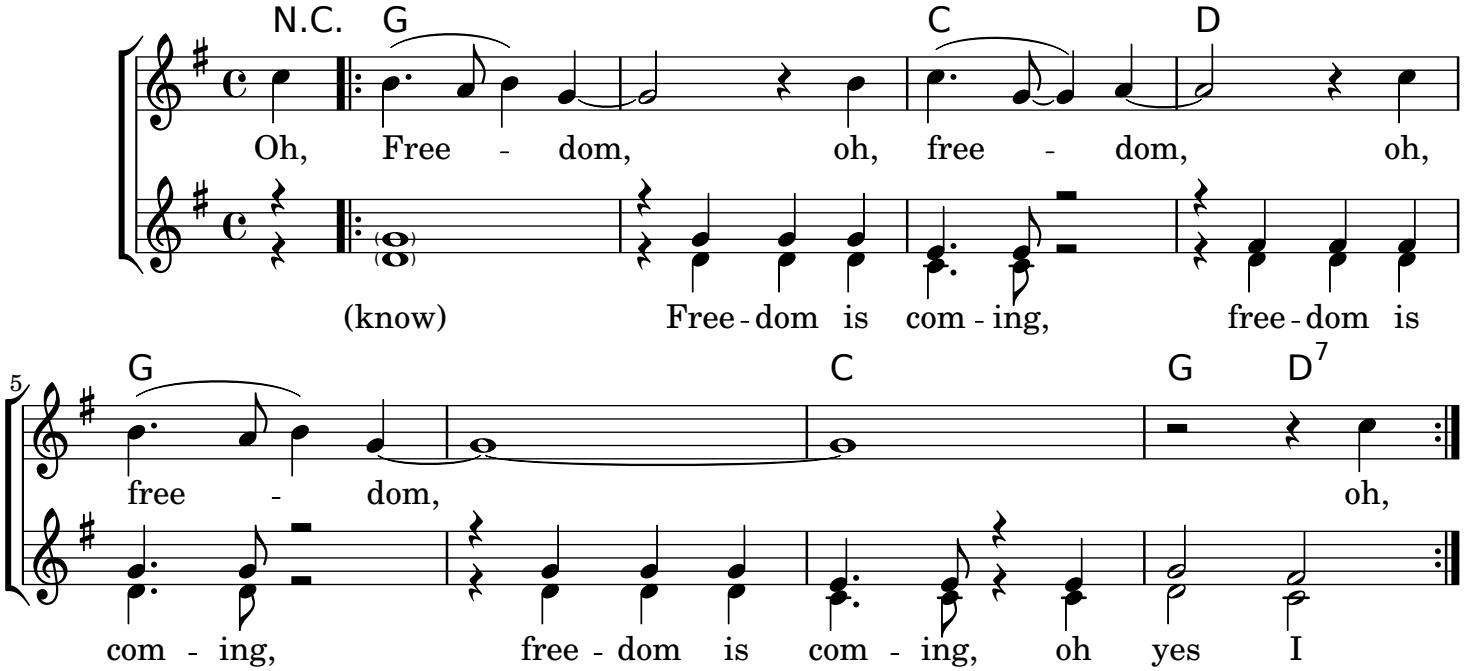
3. Menigeen ging zelf op pad
daar hij thuis geen vrede had.
Eeuwig heimwee spoort hem aan
laat ook hem het woord verstaan.
Here God wij zijn vervreemden...

4. Door de wereld klinkt een lied
tegen angsten en verdriet,
tegen onrecht, tegen dwang
richten pelgrims hun gezang.
Here God wij zijn vervreemden...

5. Velen, die de moed begaf,
blijven staan, of dwalen af.
Hunk'rend naar hun oude land.
Reisgenoten, grijp hun hand.
Here God wij zijn vervreemden...

Freedom Is Coming

South African Traditional



2: Oh yes, I know,(oh yes, I know)
oh yes, I know,(oh yes, I know)
oh yes, I know,(oh yes, I know, oh yes, I know) (2x)

3: Oh, Je - sus,(Jesus is coming)...
4: Oh yes, I know,(oh yes, I know)...
5: Oh, freedom,(freedom is coming)...
6: Oh yes, I know,(oh yes, I know)...

Songs of struggle played a huge role in the South-African anti-apartheid movement, this one is an edited gospel song that travelled around the world.

Go Down, Moses

Trad. from the US

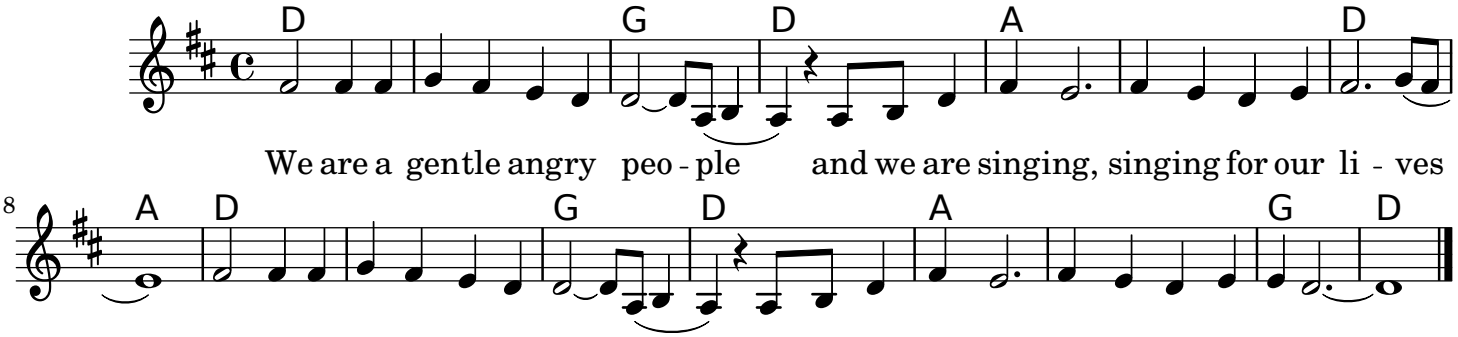
2: ¨Thus spoke the lord,¨ bold Moses said,
¨Let my people go!
If not, I´ll smite your firstborn dead,
Let my people go!¨
Go down, Moses, ...

3: No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go!
Let them come out with Egypt´s spoil,
Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, ...

¨In the years before the American Civil War slaves were guided along the underground Railroad by an escaped slave called Harriet Tubman. She was called the Moses of her people because she led them out of bondage, and it is said that some slaves made this song in her honor. Later it was sung by Negro regiments in the Civil War.

Singing For Our Lives

Holly Near

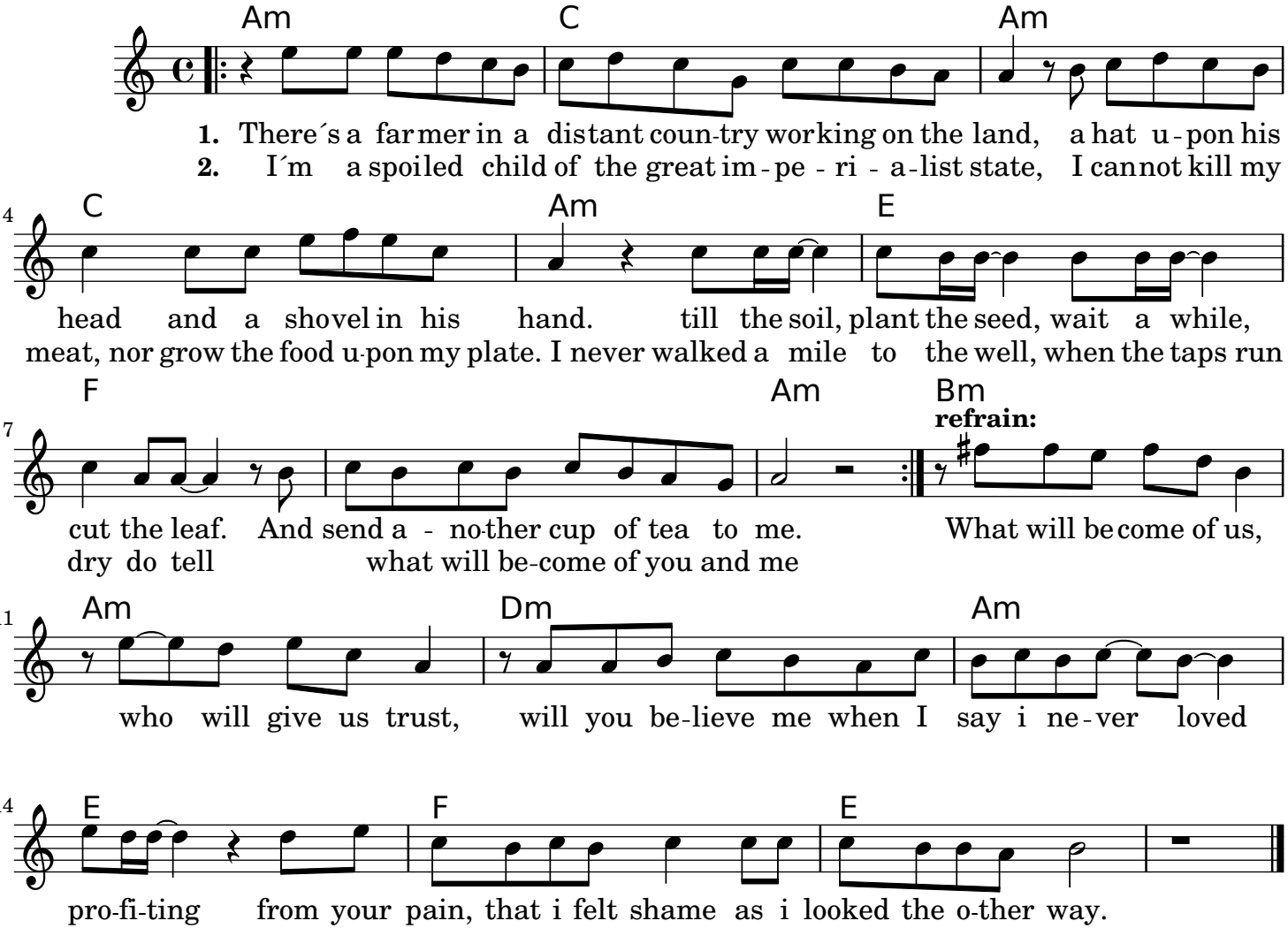


2: We are a justice seeking people
And we are singing, singing for our lives (2x)
3: an anti-nuclear (anti-racist, anti-sexist) people
4: young and old together
5: gay and straight together
6: a land of many colors

Written following the murder of san Fransisco Mayor George Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk.

Great Imperialist State

Simone White

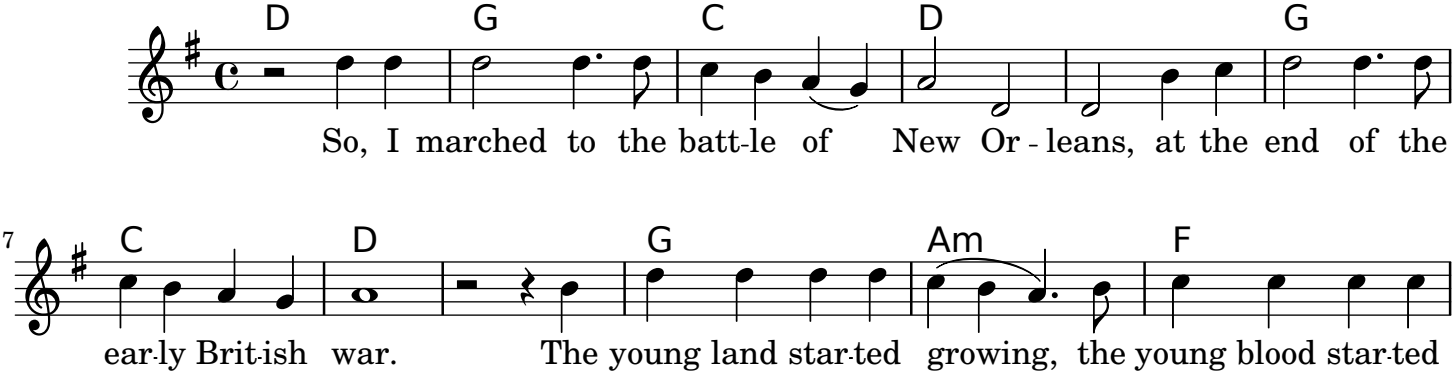


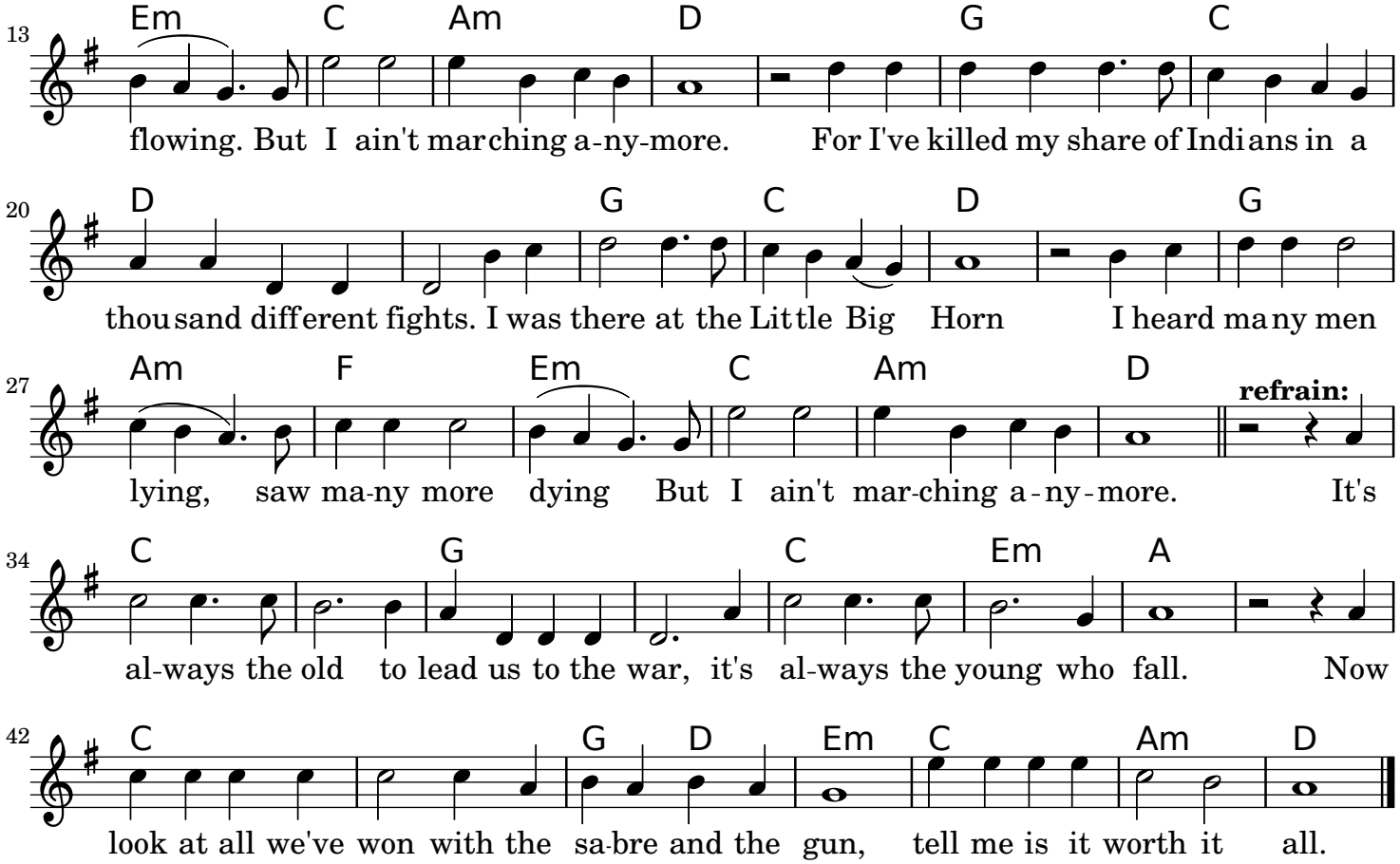
3: Woke up this morning, revolution knocking down my door
Those capitalist pigs? No, they don't live here anymore
Slipped out the back door into my car how far can you drive how far
What will become of us ...

4: There's a farmer in a distant country working on the land
Food turned into flowers for the uptown florist stand
What you saved another paid to turn his soil into sand
The world will not deliver on demand
What will become of us ...

I Ain't Marching Anymore

Phil Ochs





2: For I stole California from the Mexican land
Fought in the bloody Civil War
Yes I even killed my brother
And so many others
And I ain't marchin' anymore
For I marched to the battles
of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars
Oh I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again
But I ain't marchin' anymore
It's always the old...

3: For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky
Set off the mighty mushroom roar
When I saw the cities burning
I knew that I was learning
That I ain't marchin' anymore
Now the labor leader's screamin'
when they close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it ¨Peace¨ or call it ¨Treason,¨
Call it ¨Love¨ or call it ¨Reason,¨
But I ain't marchin' any more.

¨As befitted the mood of the intire convention week, Phil performed several of his antiwar and anti-establishment songs at the rally, the high point coming when he sang ¨I Ain't Marching Anymore.¨ He had just begun to sing when a young man in the audience stood up and set fire to his draft card. People cheered in encouragement. Others followed suit, and before long the Coliseum twinkled [with burning draft cards.]¨ - There but for fortune: the life of Phil Ochs (p. 200).

Dit is het begin...

Dit is het begin. Wij gaan door met de strijd!

This rhythm was sung and clapped during the huge Dutch anti-nuclear demonstrations in the early 1980s.

I Am the Officer

Text: Author unknown

Melody: Herman van Veelen

2: I am the person you lean upon,
The one you cast your scorn upon,
The one you bring your troubles to-
All these people I've been for you.

3: The one you ask to stand apart,
The one you feel should have no heart,
The one you call ¨The Officer in Blue¨,
But I'm just a person, just like you.

4: And through the years I've come to see,
That I am not always what you ask of me;
So, take this badge ... take this gun ...
Will you take it ... will anyone?

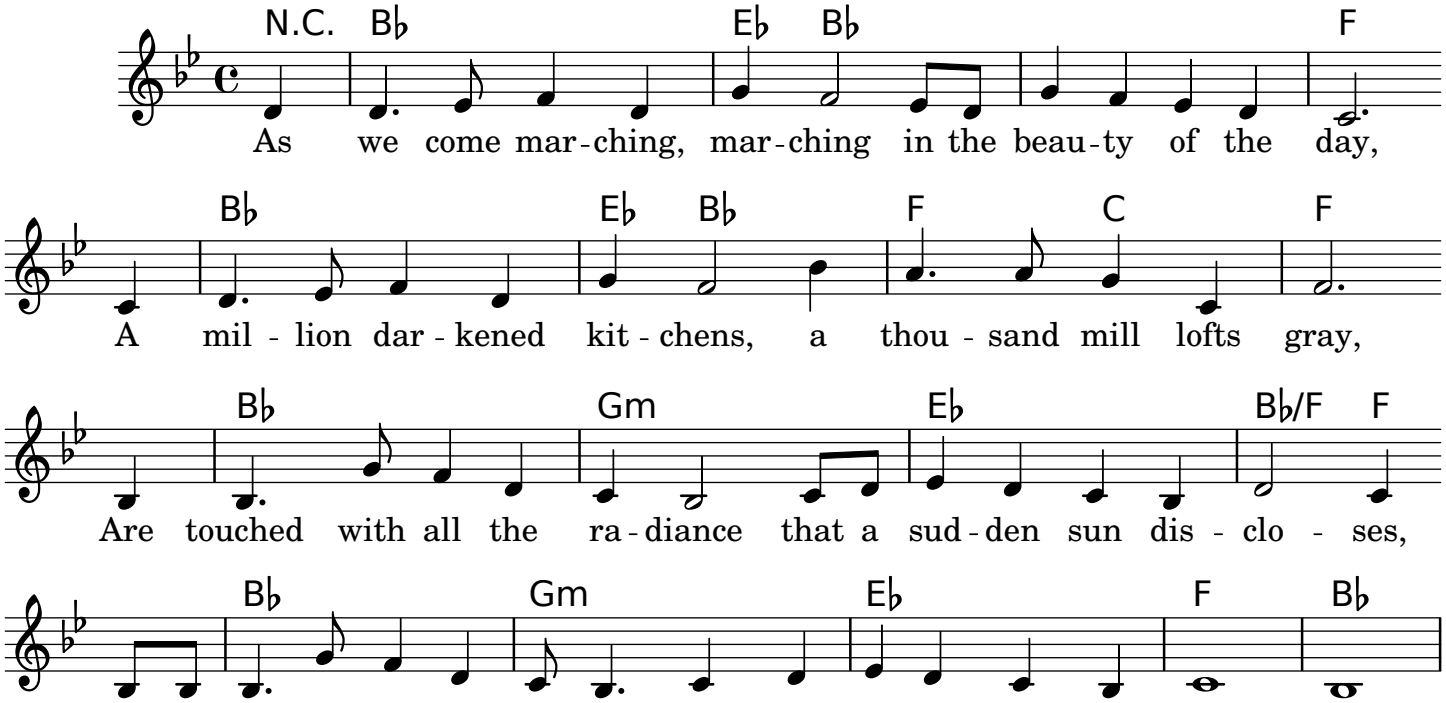
5: And when you watch a person die
And hear a battered baby cry,
Then do you think that you can be
All these things you ask of me?

¨Defiance strategists should remember that it will be exceptionally difficult, or impossible, to disintegrate the dictatorship if the police, bureaucrats, and millitary forces remain fully supportive of the dictatorship and obediant in carrying out it´s commands. Strategies aimed at subverting the loyalty of the dictators´ forces should therefore be given a high priority by democratic strategists. ¨- Gene Sharp, From Dictatorship to Democracy
¨Love your enemies¨ - Jesus

Bread and Roses

James Oppenheim

Mel: Mimi Fariña



2. As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!

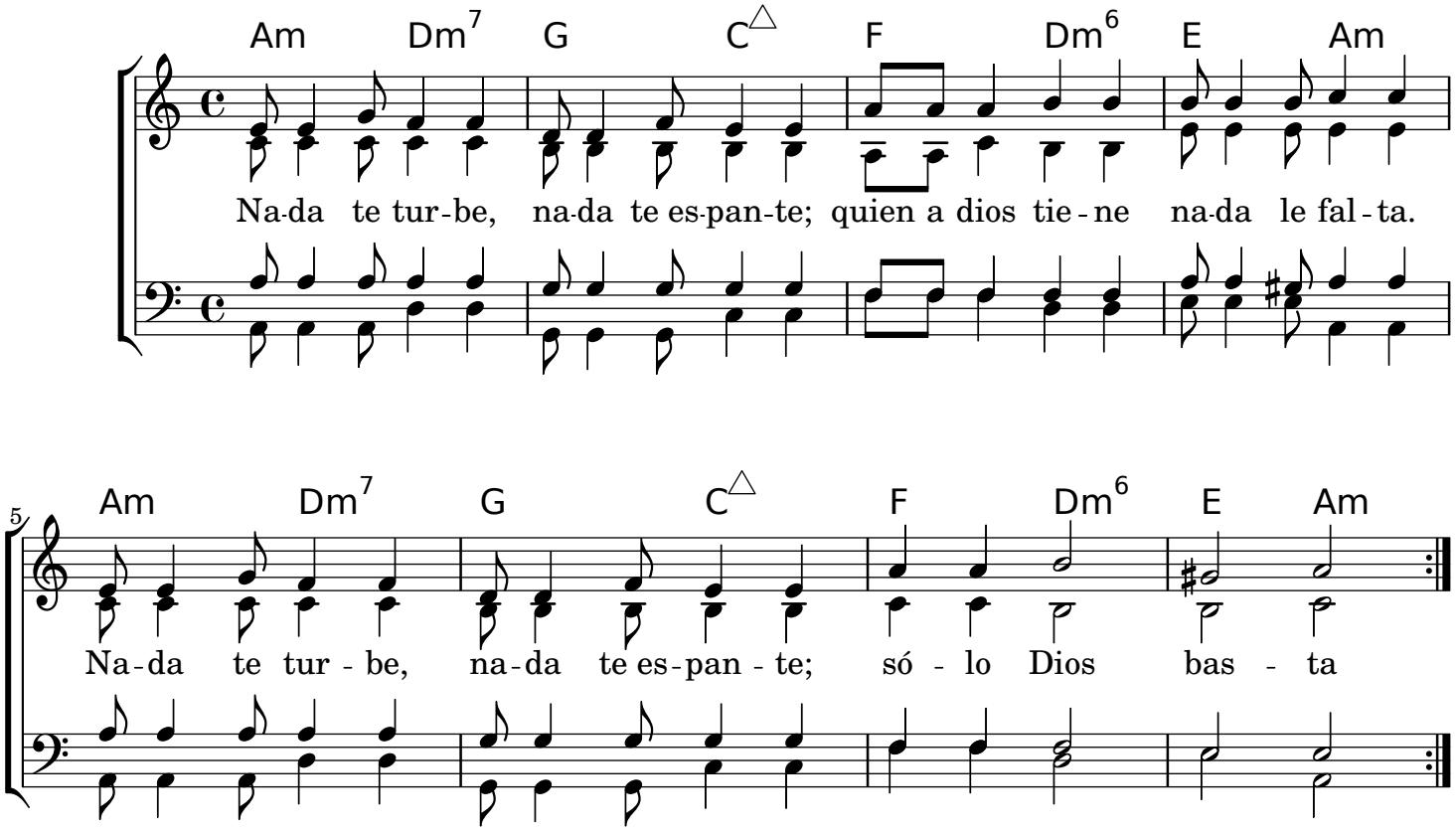
3. As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread.
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for -- but we fight for roses, too!

4. As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater days.
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler -- ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

¨The 1912 Lawrence Textile Strike, which united dozens of immigrant communities under the leadership of the Industrial Workers of the World, was led to a large extent by women. The popular mythology of the strike includes signs being carried by women reading We want bread, but we want roses, too! , though the image is probably ahistorical.[5][6] To circumvent an injunction against loitering in front of the mills, the strikers formed the first moving picket line in the US.[7][8] The strike was settled on March 14, 1912 on terms generally favorable to the workers. The workers won pay increases, time-and-a-quarter pay for overtime, and a promise of no discrimination against strikers.[2][4][9]¨ - Wikipedia

Nada Te Turbe

Taizé



- Nothing can trouble, nothing can frighten.
Those who seek God, shall never go wanting. God alone, fills us.

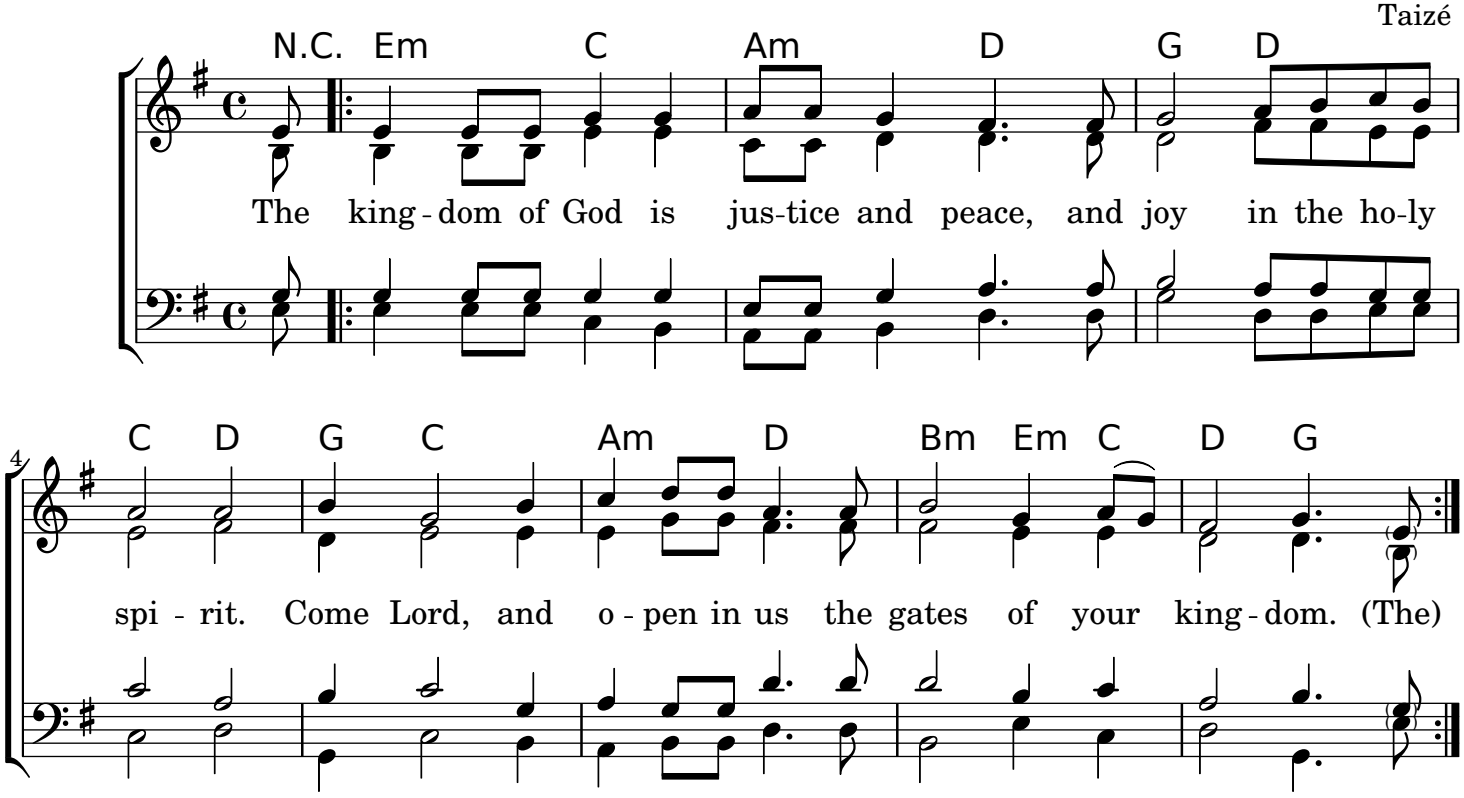
Riot

Säkert

¨When I see you I see fire in you, you who can change everything. You have ideas and plans, believe everything can be done, you gather and demonstrate. You unlock the shackles of how we ought to be, think forward, look to the earth, welcome everyone. You stand on the barricades, 21st century sufragette. Rosa Parks never said it would be easy. When you come burning they say: ¨write a proposal, in two years and some months you will get a reply¨. Even though it is you that should be leading us, it's you guys that should be leading us. Lead me wrong if you want, but for once in my life I want to be led by someone who believes in something. When I see you I see how I was, before too many people told me the way things work.¨

The Kingdom of God

Taizé

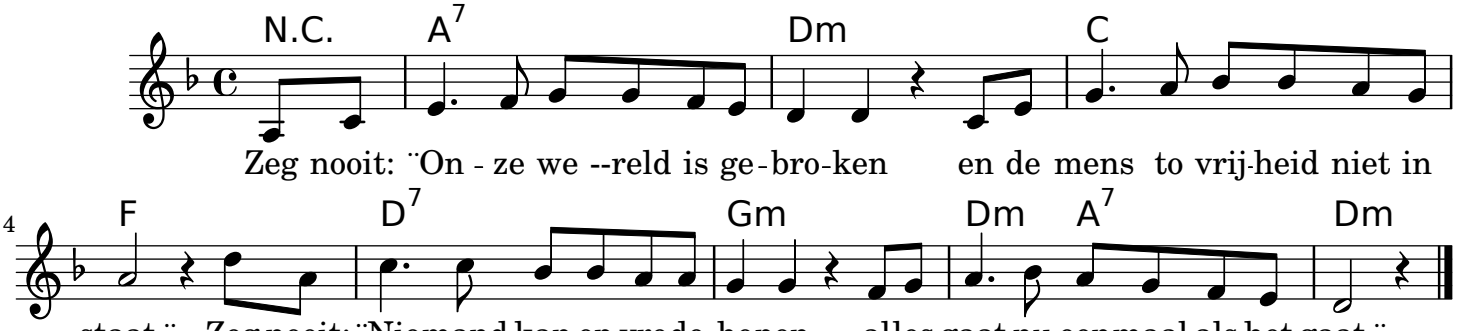


Een Land om van te Dromen

Lied Tegen de Apathie

Mar van der Velden

Mel.: Trad. Jewish Polish



Refrein:
Want een land, een land om van te dromen
Stuwt de mensen uit hun slavernij
Tot zij juichen met tranen in de ogen :
“Lieve God, we zijn er, eind’lijk vrij!”

2. Zeg nooit dat de zeeën veel te hoog zijn,
Dat een mens niet zonder bedding kan.
Zeg nooit dat woestijnen veel te droog zijn,
Dat een volk daar eenmaal weer verzandt.
Want een land...

3. Zeg nooit: God is zijn verbond vergeten,
Er is niemand hier die ons bevrijdt.
Zeg nooit: Van een droom kan ik niet eten.
Zeg nooit: Wie niet werkt, verknoeit zijn tijd.
Want een land...

4. Zeg nooit dat het godvergeten lijden
Toch het noodlot is van ons bestaan.
Zeg nooit: Stil maar, wacht op beet’re tijden.
Zeg nooit: Niemand kan de dood weerstaan.
Want een land...

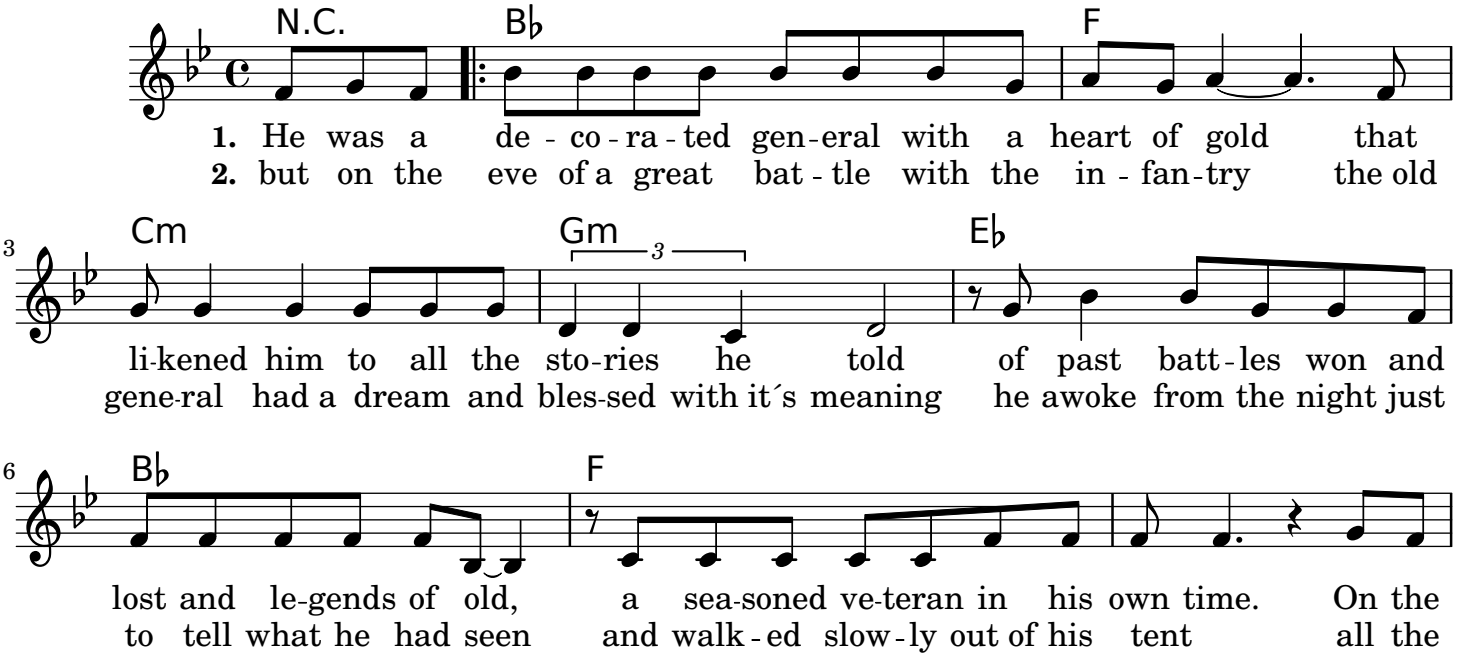
Venian Del Desierto

Victor Jara

¨Victor Jara, among the most polular of young chilean singers and songwriters, plunged heart and soul into the struggle to build a new and more democratic Chile. He was arrested on September 11, 1973 when the millitary junta, with the help of the government of the United States of America, brutally took power in Chile. Victor was tortured, beaten, and then riddled with bullets in the boxing stadium ¨Estadio Chile¨. But the story of his heroism was carried out by word of mouth. We know now, as I am sure he did, that songwriters are among the luckiest of artists, because it is again proved impossible to kill a good song. Now he joins the ranks of others such as Taras Shevchenko of the Ukraine, Robert Burns of Scotland, Joe Hill and Woody Guthrie, whose songs live on in the hearts of their people. As long as we sing his songs, as long as his courage can inspire us to greater courage, Victor Jara will never die.¨ - Pete Seeger

The General

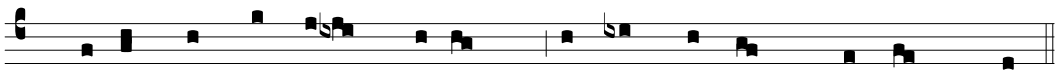
Dispatch



3: but the men stood fast with their guns on their shoulders
not knowing what to do with the contradicting orders
the general said he would do his own duty but would extend it no further
the men could go as they pleased
but not a man moved, their eyes gazed straight ahead
till one by one they stepped back and not a word was said
and the old general was left with his own words echoing in his head
he then prepared to fight

He said: Take a shower ...

Rorate

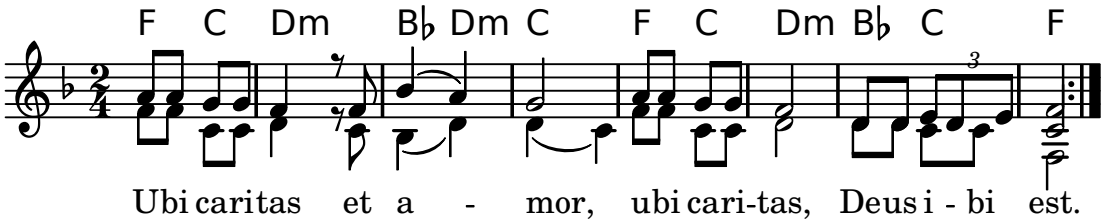


Dew, heavens, from up high
and clouds, rain the Just

A great song to sing when it´s raining

Ubi Caritas

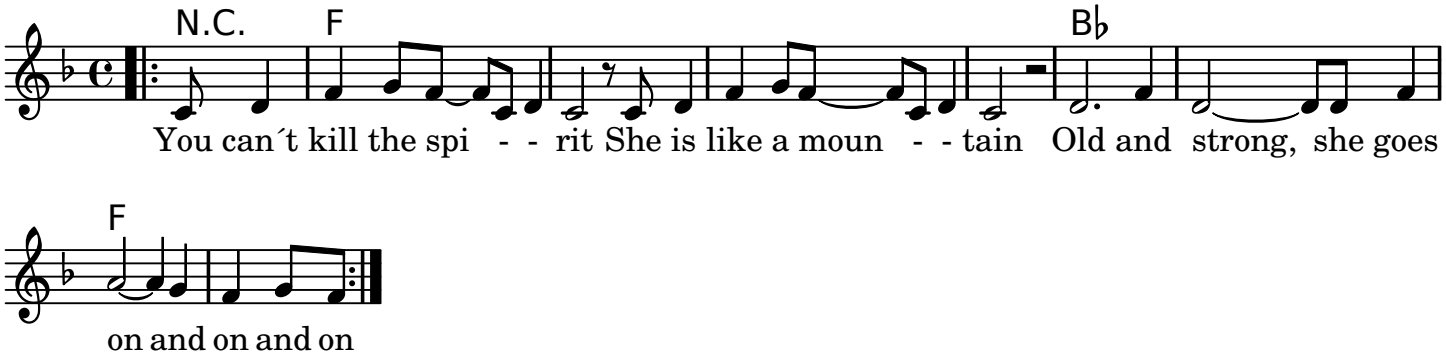
Taizé



You can´t Kill the Spirit

Round

Naomi Littlebear Morena



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If you're looking for more activist songs, read also: Pete Seeger (1985), Carry it on; www.antiwarsongs.org; Rise up singing: the group singing songbook; www.mudcat.org; www.riotfolk.org; www.singfreedom.org; peoplesmusic.org; www.occupyguitarmy.tumblr.com; www.cpt.org/resources/witness; www.cocojams.com/content/african-american-civil-rights-songs; www.davidrovics.com; Jaap van de Merwe (1974), Gij zijt kanalje, heeft men ons verweten!: het proletariërslied in Nederland en Vlaanderen; www.culturemagic.org/MaterialSpirituality.html; freedom-is-coming.wikispaces.com; J.M. de Vries(2009), En alle angst voorbij; Student für Europa - Student für Berlin(1976 and onwards), Liederbuch, Liederkiste, Liedercircus, Lieder..., etc.; Ted Dicks (1976), Victor Jara: his life and songs; www.taize.fr/en_article10308.html; Also, searching the internet for the titles of individual radical songs often leads to finding new resources.