

The Song Lyrics below are written by Folk Singer Woody Guthrie. Although these songs were written in the 1930's during the great depression they provide some very good food for thought.

## 1913 Massacre

Take a trip with me in 1913,  
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.  
I will take you to a place called Italian Hall,  
Where the miners are having their big Christmas ball.

I will take you in a door and up a high stairs,  
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere,  
I will let you shake hands with the people you see,  
And watch the kids dance around the big Christmas tree.

You ask about work and you ask about pay,  
They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,  
Working the copper claims, risking their lives,  
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,  
And the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere,  
Before you know it you're friends with us all,  
And you're dancing around and around in the hall.

Well a little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights,  
To play the piano so you gotta keep quiet,  
To hear all this fun you would not realize,  
That the copper boss' thug men are milling outside.

The copper boss' thugs stuck their heads in the door,  
One of them yelled and he screamed, "there's a fire,"  
A lady she hollered, "there's no such a thing."  
Keep on with your party, there's no such thing."

A few people rushed and it was only a few,  
"It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you,"  
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,  
But the thugs held the door and he could not get out.

And then others followed, a hundred or more,  
But most everybody remained on the floor,  
The gun thugs they laughed at their murderous joke,  
While the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

Such a terrible sight I never did see,  
We carried our children back up to their tree,  
The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,  
And the children that died there were seventy-three.

The piano played a slow funeral tune,  
And the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon,  
The parents they cried and the miners they moaned,  
"See what your greed for money has done."

## This Land Is Your Land

This land is your land This land is my land  
From California to the New York island;  
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was 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.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;  
And all around me a voice was sounding:  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,  
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:  
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there  
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."  
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,  
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,  
By the relief office I seen my people;  
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking  
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,  
As I go walking that freedom highway;  
Nobody living can ever make me turn back  
This land was made for you and me.