Oh, Freedom

Oh freedom! Oh freedom!
Oh freedom, Lord for me, Lord for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more killing, no more killing,
No more killing, Lord for me, Lord for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to me Lord and be free.

No more crying, no more crying,
No more crying, Lord for me, Lord for me.
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more scabbing, no more scabbing,
No more scabbing, Lord for me, Lord for me.
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

We Shall Not Be Moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved. (twice)
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our freedom....The union is behind us....[illegible]....We'll build a mighty union....
We're gonna beat the growers....We're gonna stand together.....

This Land is your Land

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From Calif. to the New York Island.
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters---
This land was made for you and me.

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

Well, I roamed and rambled, & I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond desert,
And all around me, a voice was calling: this land was made for you and me.
This land is your land.....

Deportees

Chorus: Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus Y Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be, deportees.

The crops are all in, andthe peaches are rotting.
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
You're flying them back to the Mexican border,
It takes all their money to wade back again. (chorus)

My father's own father he waded that river.
They took all the money he made in his life.
My sisters and brothers come work in the fruit fields,
Rode that truck till they went down & died. (chorus)

Some of us are illegal & others not wanted.
Our work contract's out and we have to move on.
600 miles to the Mexican border - they chase us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves. (chorus)

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon.
A fireball of lightening that shook all our hills.
Who are these dear friends, all scattered like dry leaves
The radio says they are just, deportees. (chorus)

Is this the best way we can raise our good orchards.
Is this the best way we can grow our good crops.
To die and be scattered to rot on the topsoil.
To be called by no name except deportees. (chorus)

Guantanamera

Guantanamera, Guajira Guantanamera (twice)

Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crece la palma (twice)
Y antes de morirme quiero, Echar mis versos del alma.
(chorus)

Mi verso es de un verde claro, Y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es un cierro herido, (twice)
Que busca en el monte amparo. (chorus)

Con los pobres de la tierra, quiero yo me suerte echar.
El arroyo de la sierra, (twice)
Me complace mas que el mar. (chorus)